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SIX
Chansons à danser

DE

CATULLE MENDÈS

Musique de

ALFRED BRUNEAU

1. Le Menuet.
2. La Gavotte.
3. La Bourrée.
4. La Pavane.
5. La Sarabande.
6. Le Passe-pied.

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A notre Ami

André Corneau

Catulle Mendès

Alfred Bruneau

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N° 1

LE MENUET

& TENOR.

CATULLE MENDÈS

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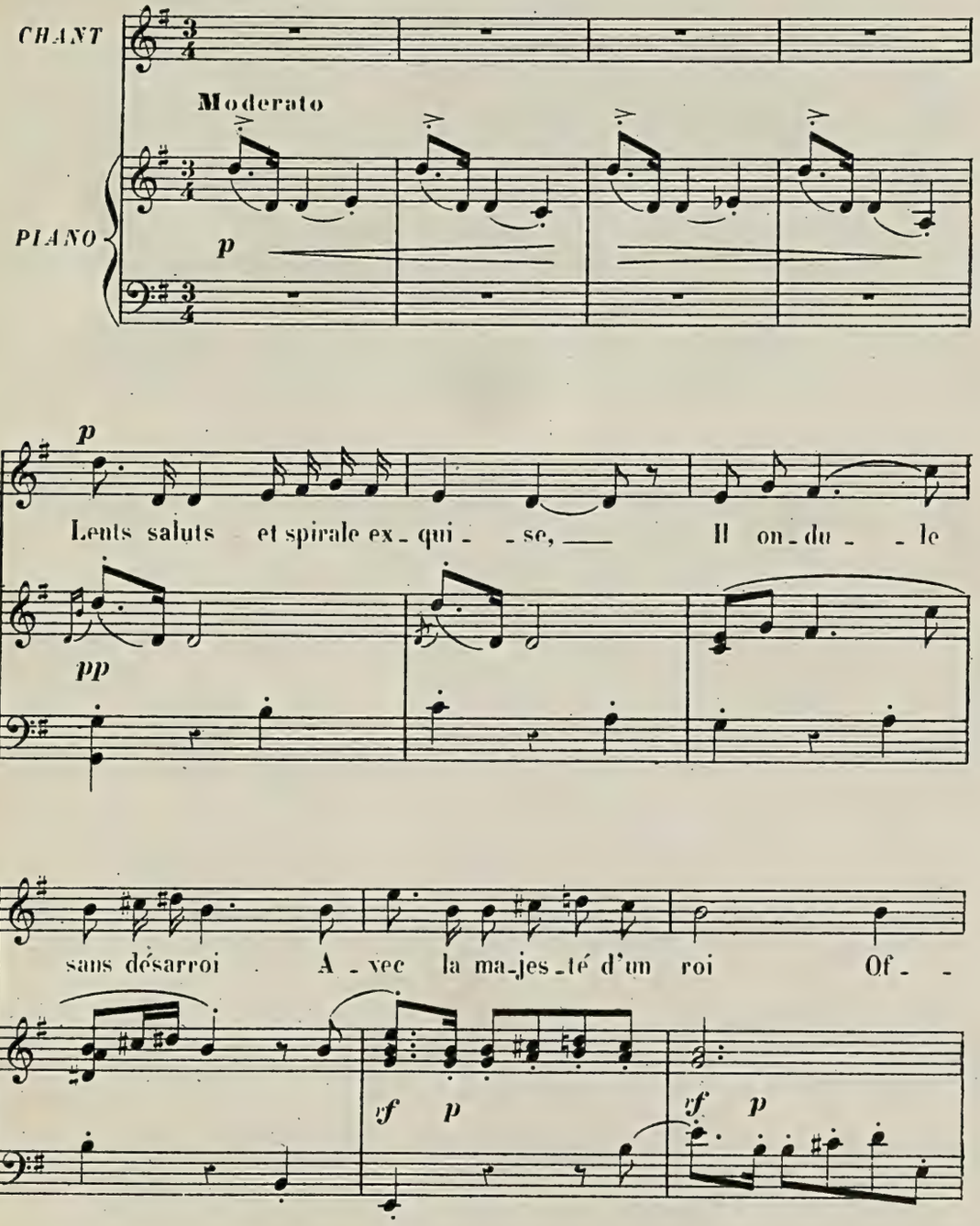

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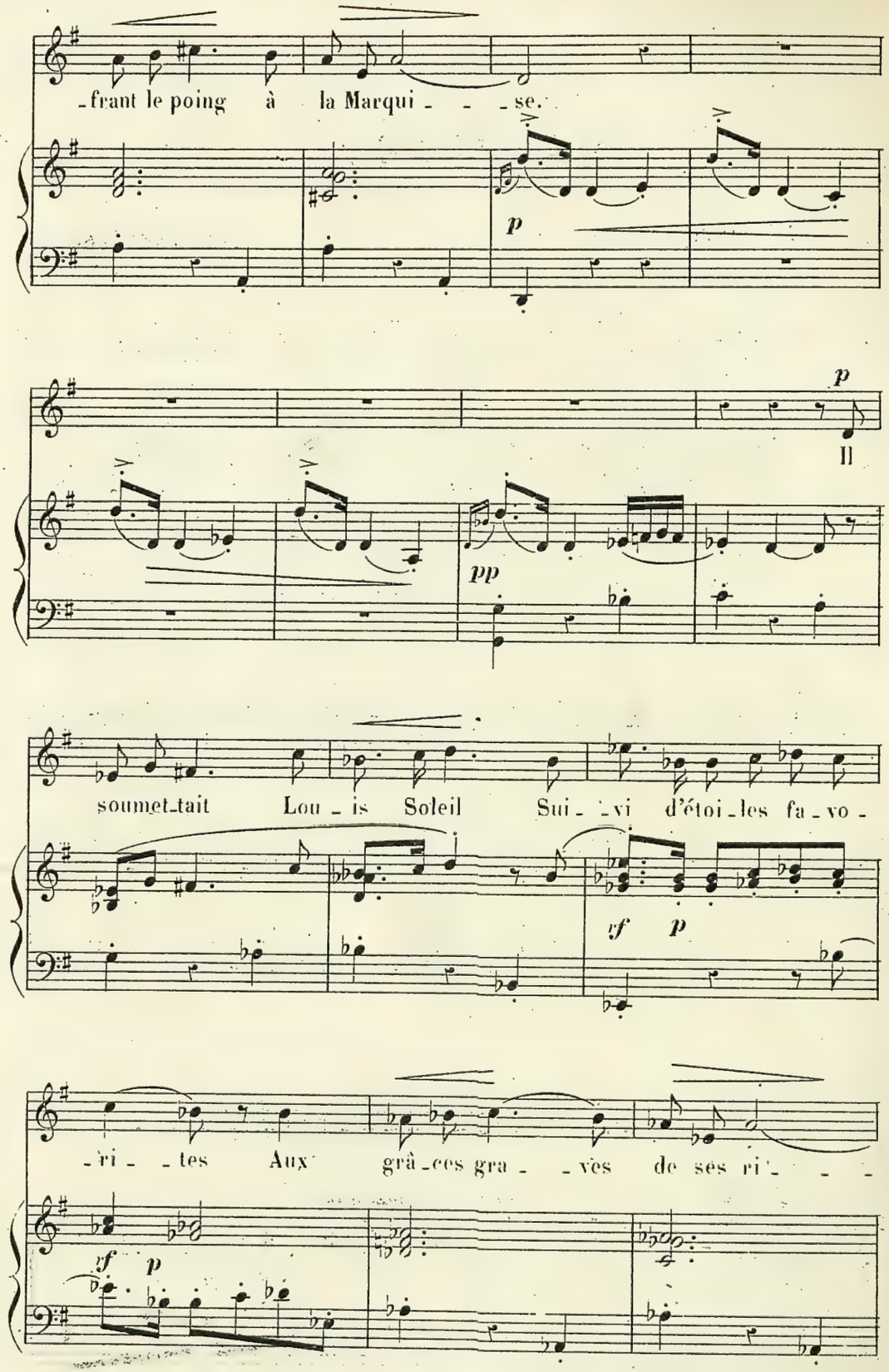
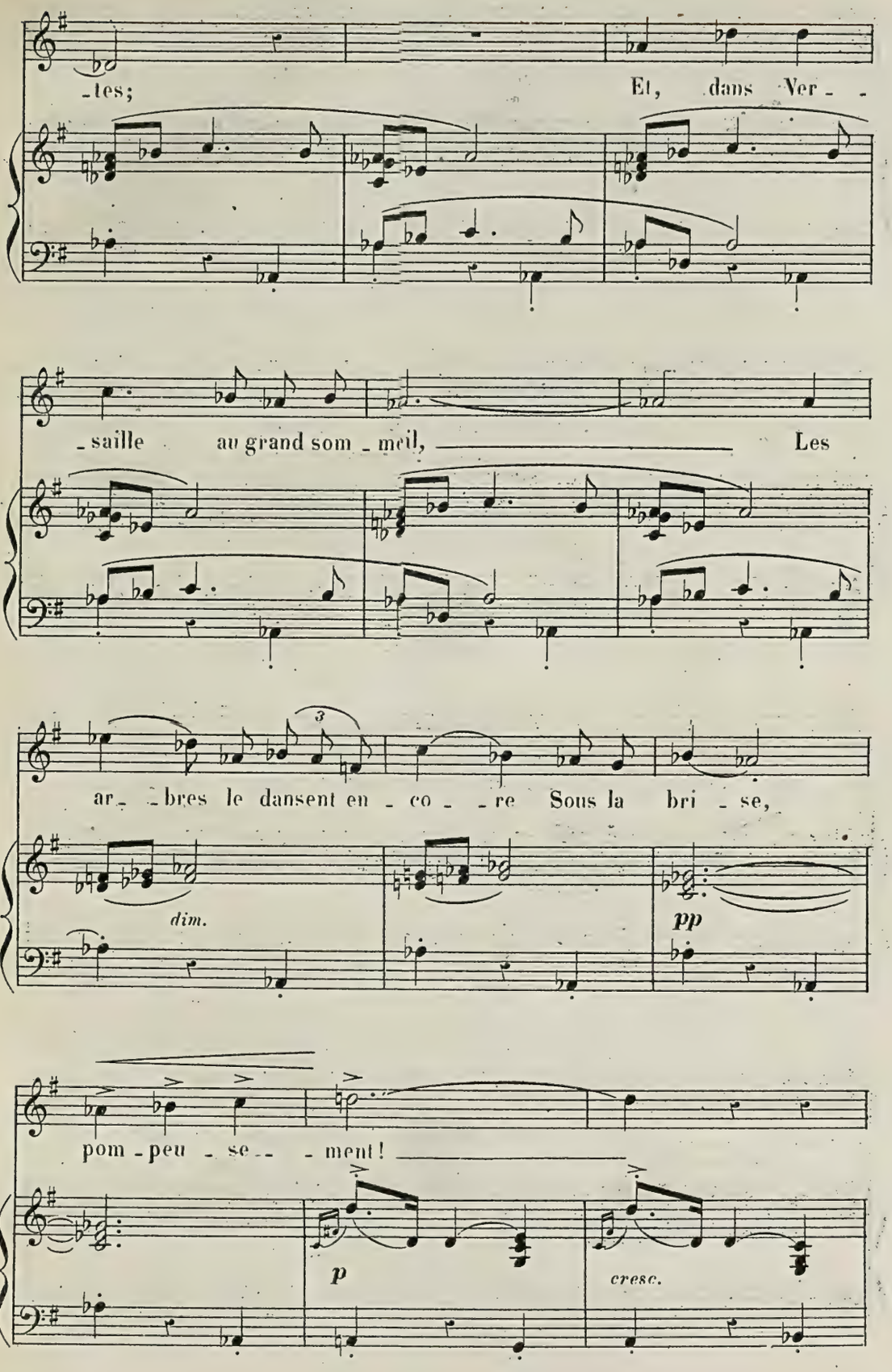

-frant le poing à la Marqui - - - se.
p
p
Il
pp
soumet-tait Lou - is Soleil Sui - - vi d'étoi - les fa - vo -
rf p
- ri - - tes Aux grâ - ces gra - - ves de ses ri' - - -
rf p


-tes;
Et, dans Ver- -
-saille au grand som-meil,
Les
ar- -bres le dansent en- co- -re Sous la bri- se,
dim.
pp
pom-peu- se- -ment!
p
cresc.

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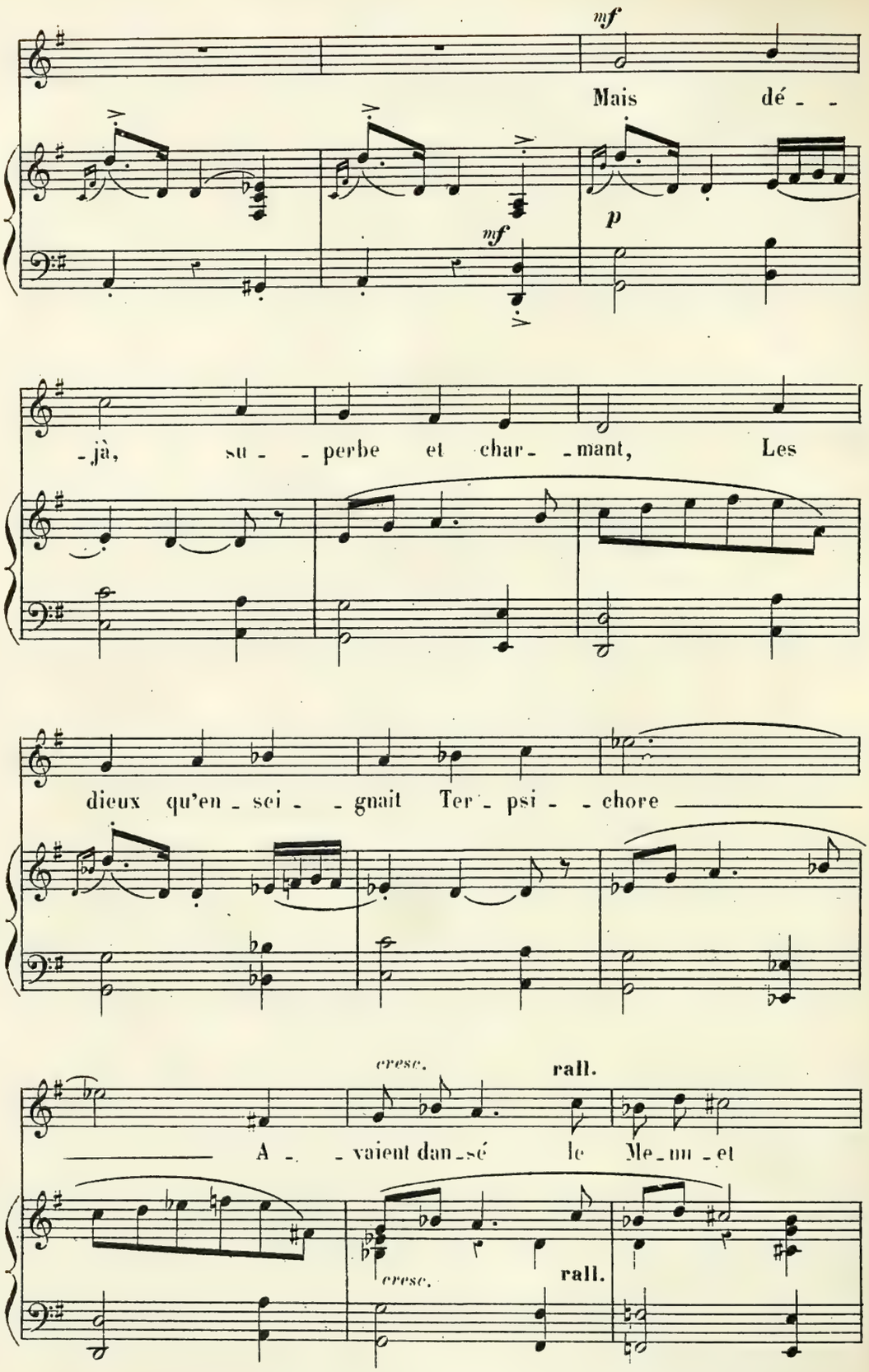
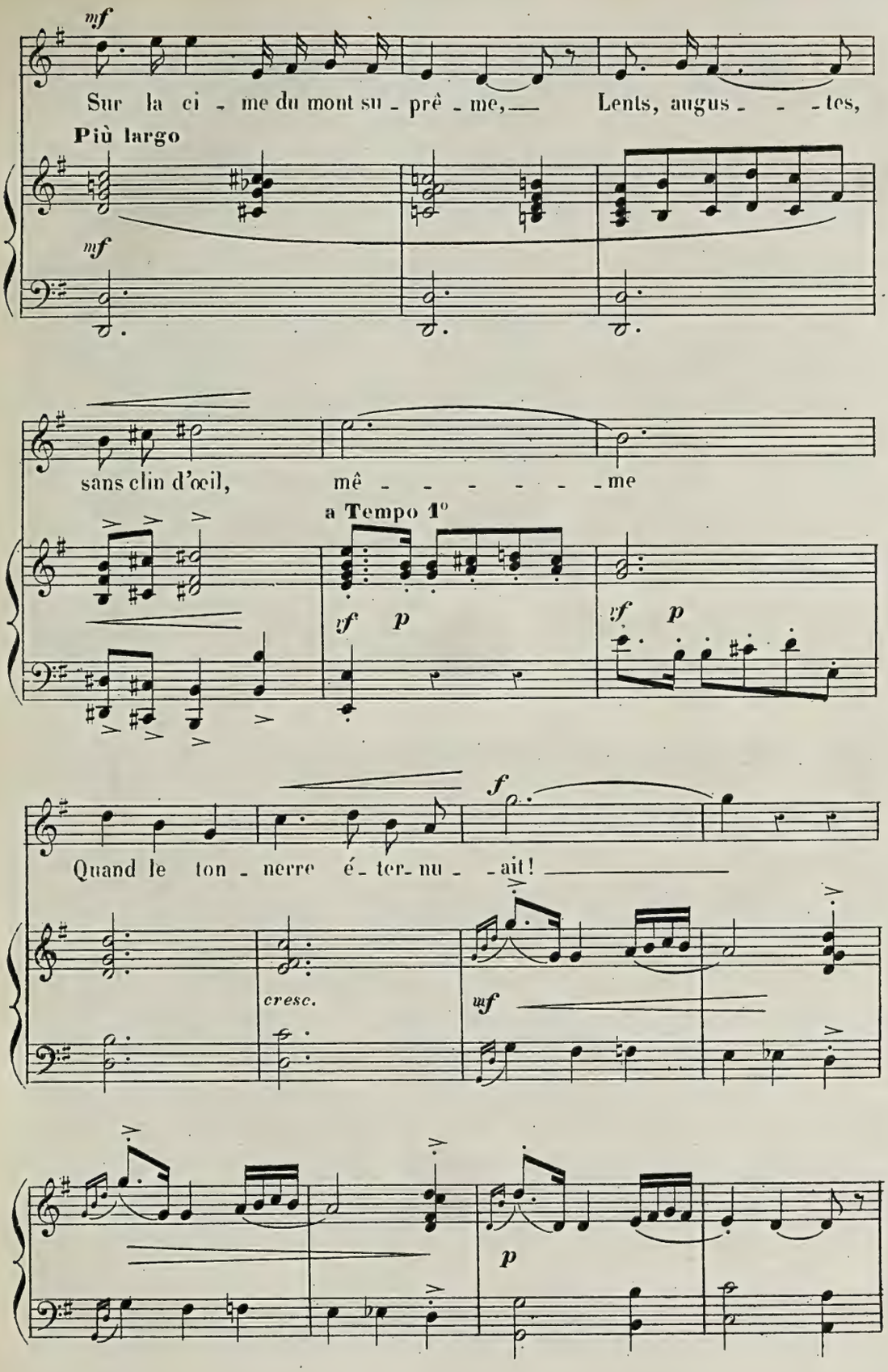

mf
Mais dé - -
p
mf
-jà, su - - perbe et char - - mant, Les
dieux qu'en - sei - - gnait Ter - psi - - chore
cresc.
rall.
A - - vaient dan - sé le Me - nu - et
cresc.
rall.



& TENOR.
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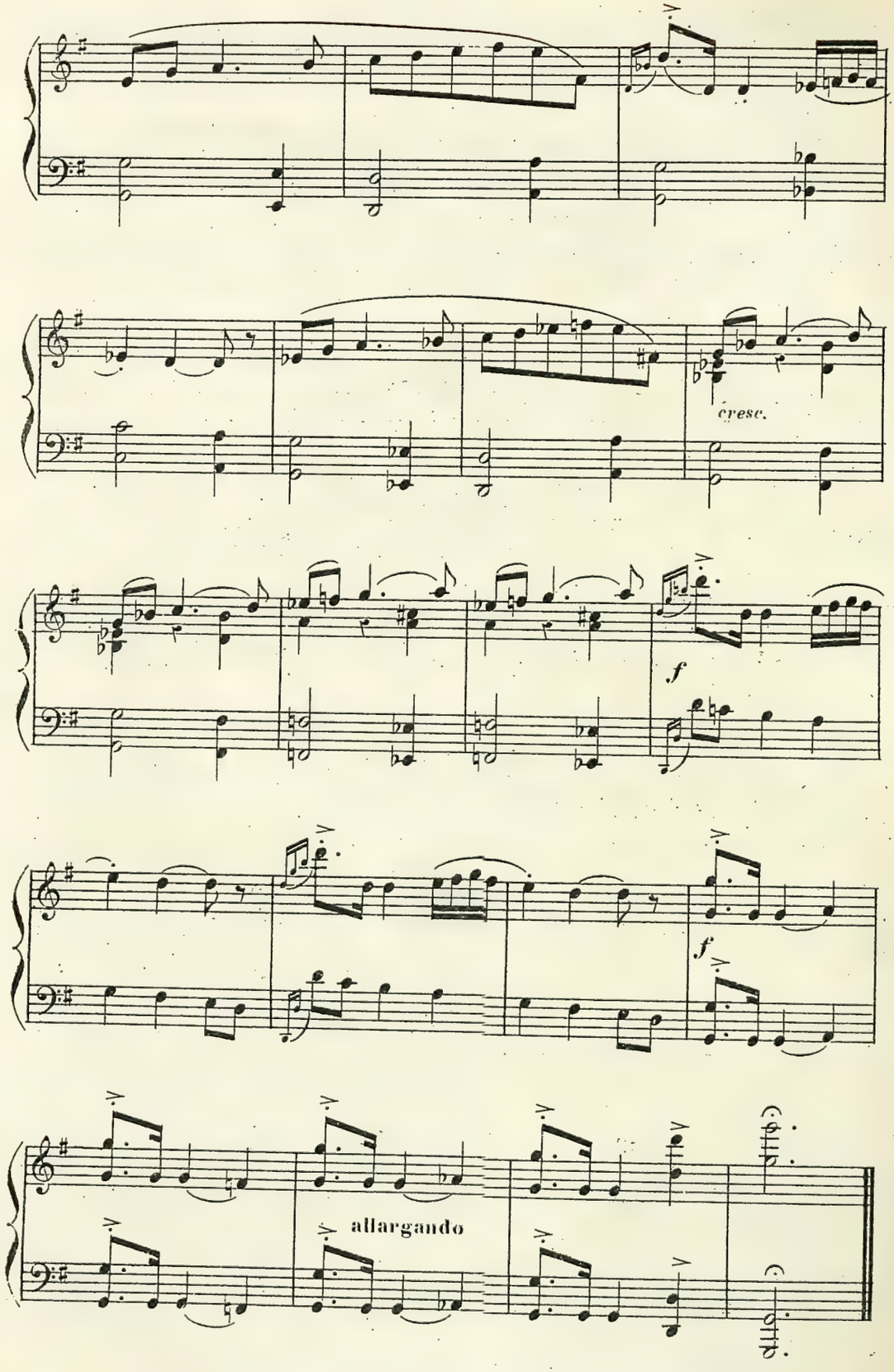
cresc.
f
f
allargando

N° 2

LA GAVOTTE

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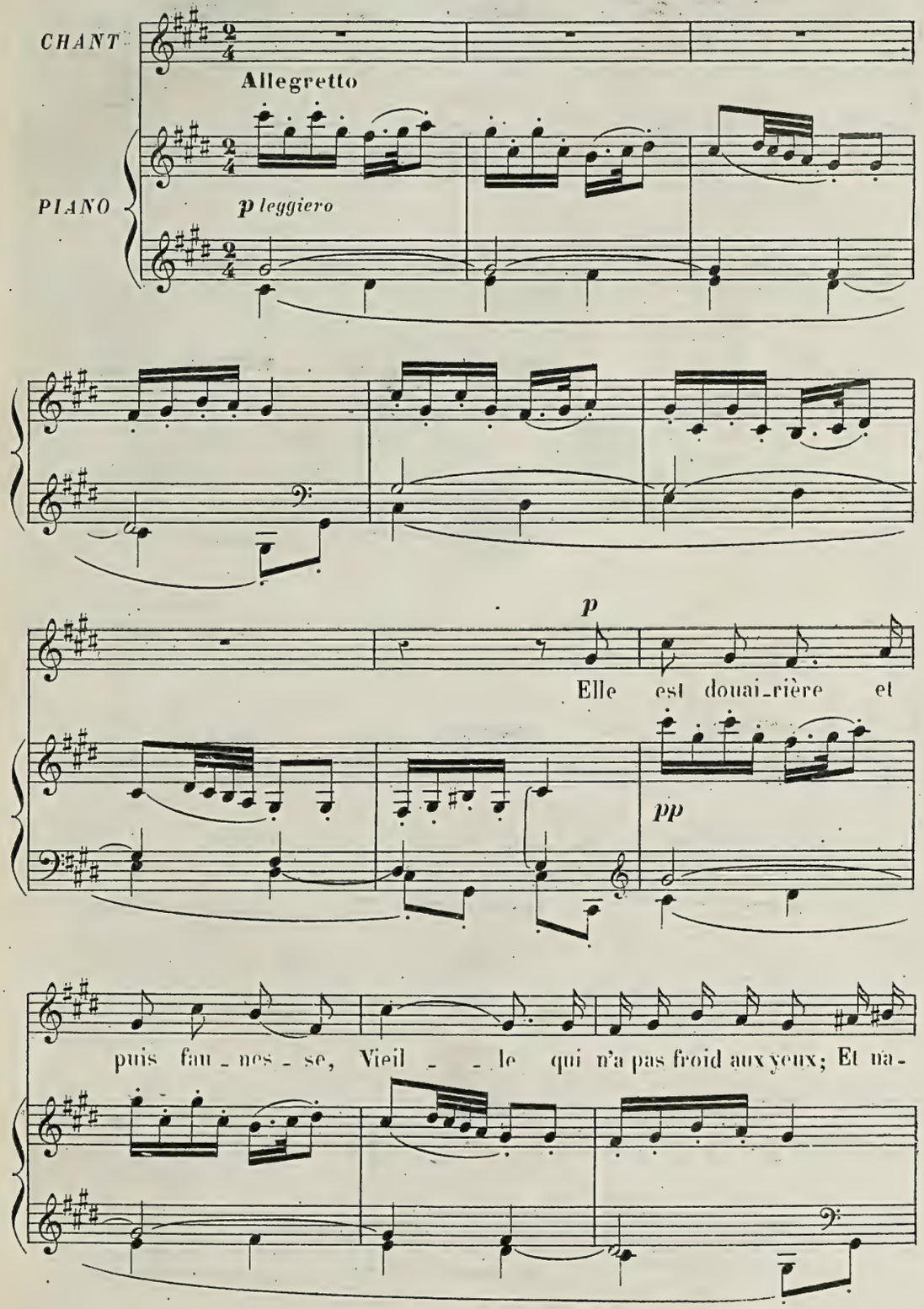

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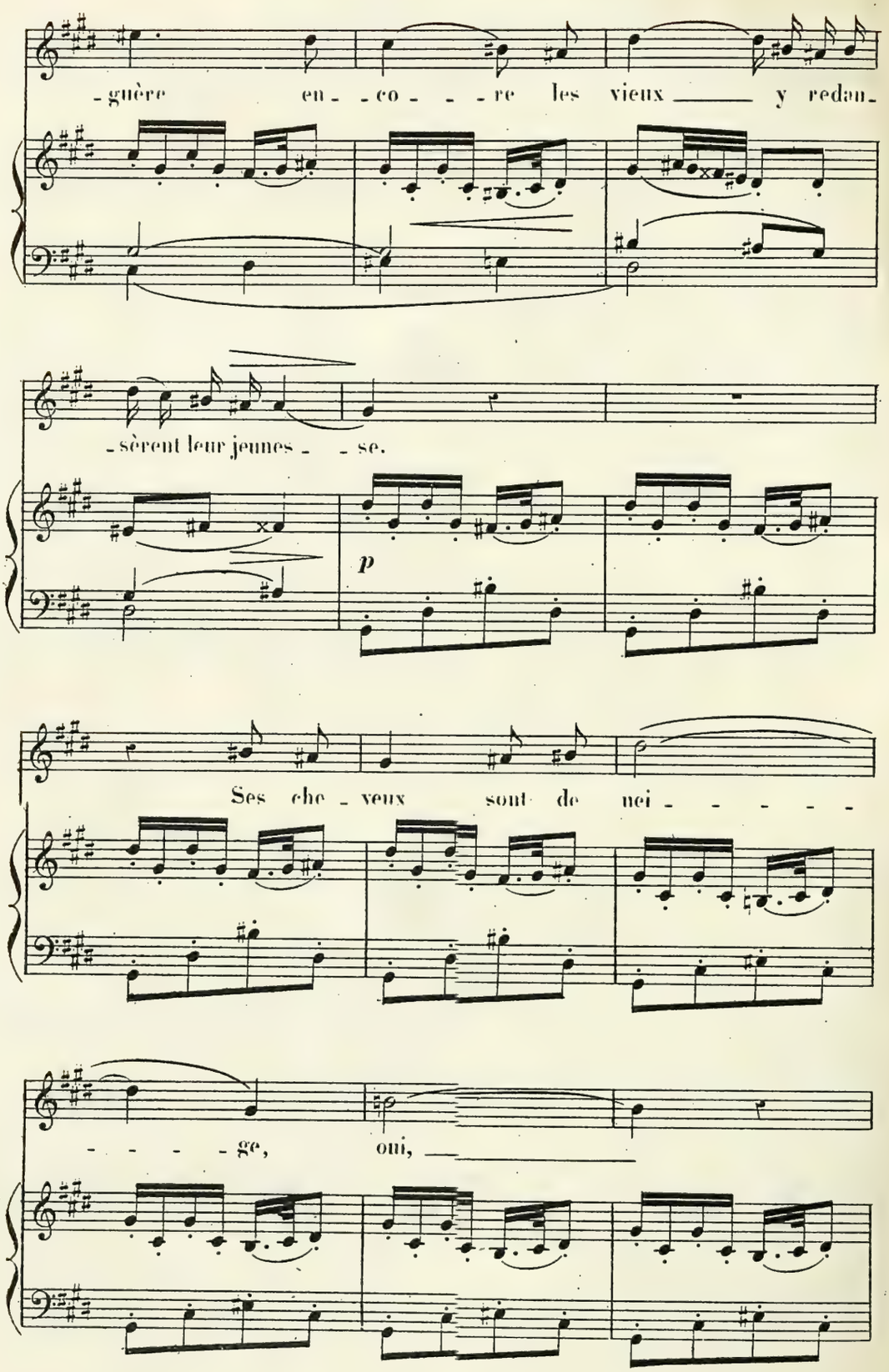
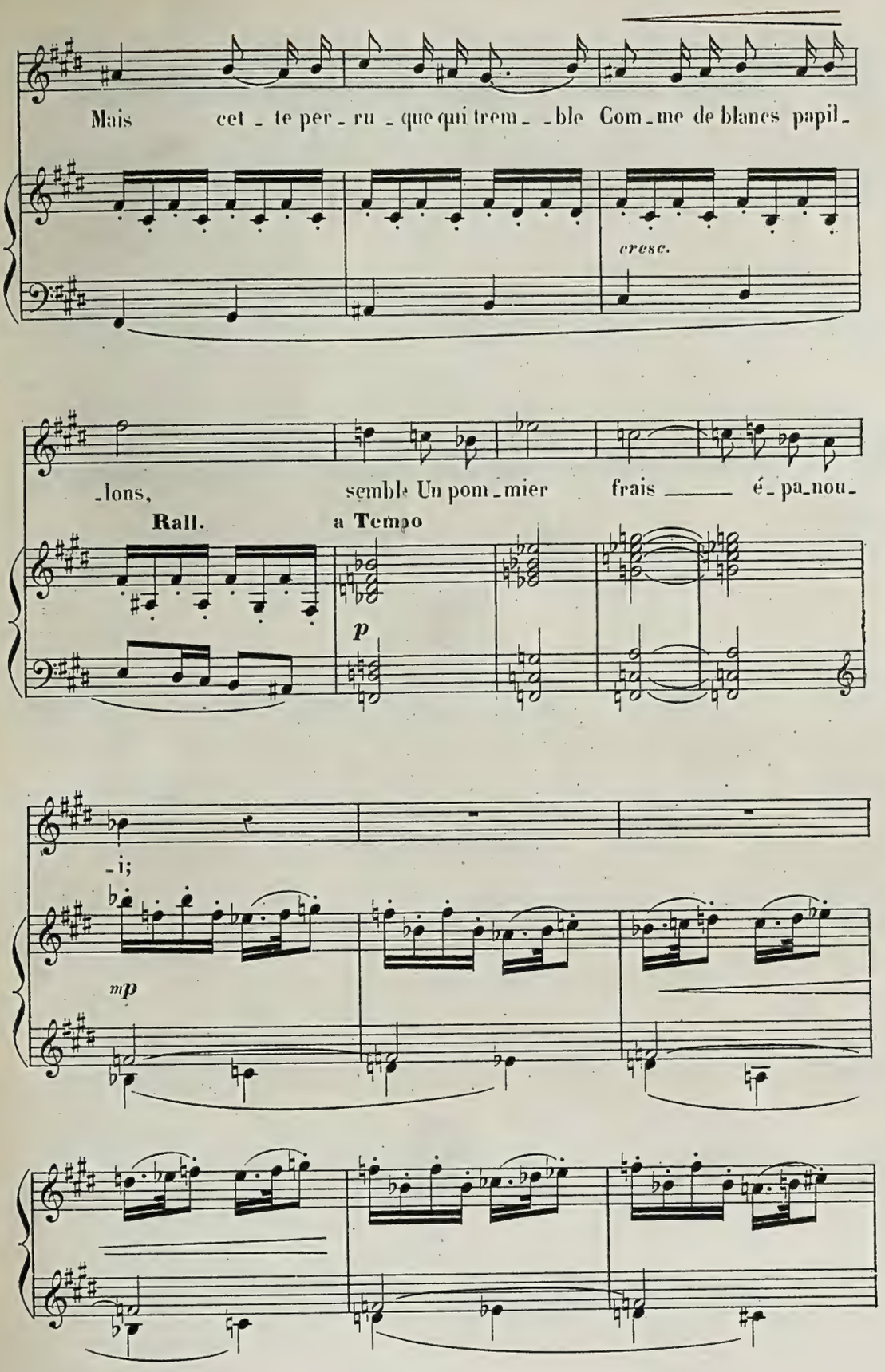

-guère en- -co- - -re les vieux ____ y redan-
-sèrent leur jeunes- -se.
p
Ses che- veux sont de nei- - - - -
- - - - -ge, oui, ____


Mais cet - te per - ru - que qui trem - - ble Com - me de blancs papil -
cresc.
- lons, semble Un pom - mier frais — é - pa - nou -
Rall.
a Tempo
p
- i;
mp

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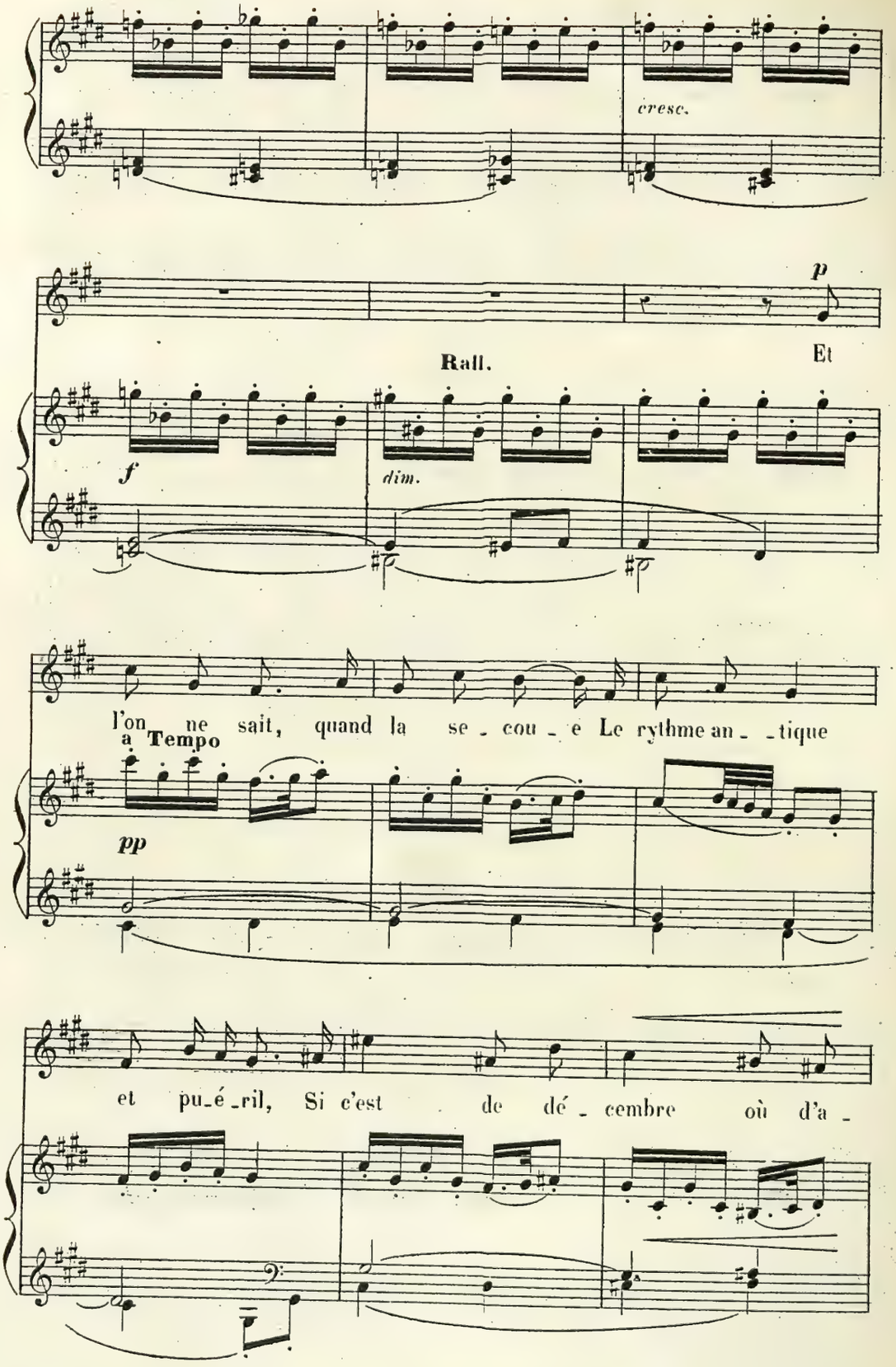
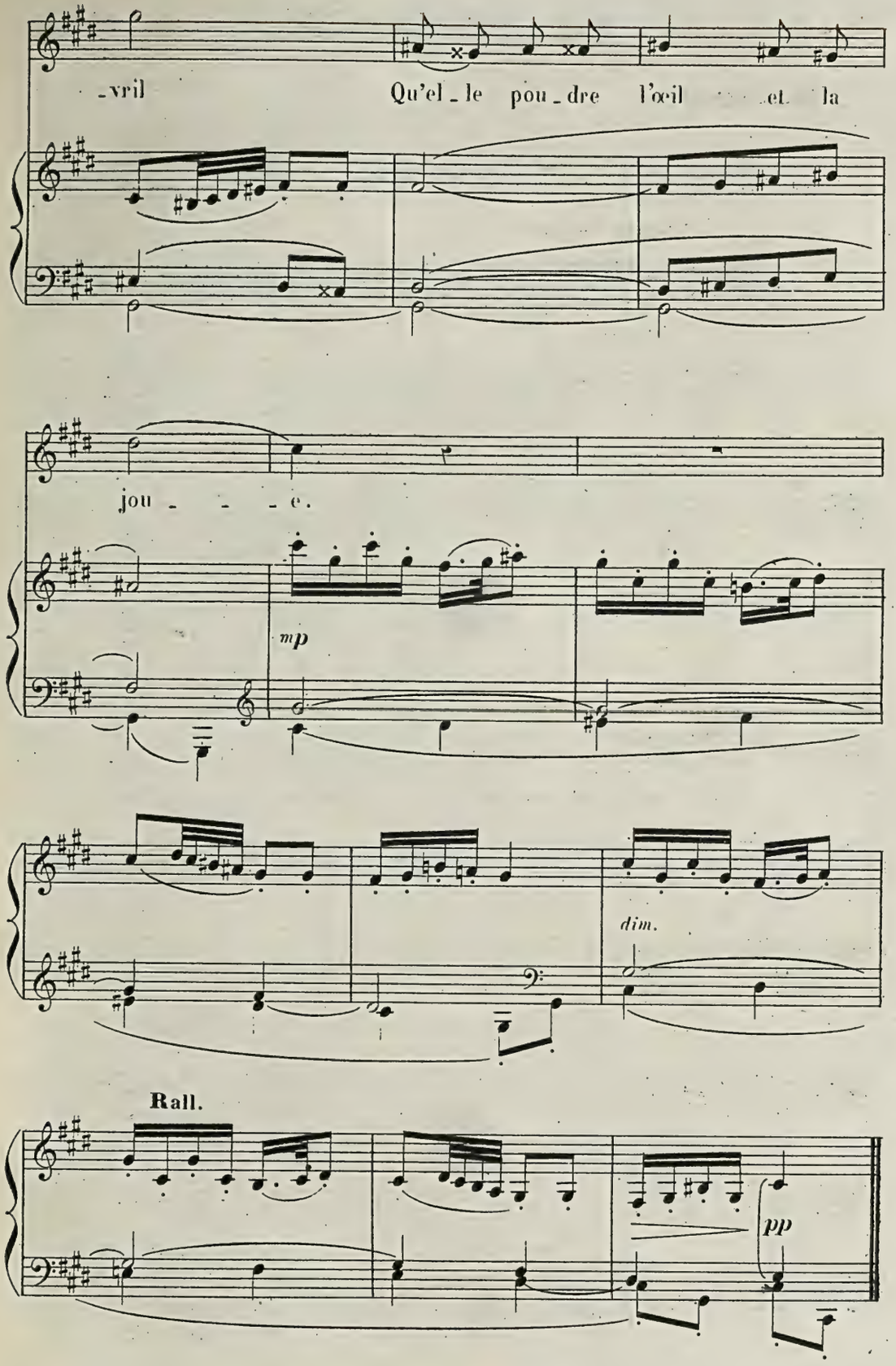

cresc.
p
Et
Rall.
f
dim.
l'on ne sait, quand la se - cou - e Le rythme an - - tique
a Tempo
pp
et pu-é-ril, Si c'est de dé - cembre où d'a -



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LA BOURRÉE

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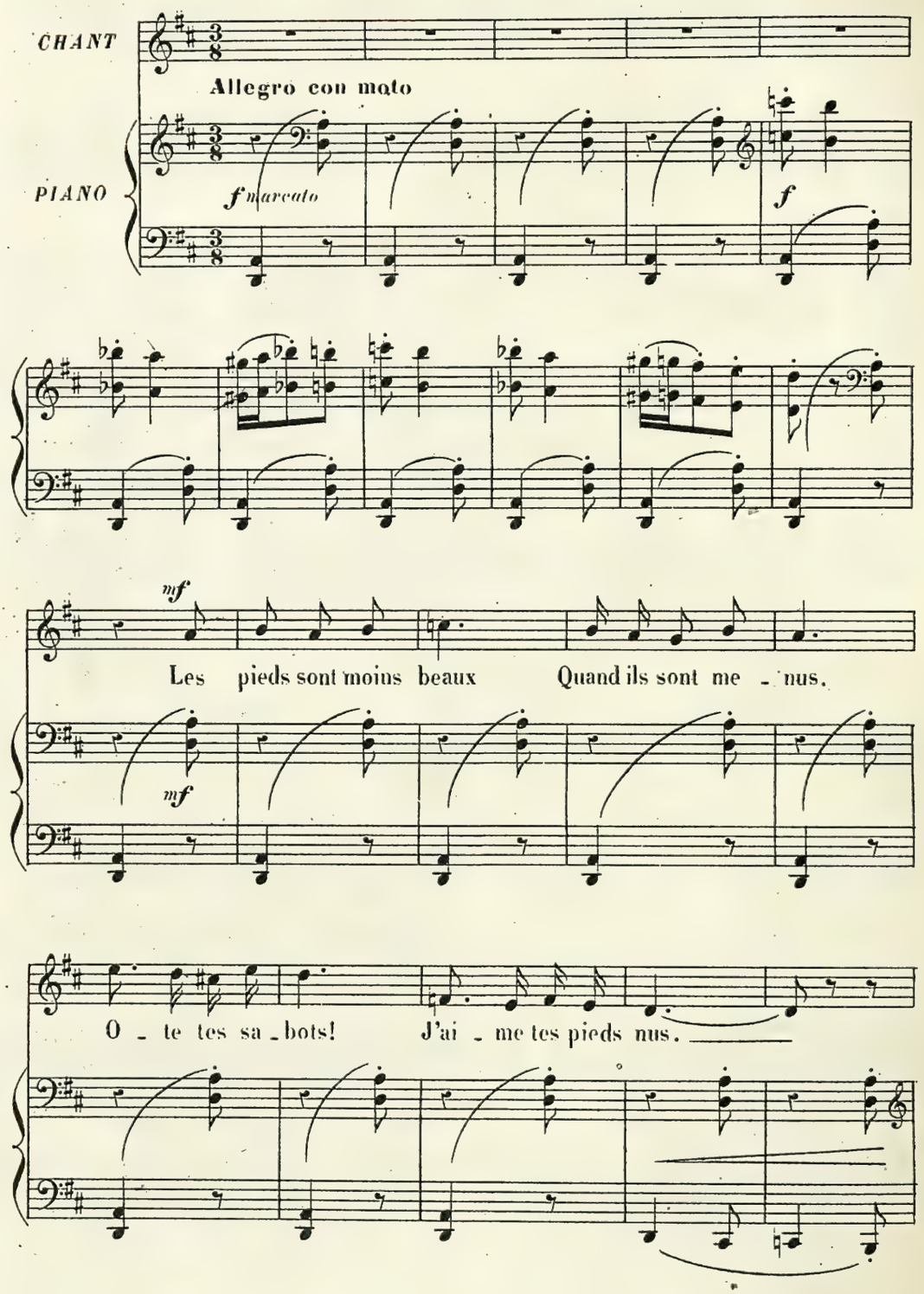

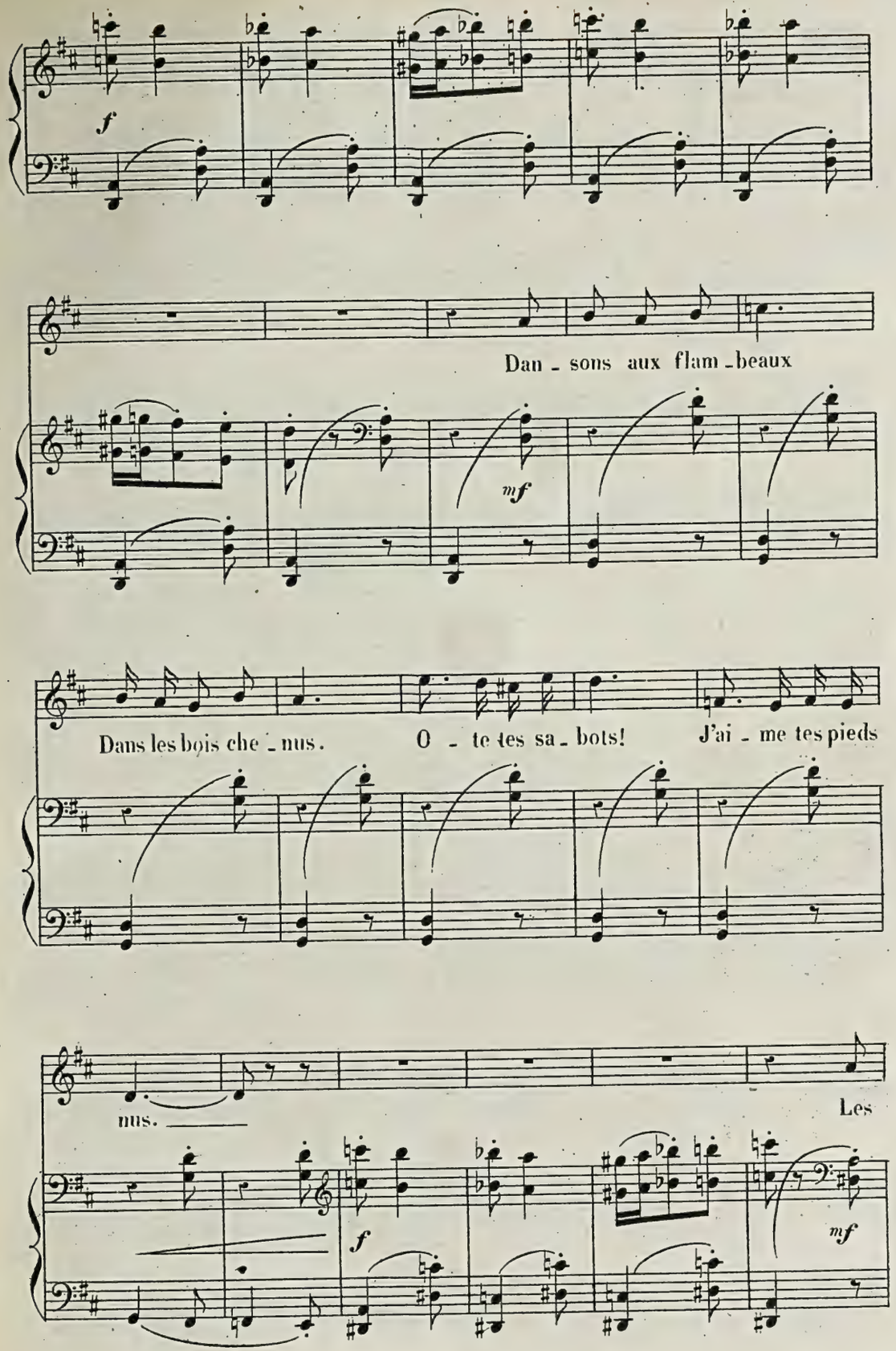

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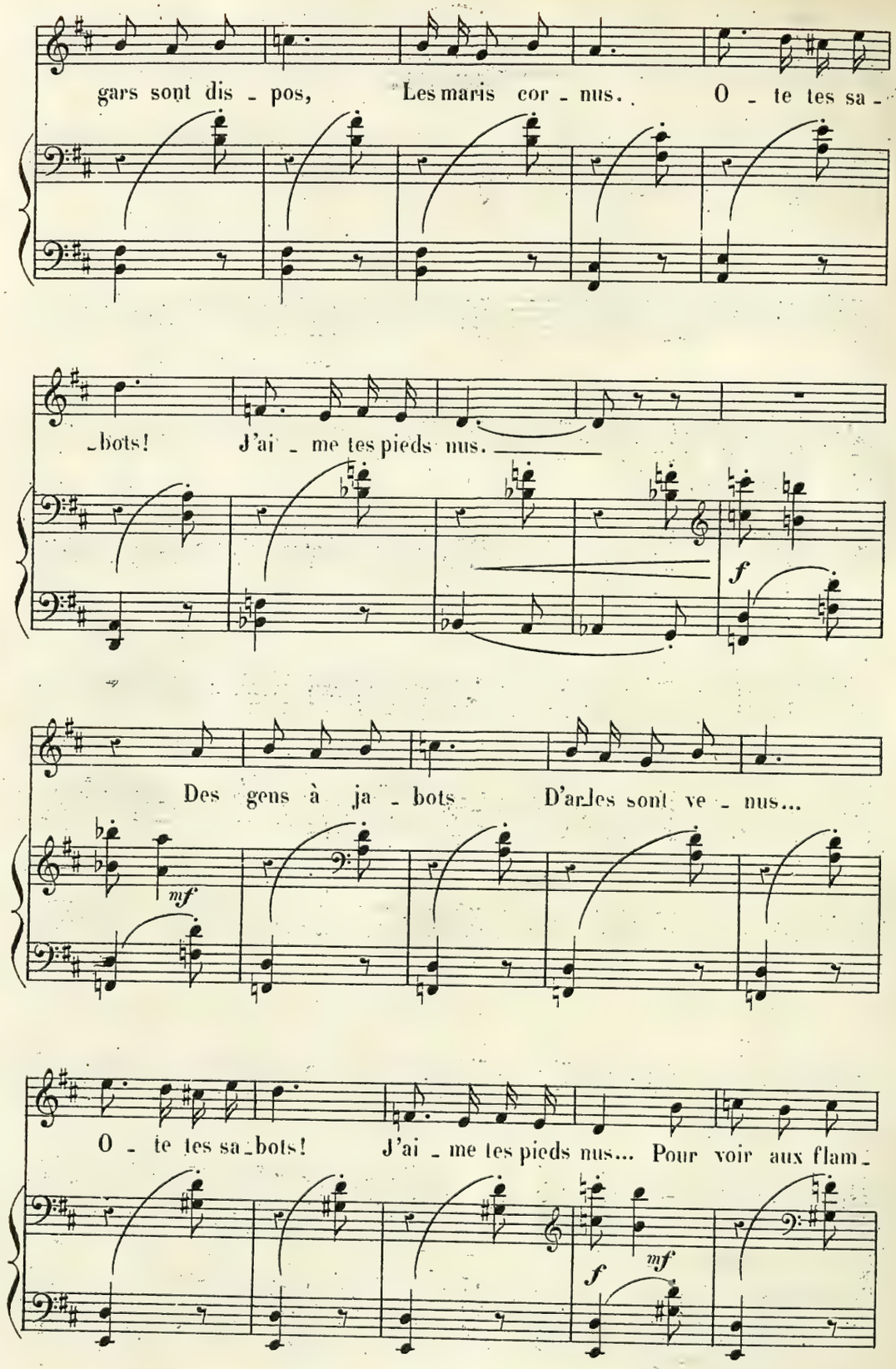
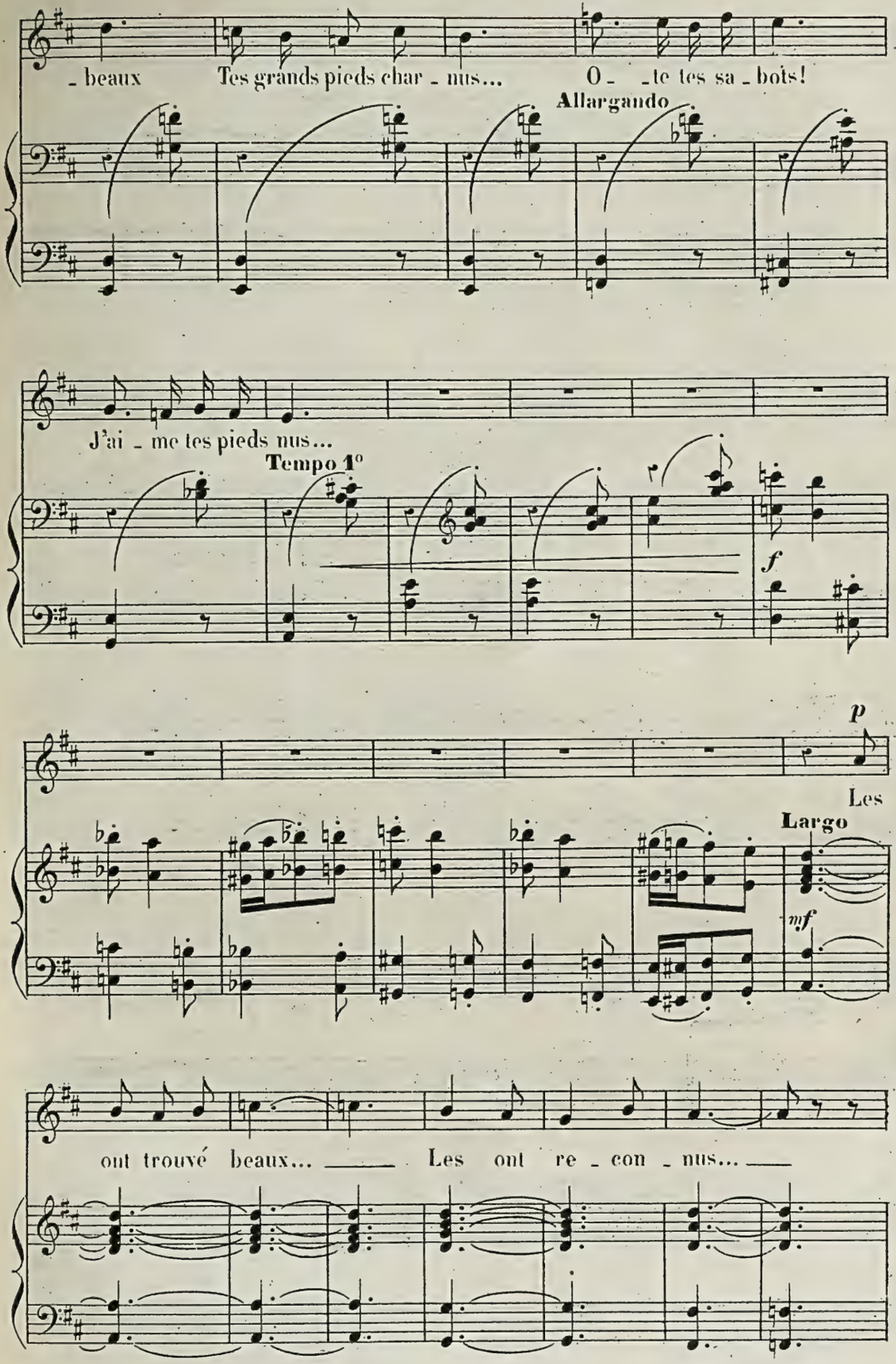

gars sont dis - pos, Les maris cor - nus. O - te tes sa -
-bots! J'ai - me tes pieds nus.
f
Des gens à ja - bots D'ar-les sont ve - nus...
mf
O - te tes sa-bots! J'ai - me tes pieds nus... Pour voir aux flam -
f
mf



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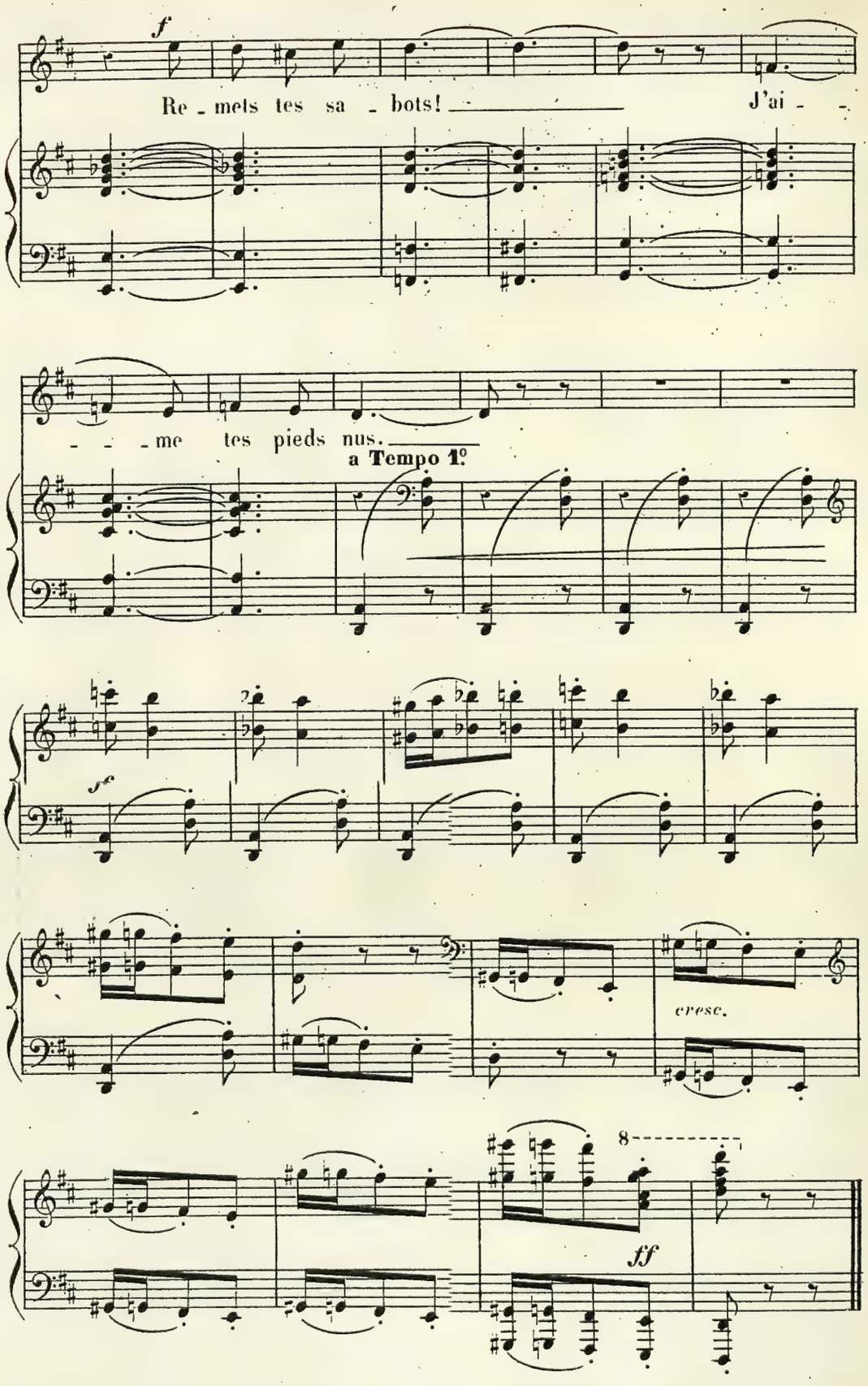
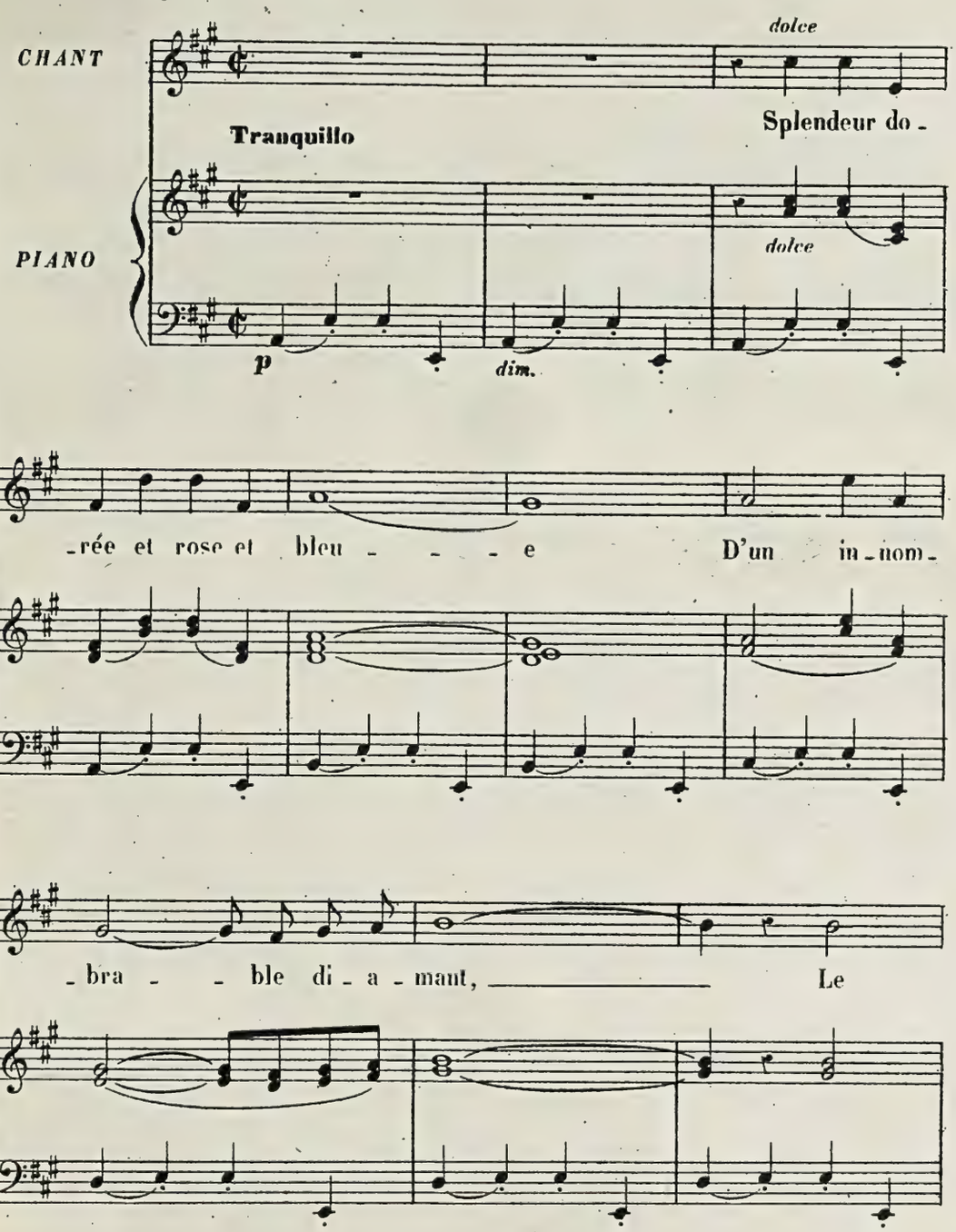

f
Re - mets tes sa - bots! J'ai - -
- - - me tes pieds nus.
a Tempo 1º
sf
cresc.
8
ff

N° 4

LA PAVANE

CATULLE MENDÈS

ALFRED BRUNEAU



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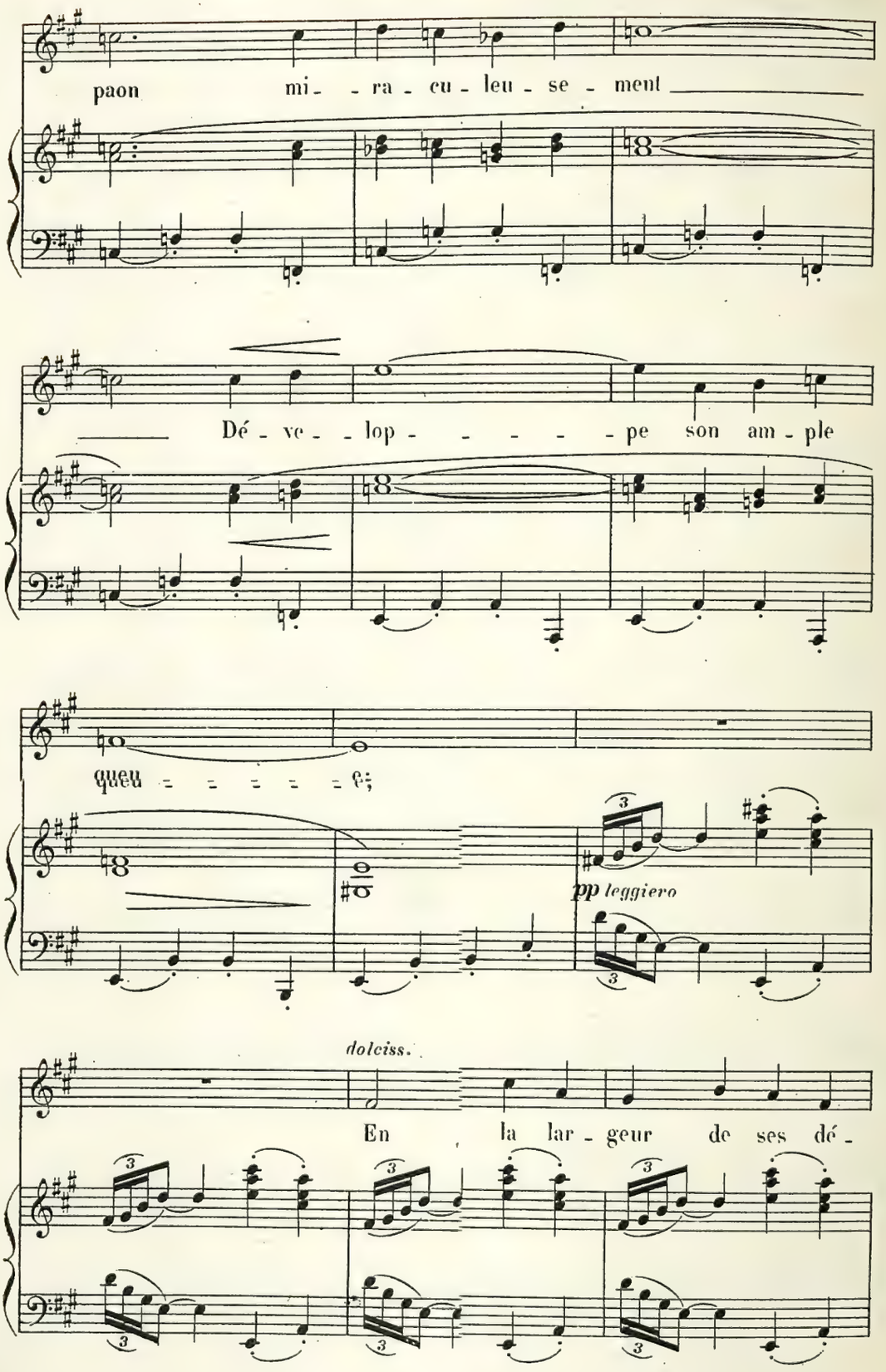
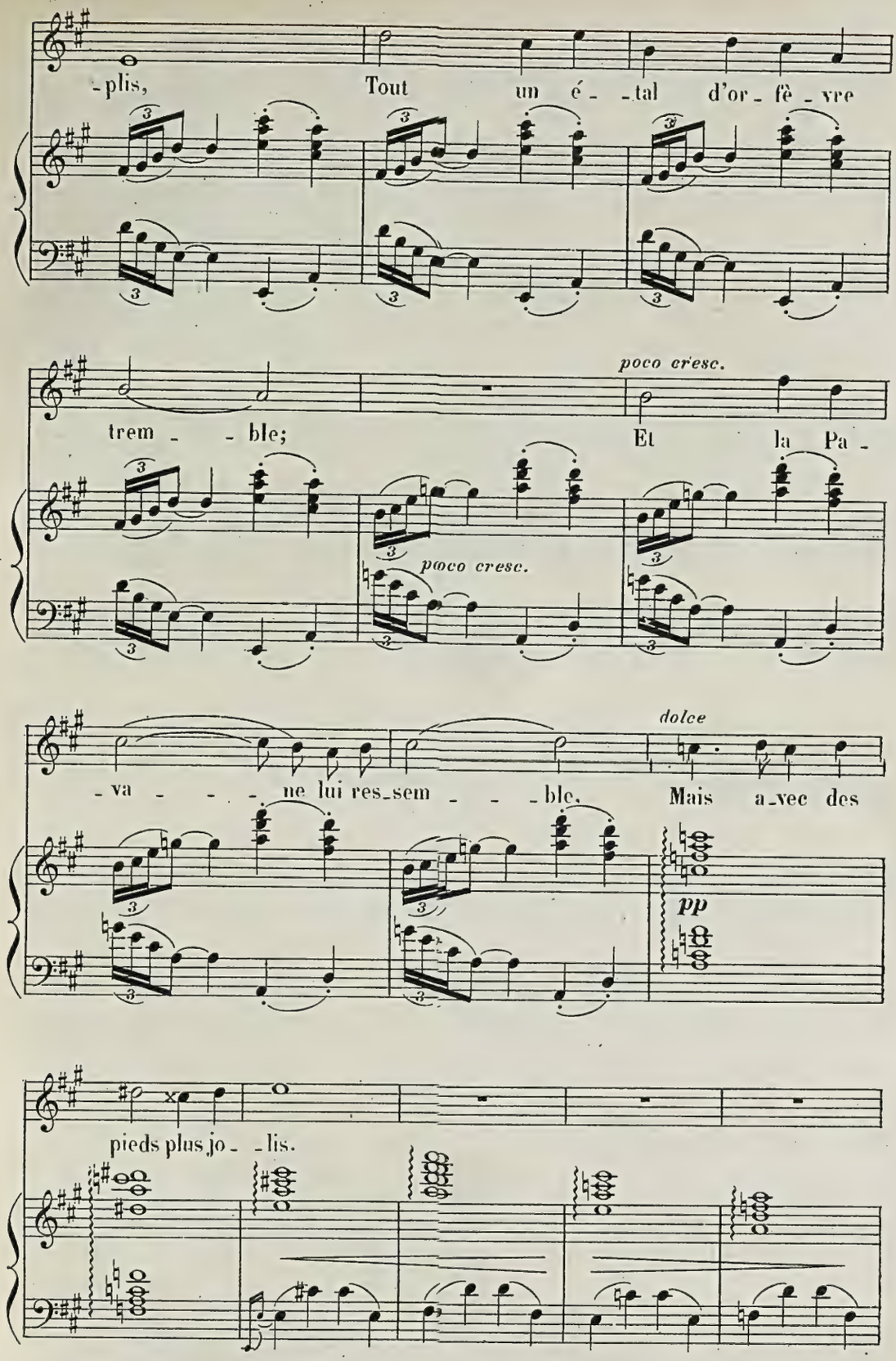

paon mi - ra - cu - leu - se - ment
Dé - ve - lop - pe son am - ple
queu
pp leggiero
dolciss.
En la lar - geur de ses dé -



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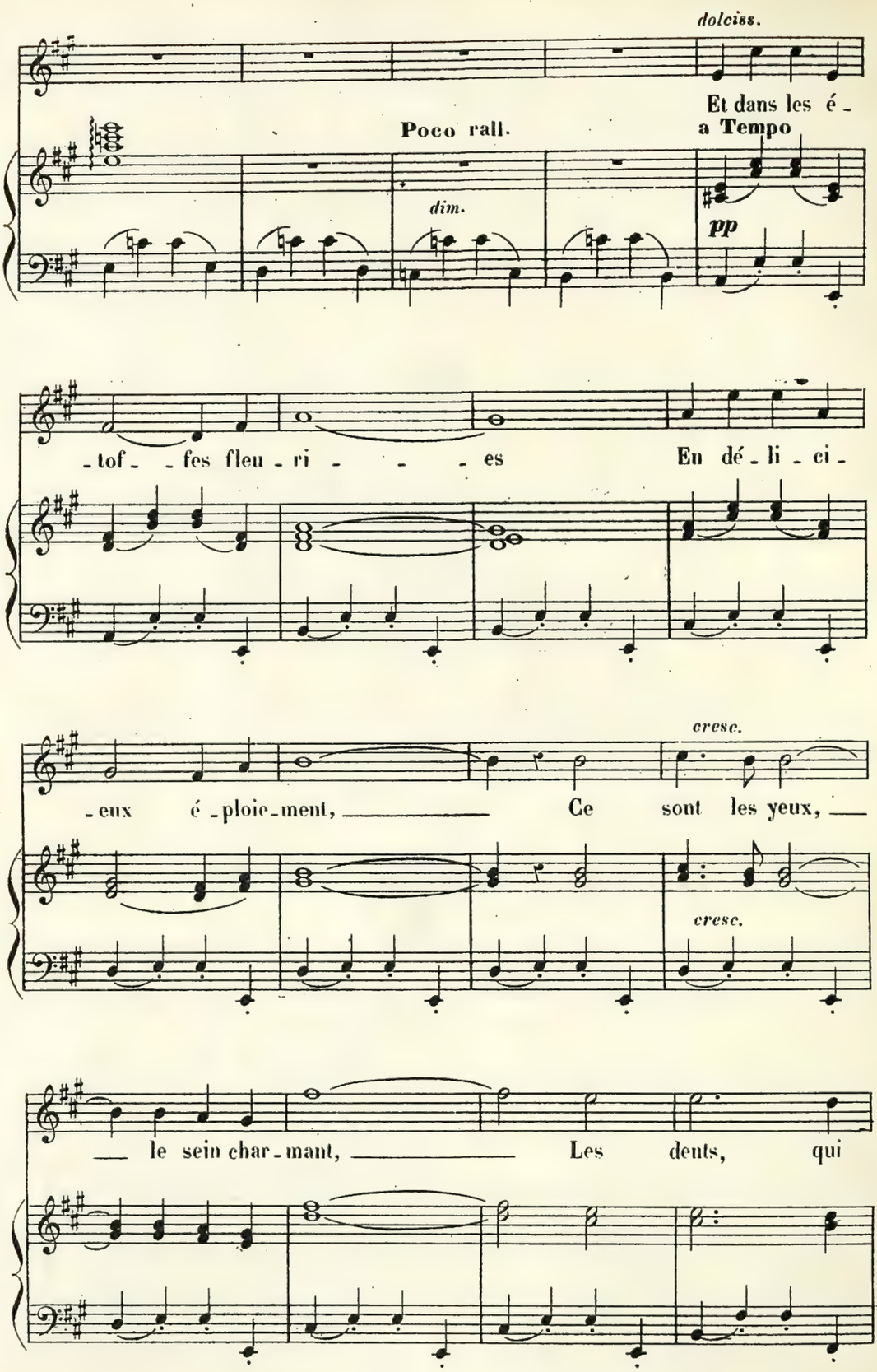
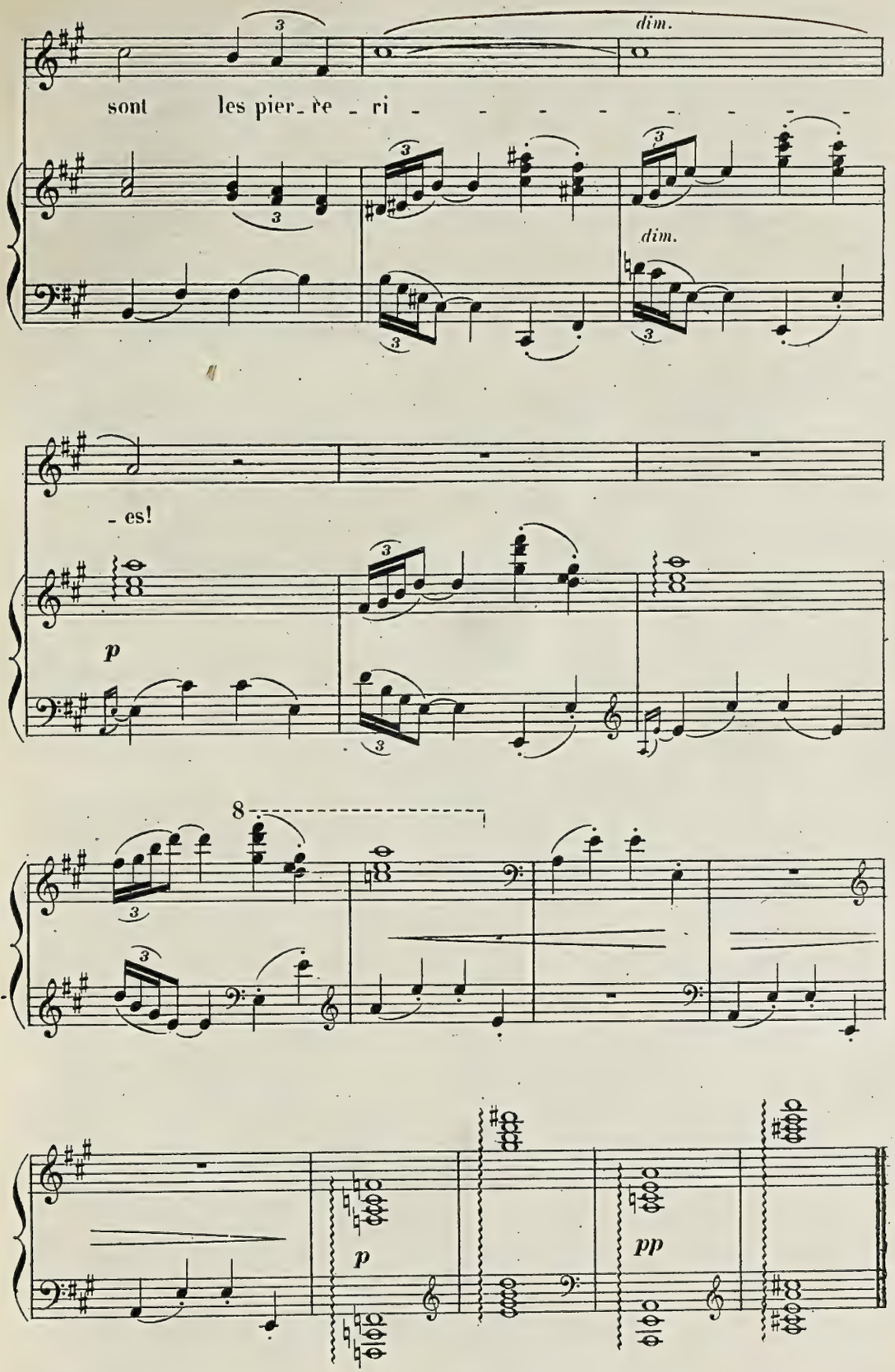

dolciss.
Et dans les é -
Poco rall.
a Tempo
dim.
pp
-tof- -fes fleu-ri - - - es
En dé-li-ci-
cresc.
-eux é-ploie-ment, Ce sont les yeux,
cresc.
le sein char-mant, Les dents, qui



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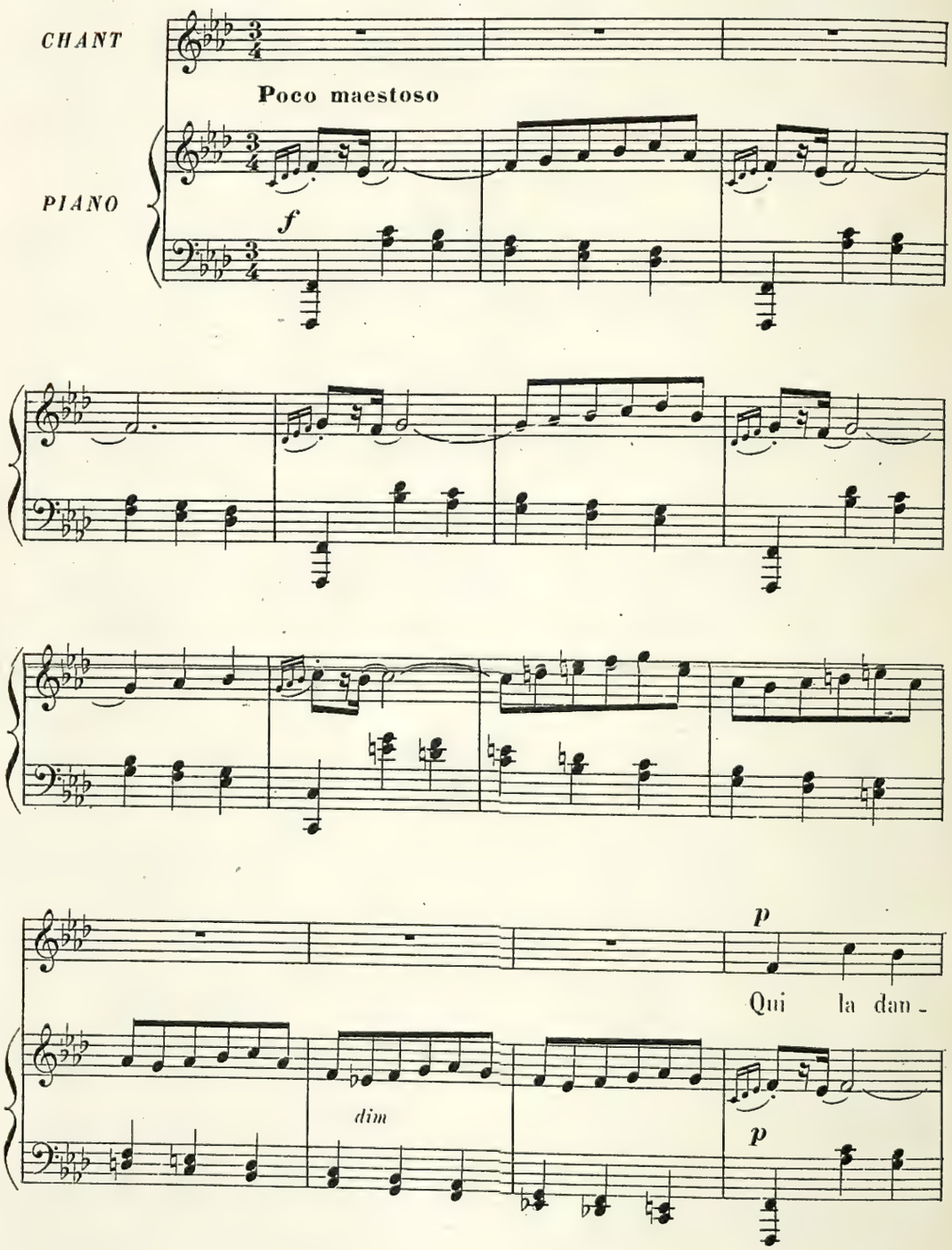

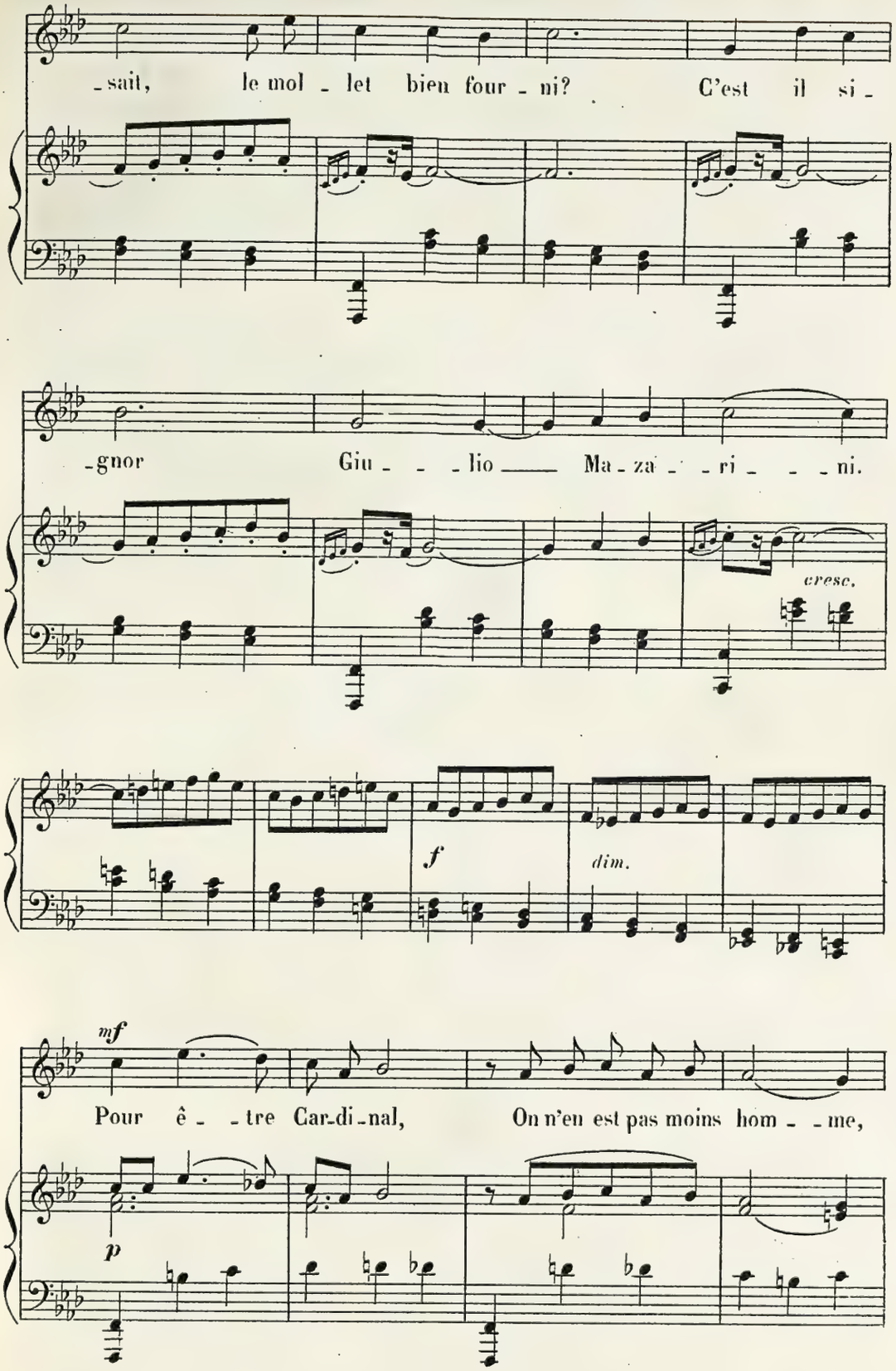

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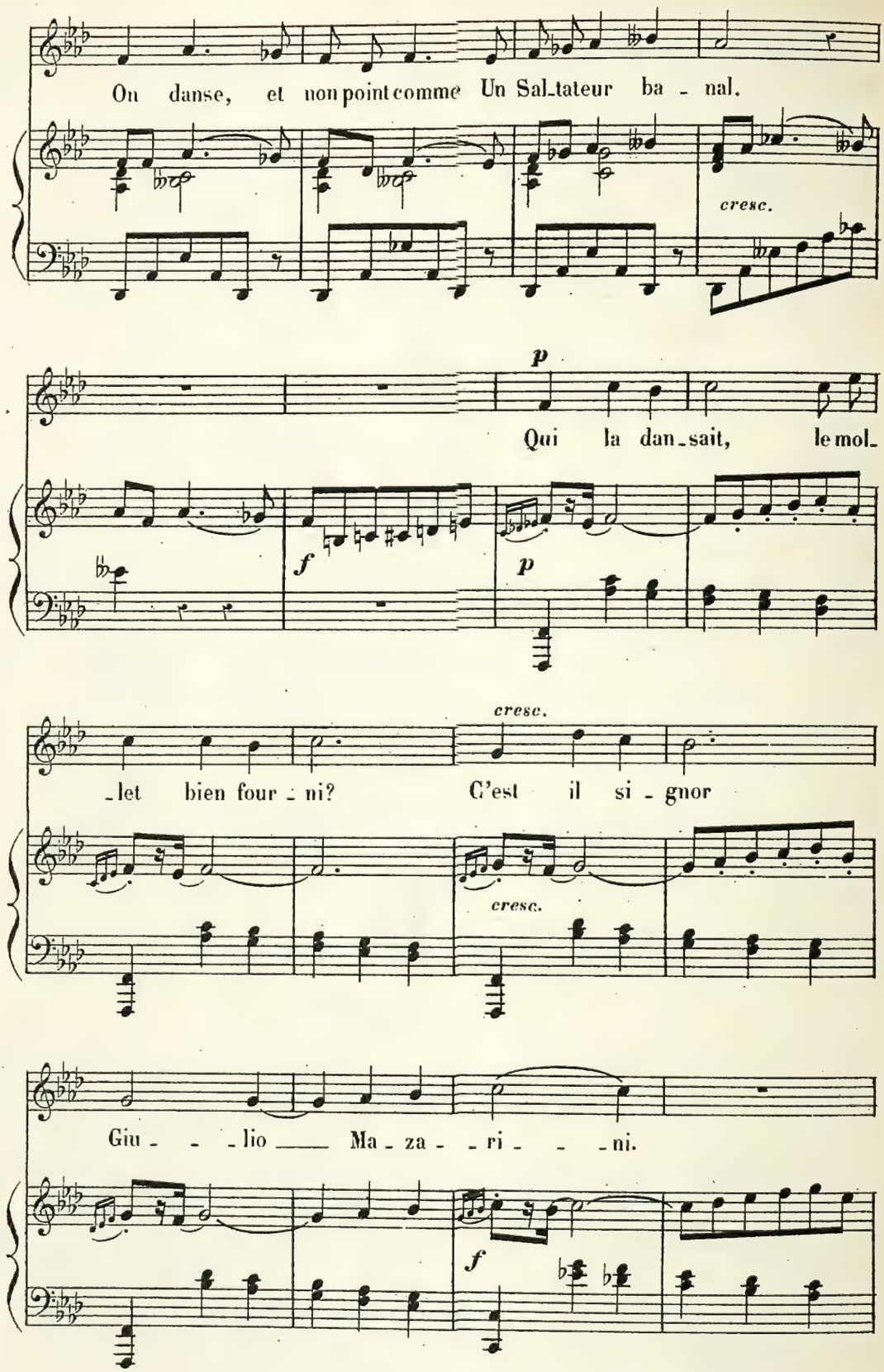
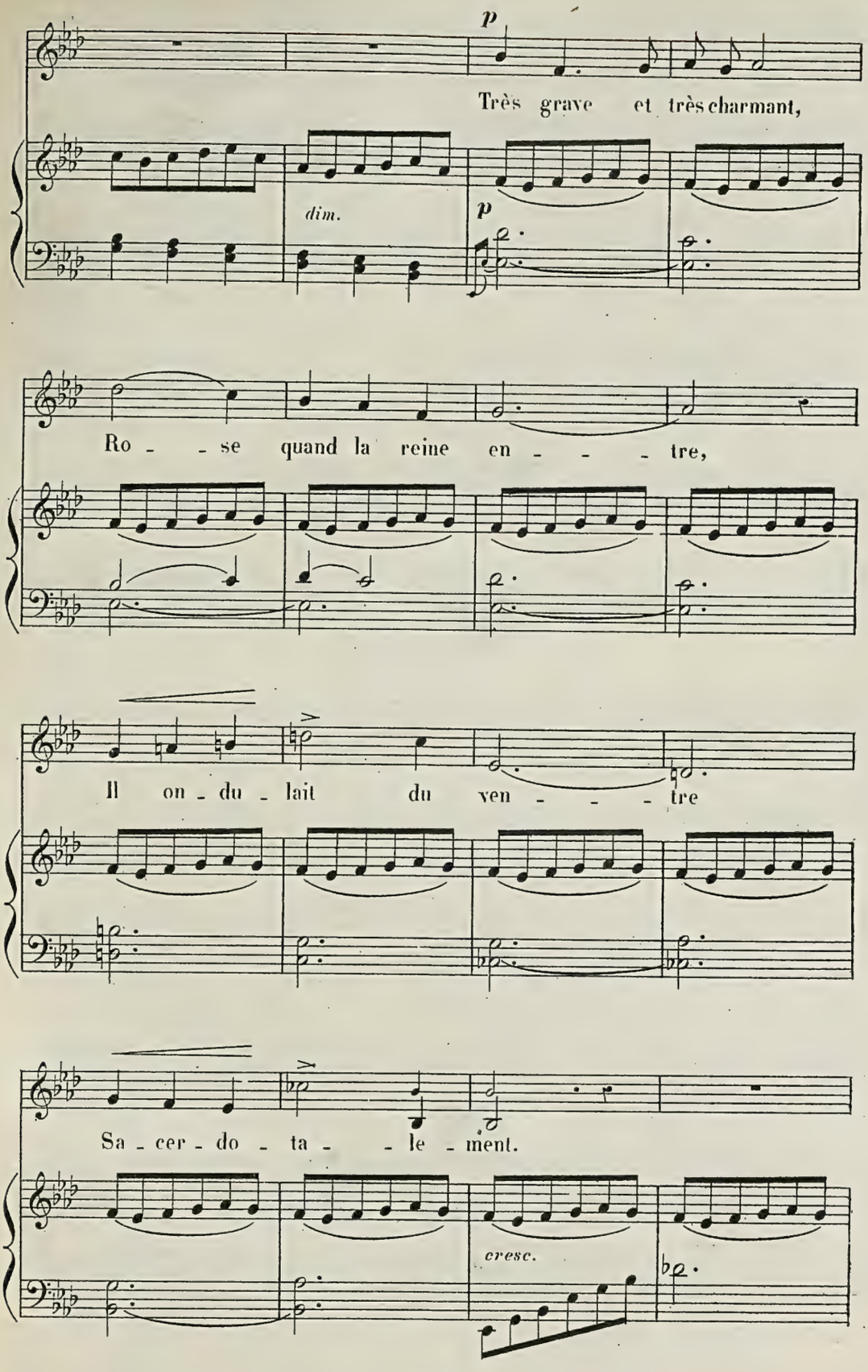

On danse, et non point comme Un Sal_tateur ba - nal.
cresc.
p
Qui la dan_sait, le mol_
f
p
cresc.
_let bien four _ ni? C'est il si - gnor
cresc.
Giu - - _lio ___ Ma _ za - _ri - - _ni.
f



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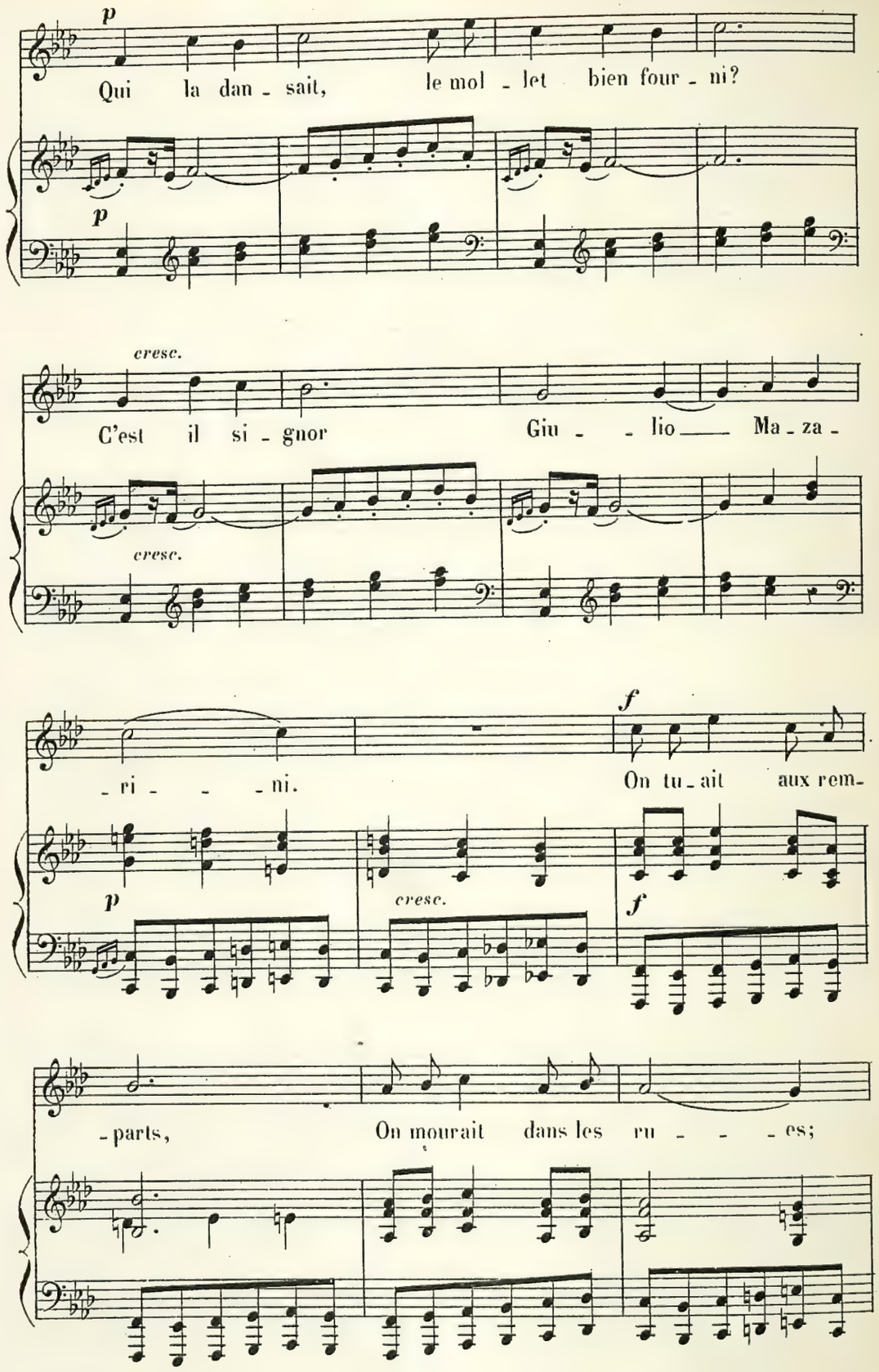
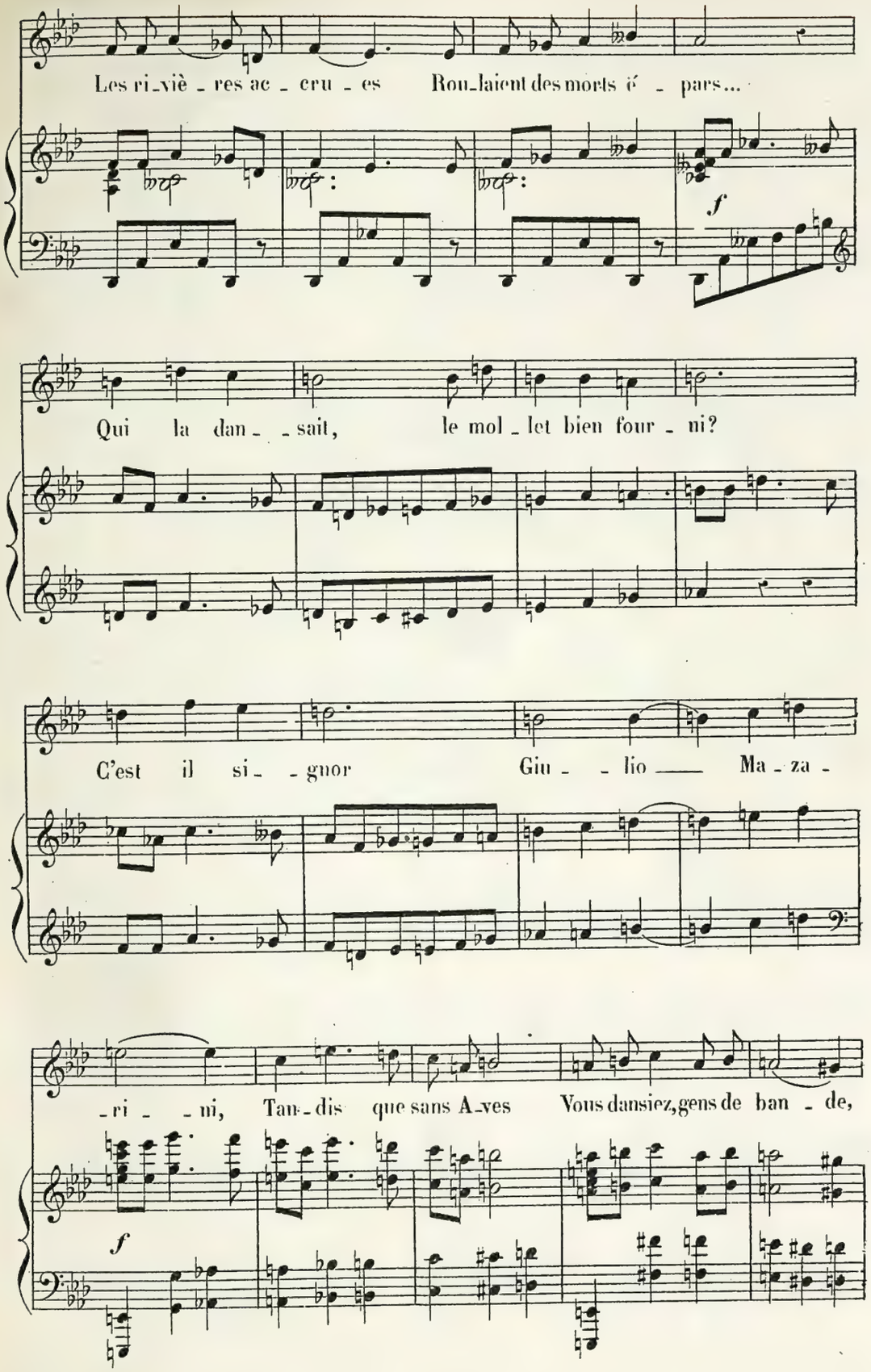

p
Qui la dan - sait, le mol - let bien four - ni?
p
cresc.
C'est il si - gnor Giu - - lio Ma - za -
cresc.
- ri - - - ni.
f
On tu - ait aux rem -
p
cresc.
f
- parts, On mourait dans les ru - - - es;



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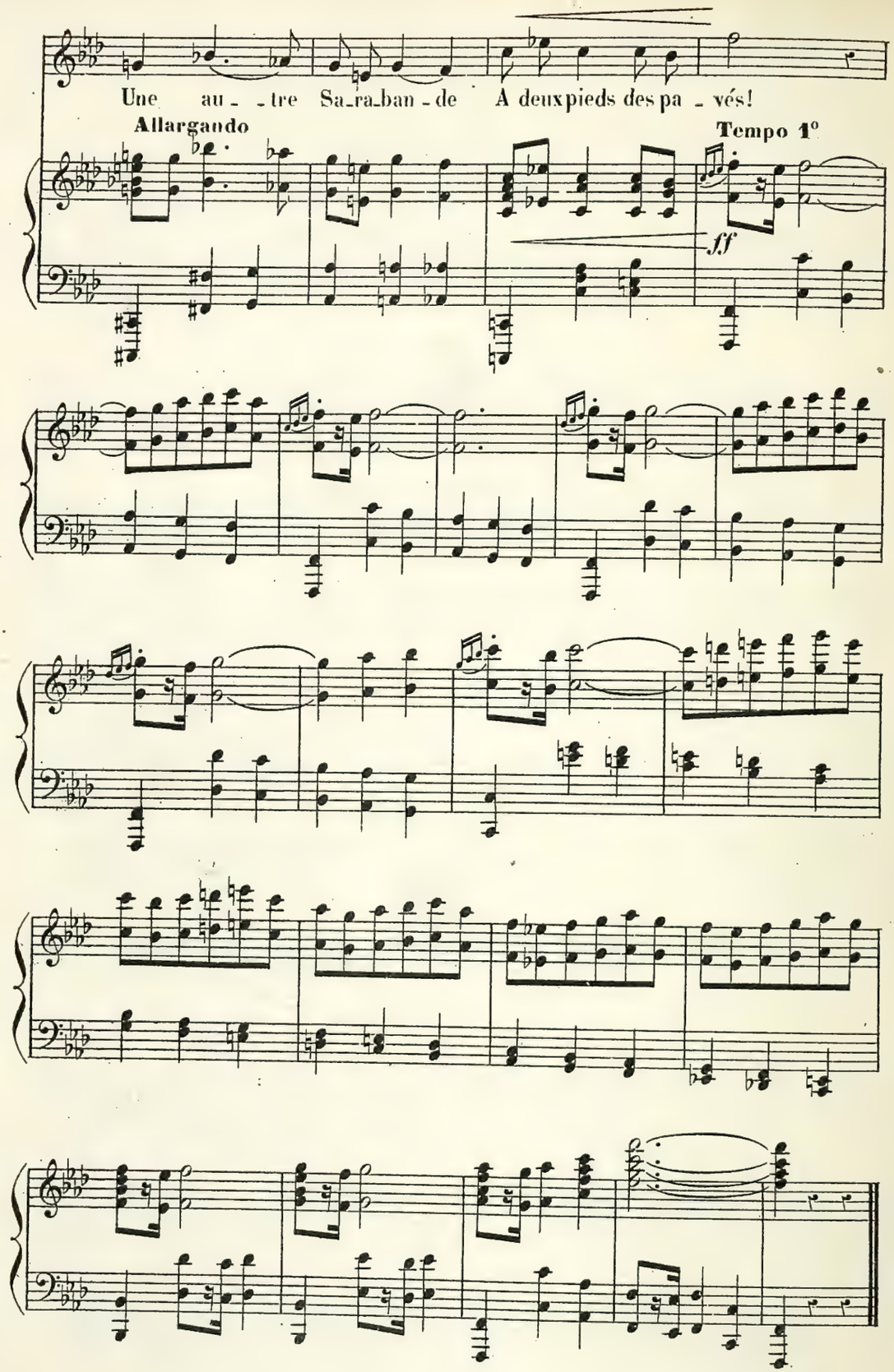
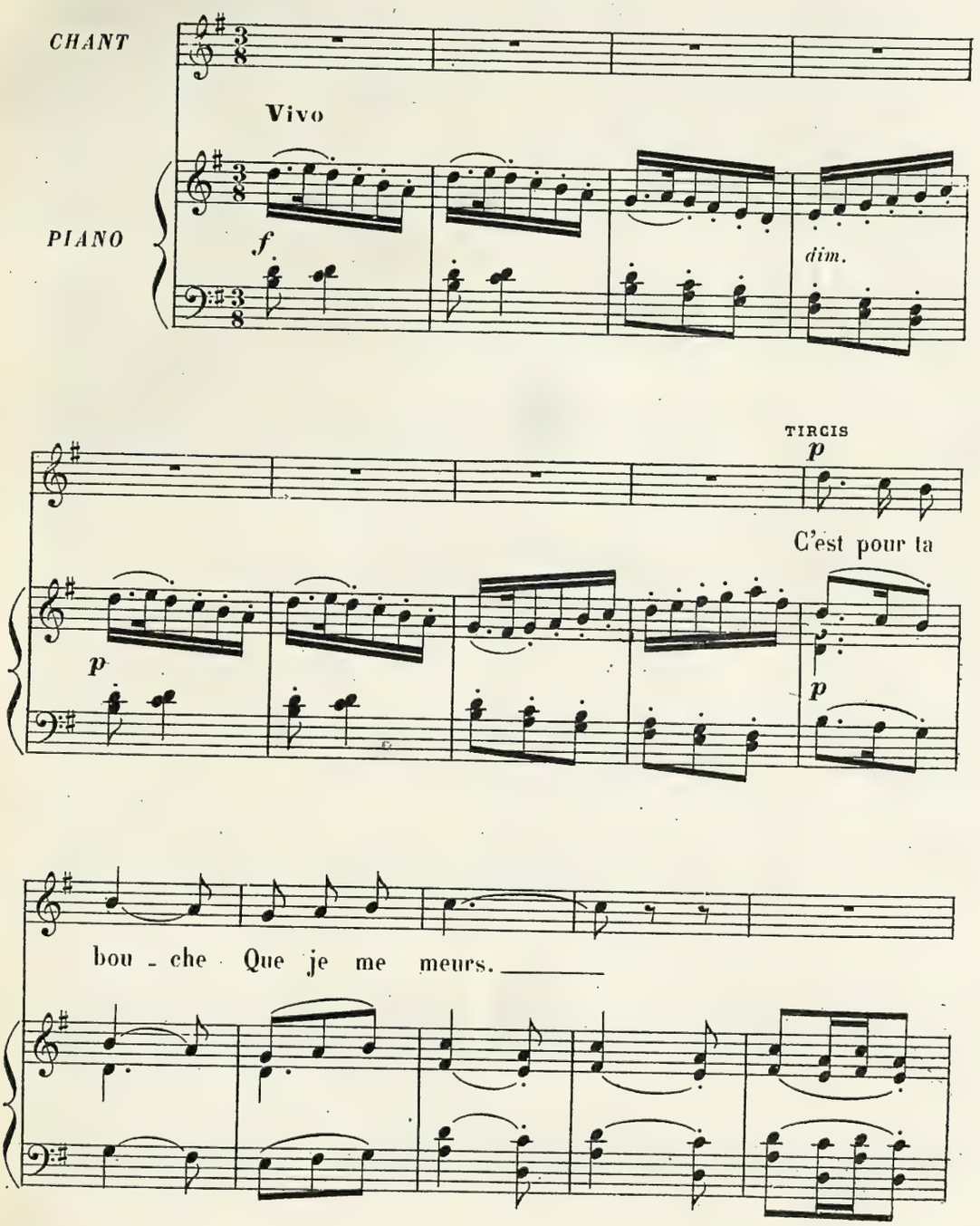

Une au - tre Sa-ra-ban-de A deux pieds des pa - vés!
Allargando
Tempo 1°
ff

N° 6

LE PASSE-PIED

CATULLE MENDÈS

ALFRED BRUNEAU



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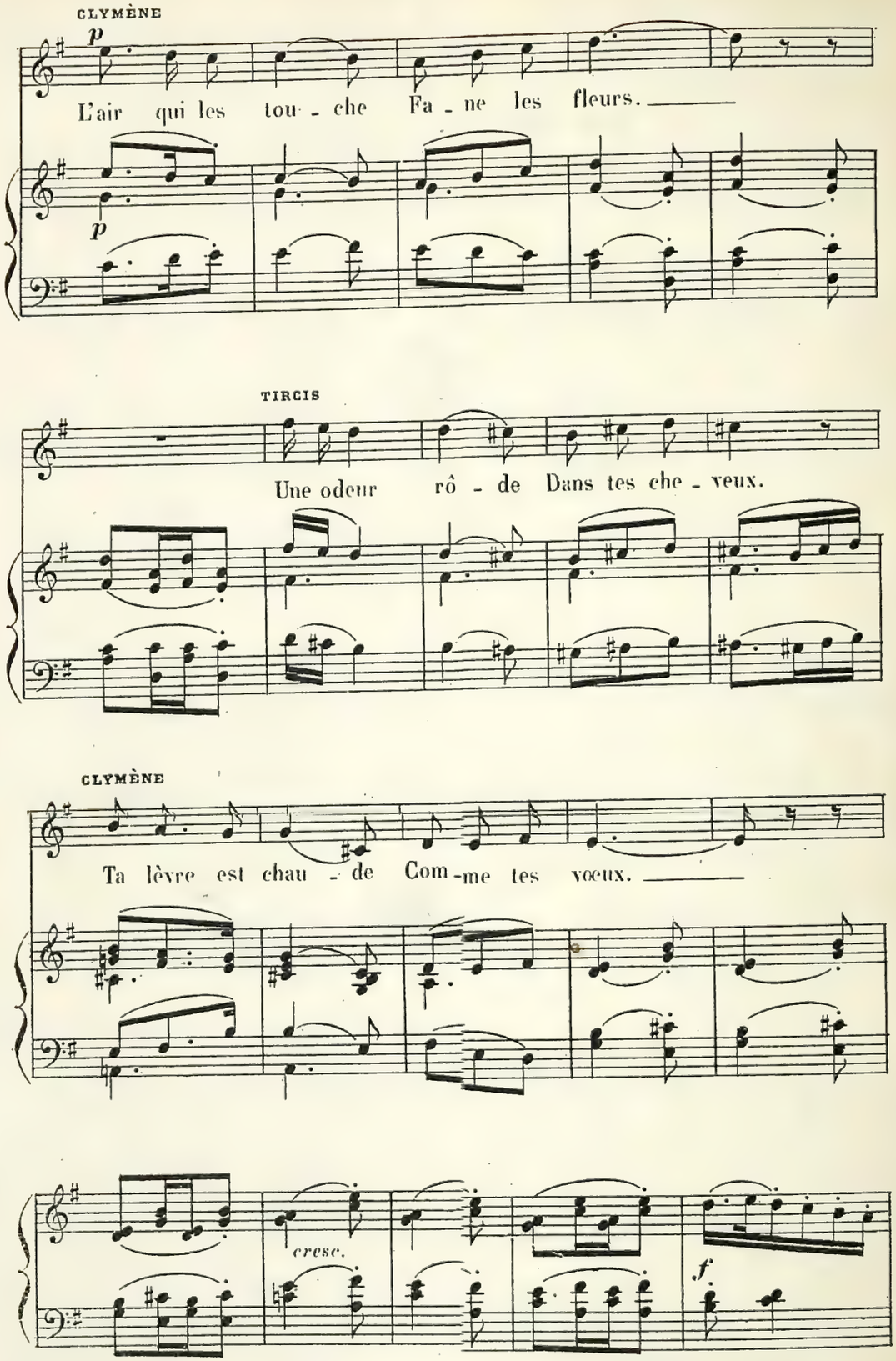
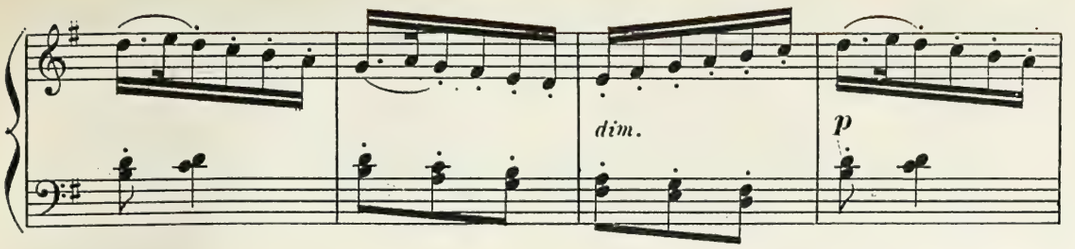
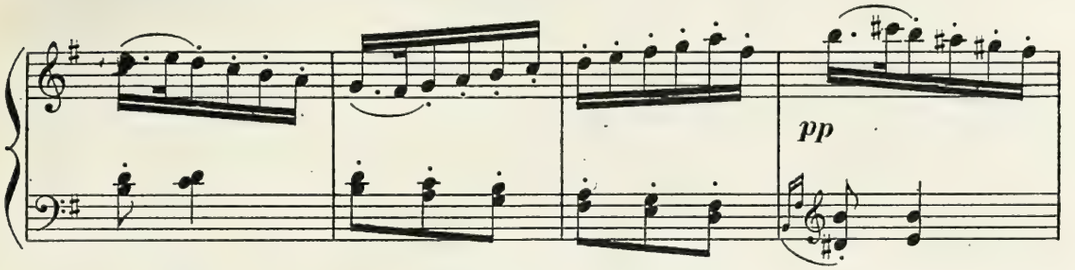
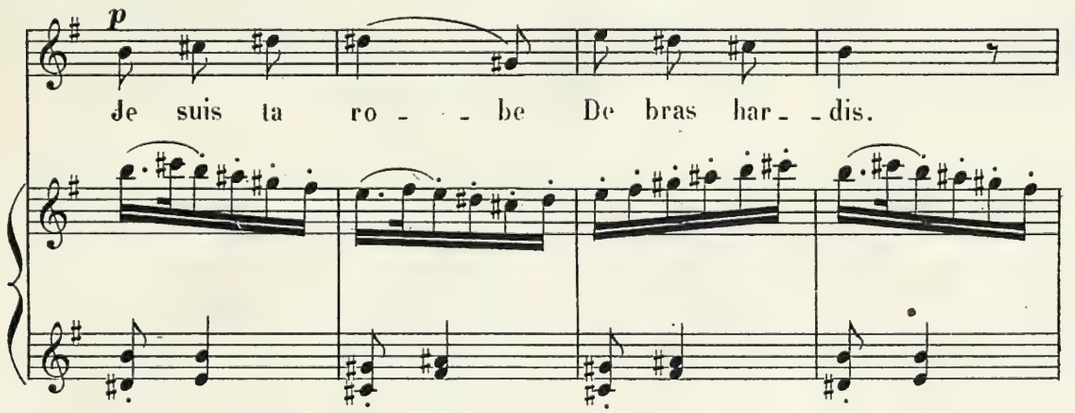

CLYMÈNE
p
L'air qui les tou - che Fa - ne les fleurs.
p
TIRCIS
Une odeur rô - de Dans tes che - veux.
CLYMÈNE
Ta lèvre est chau - de Com-me tes vœux.
cresc.
f

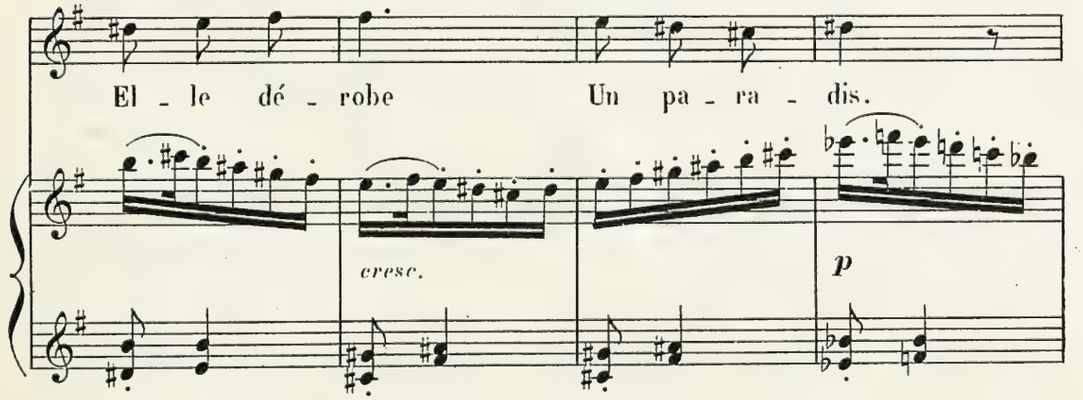




TIRCIS



CLYMÈNE



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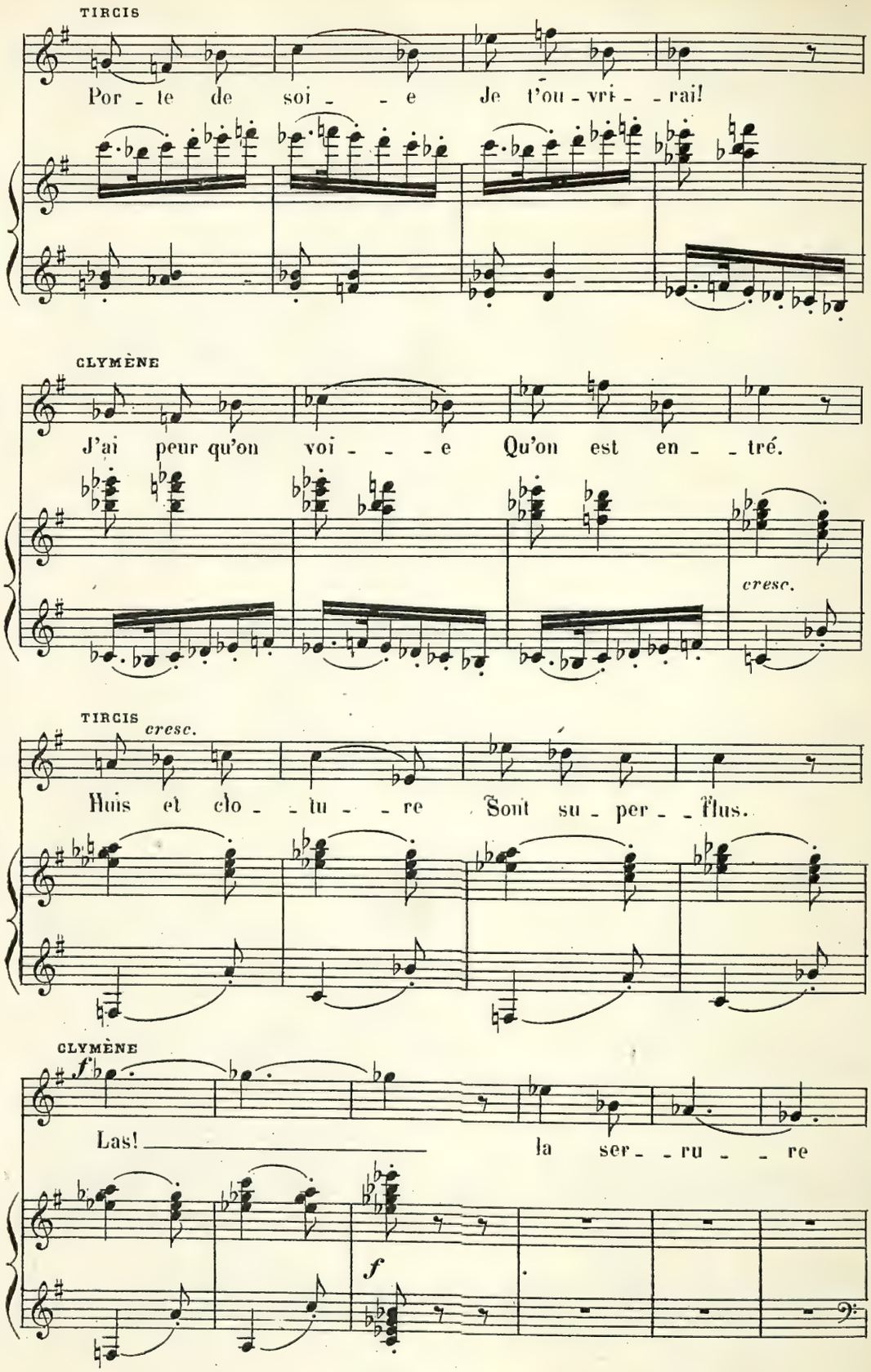
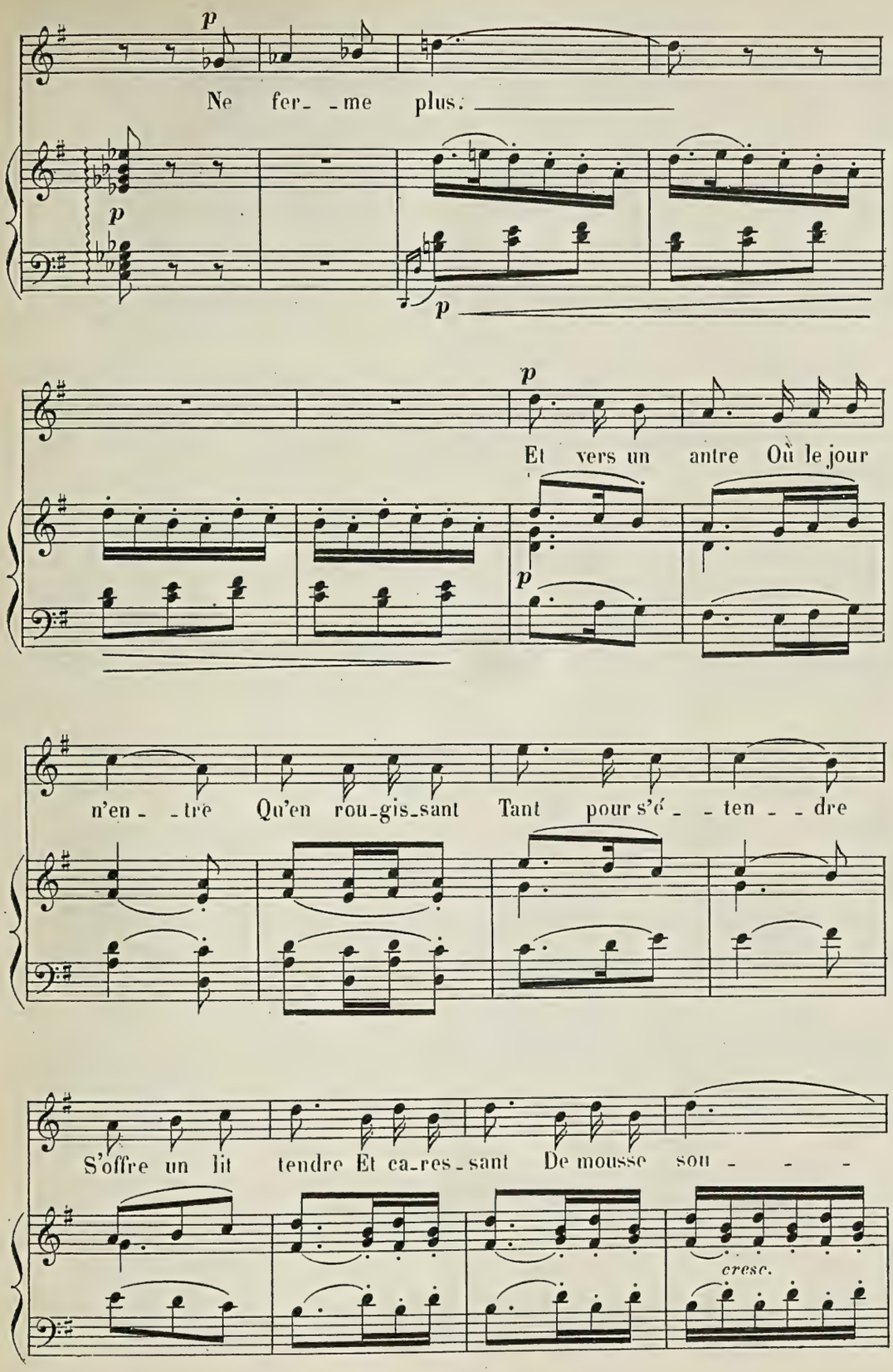

TIRCIS
Por - te de soi - - e Je t'ou - vri - - rai!
CLYMÈNE
J'ai peur qu'on voi - - - e Qu'on est en - - tré.
cresc.
TIRCIS
cresc.
Huis et clo - - tu - - re Sont su - per - - flus.
CLYMÈNE
f
Las! la ser - - ru - - re
f



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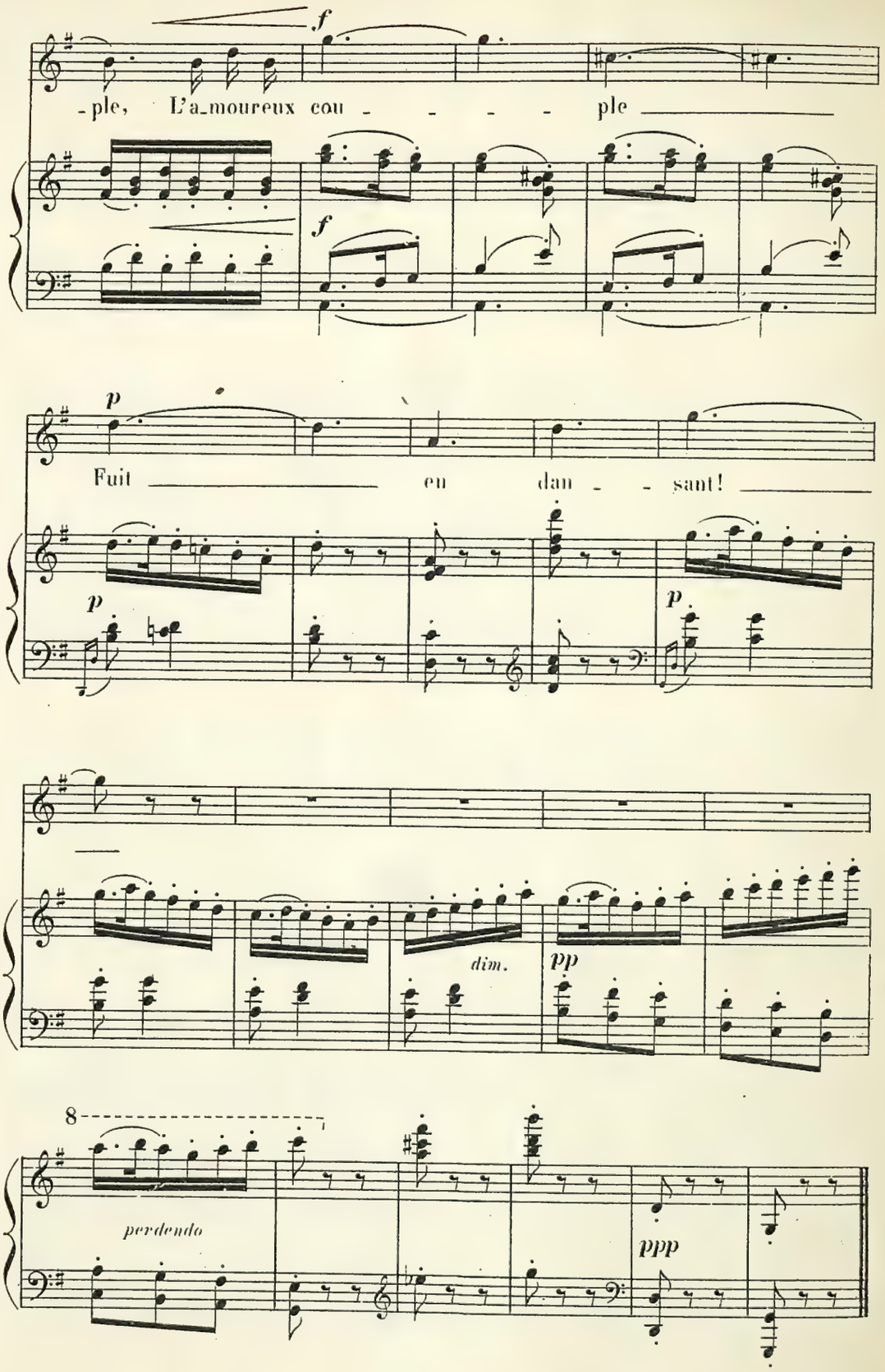

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THE TEMPLE BELLS.

THE Temple bells are ringing,
The young green corn is springing,
And the marriage month is drawing very near;
I lie hidden in the grass,
And I count the moments pass,
For the month of marriages is drawing near.

She is young and very sweet,
From the silver on her feet
To the silver and the flowers in her hair;
And her beauty makes me swoon,
As the Moghra* trees at noon
Intoxicate the hot and quivering air.

Ah! I would the hours were fleet
As her silver circled feet,
I am weary of the daytime and the night;
I am weary unto death,
O my rose with jasmin breath,
With this longing for your beauty and your light.

LAURENCE HOPE.

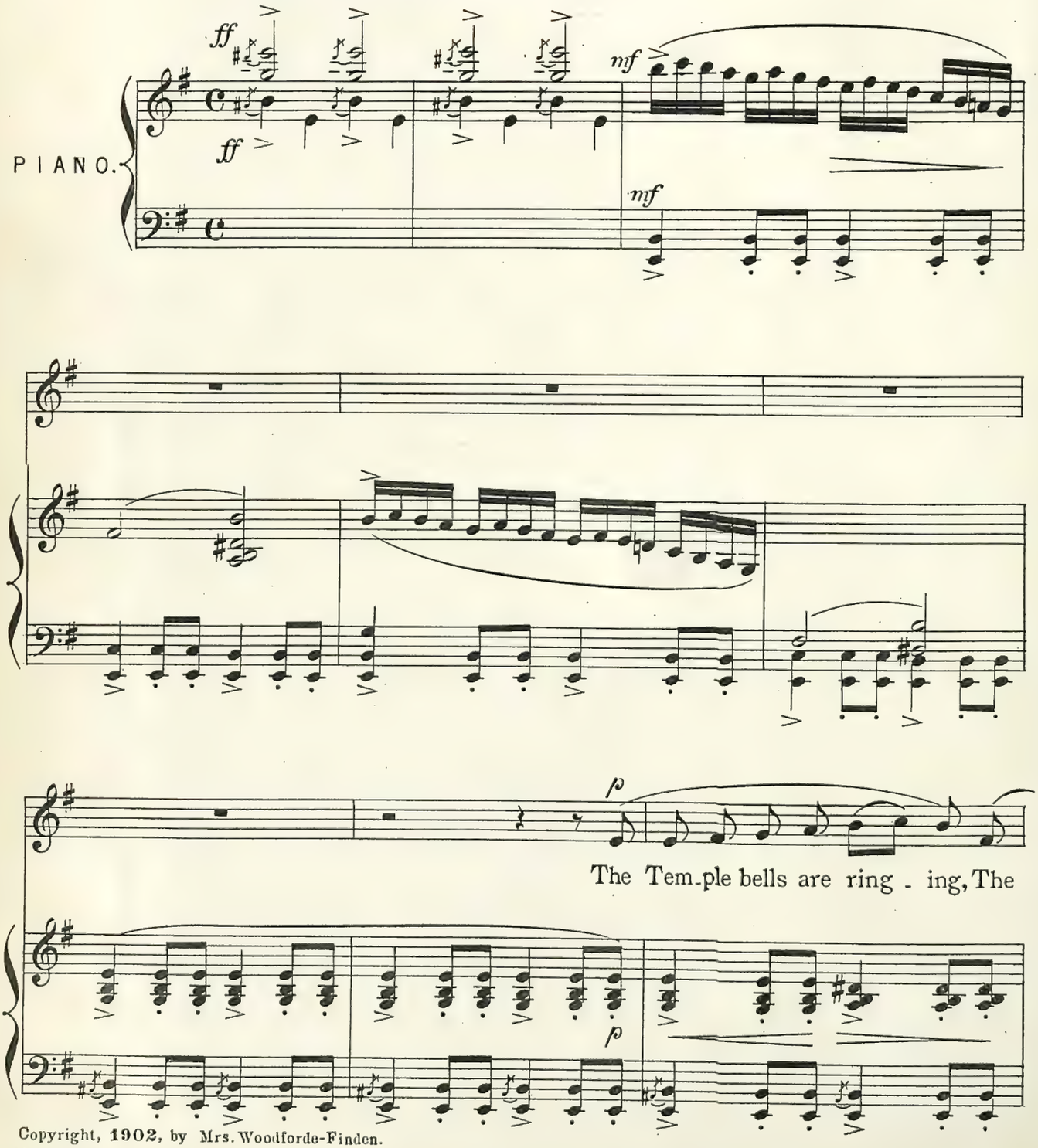
* A strong-scented flowering tree.

The Temple Bells.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

Allegretto.



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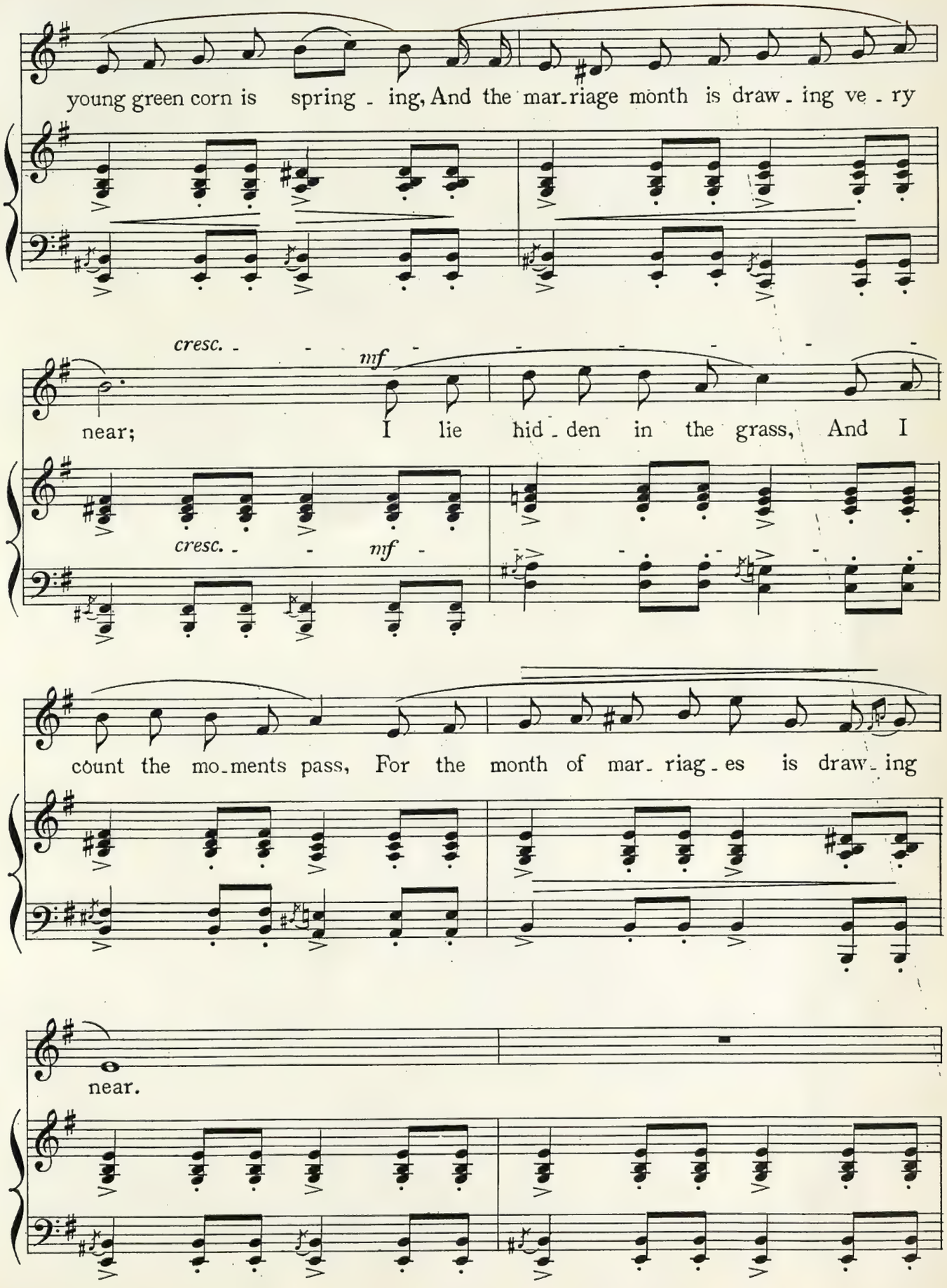
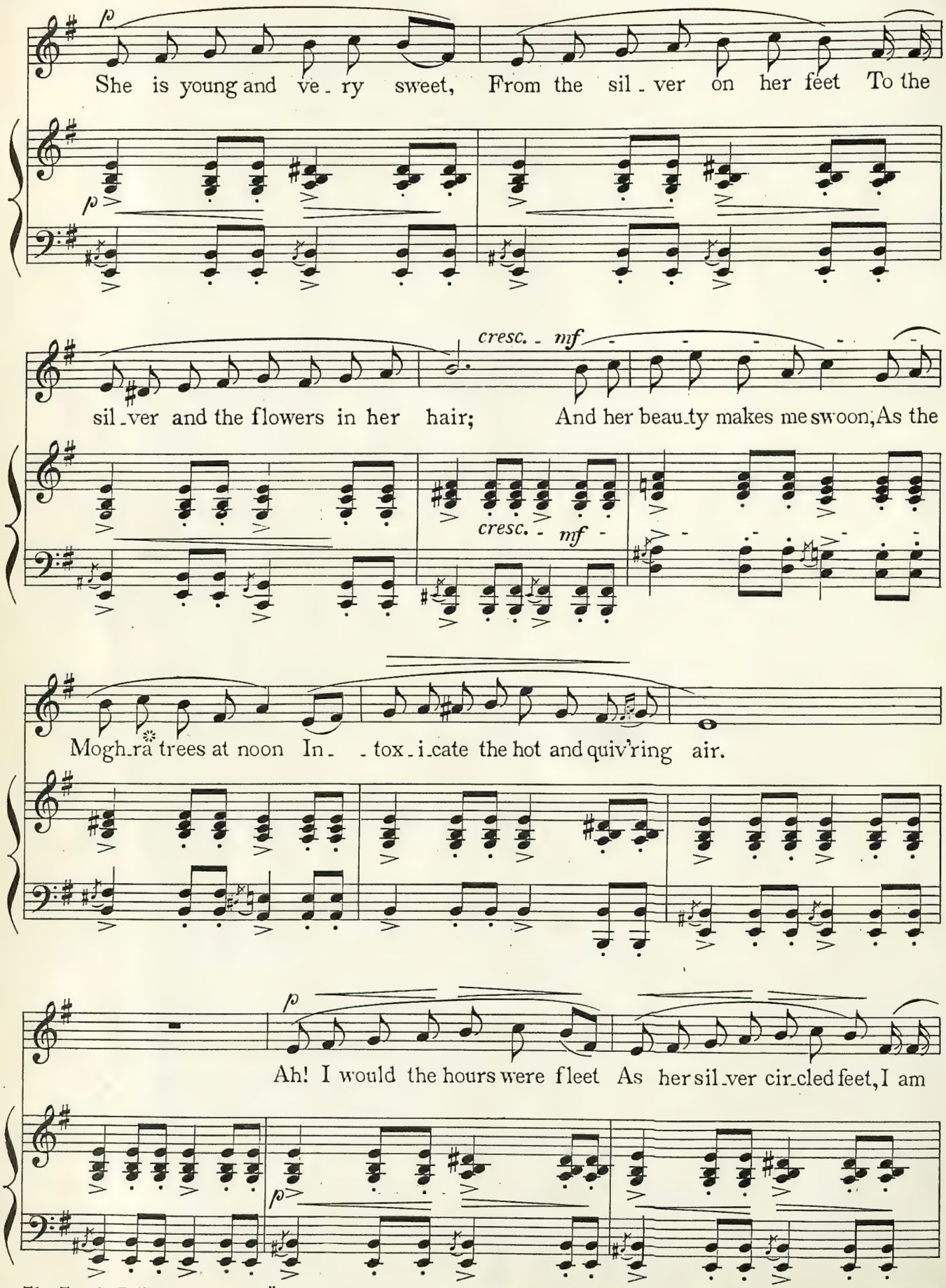
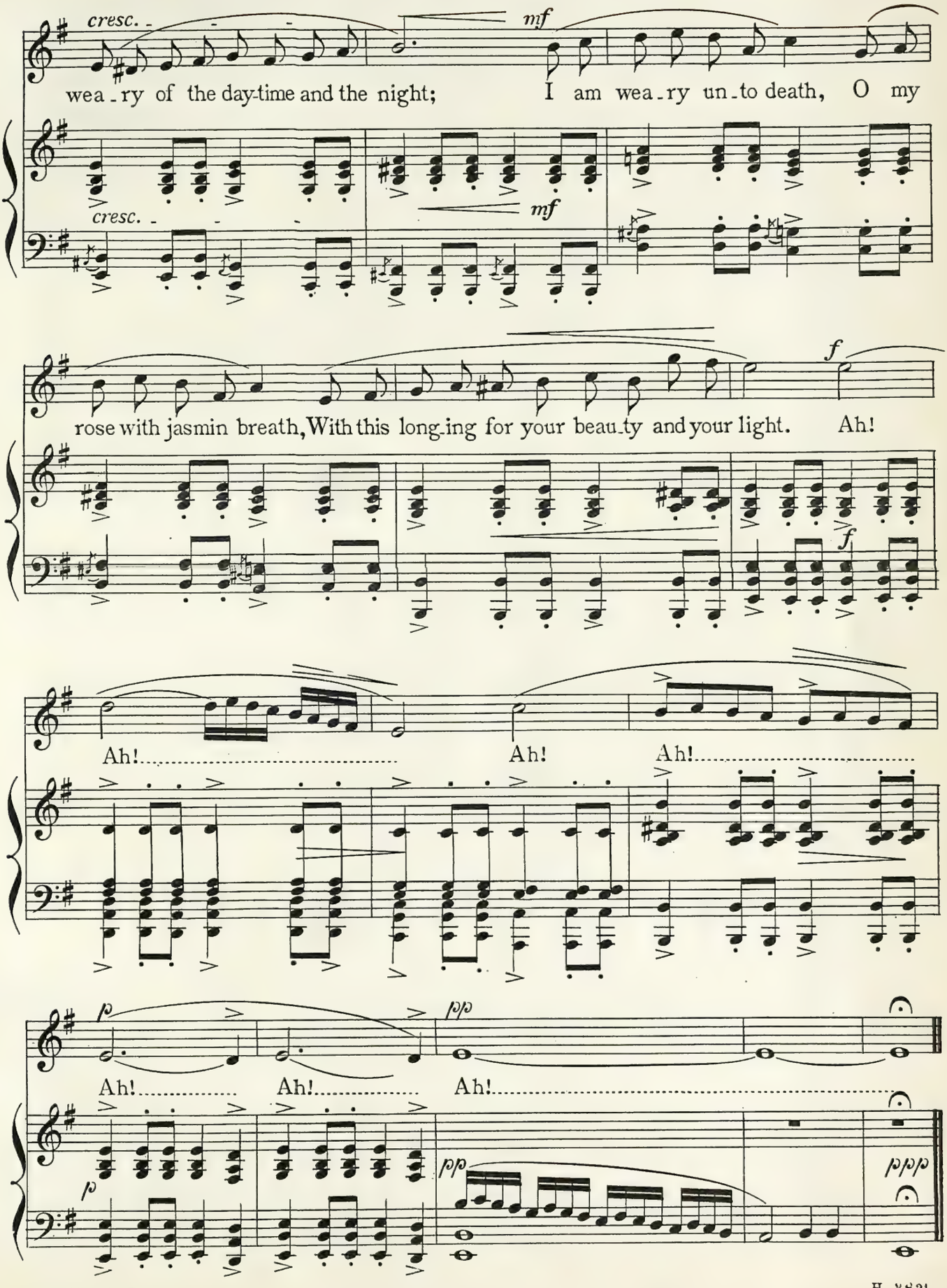

young green corn is spring - ing, And the mar-riage month is draw - ing ve - ry
cresc.
mf
near; I lie hid - den in the grass, And I
cresc.
mf
count the mo-ments pass, For the month of mar- riag - es is draw - ing
near.



*A strong scented flowering tree.


cresc.
mf
wea-ry of the day-time and the night; I am wea-ry un-to death, O my
cresc.
mf
rose with jasmin breath, With this long-ing for your beau-ty and your light. Ah!
f
f
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
p
pp
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
p
pp
ppp

LESS THAN THE DUST.

Less than the dust beneath thy chariot wheel,
Less than the rust that never stained thy sword,
Less than the trust thou hast in me, my Lord,
Even less than these!

Less than the weed that grows beside thy door,
Less than the speed of hours spent far from thee,
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,
Even less am I.

Since I, my Lord, am nothing unto thee,
See here thy sword, I make it keen and bright,
Love's last reward—Death comes to me to-night,
Farewell, Zahirudin.*

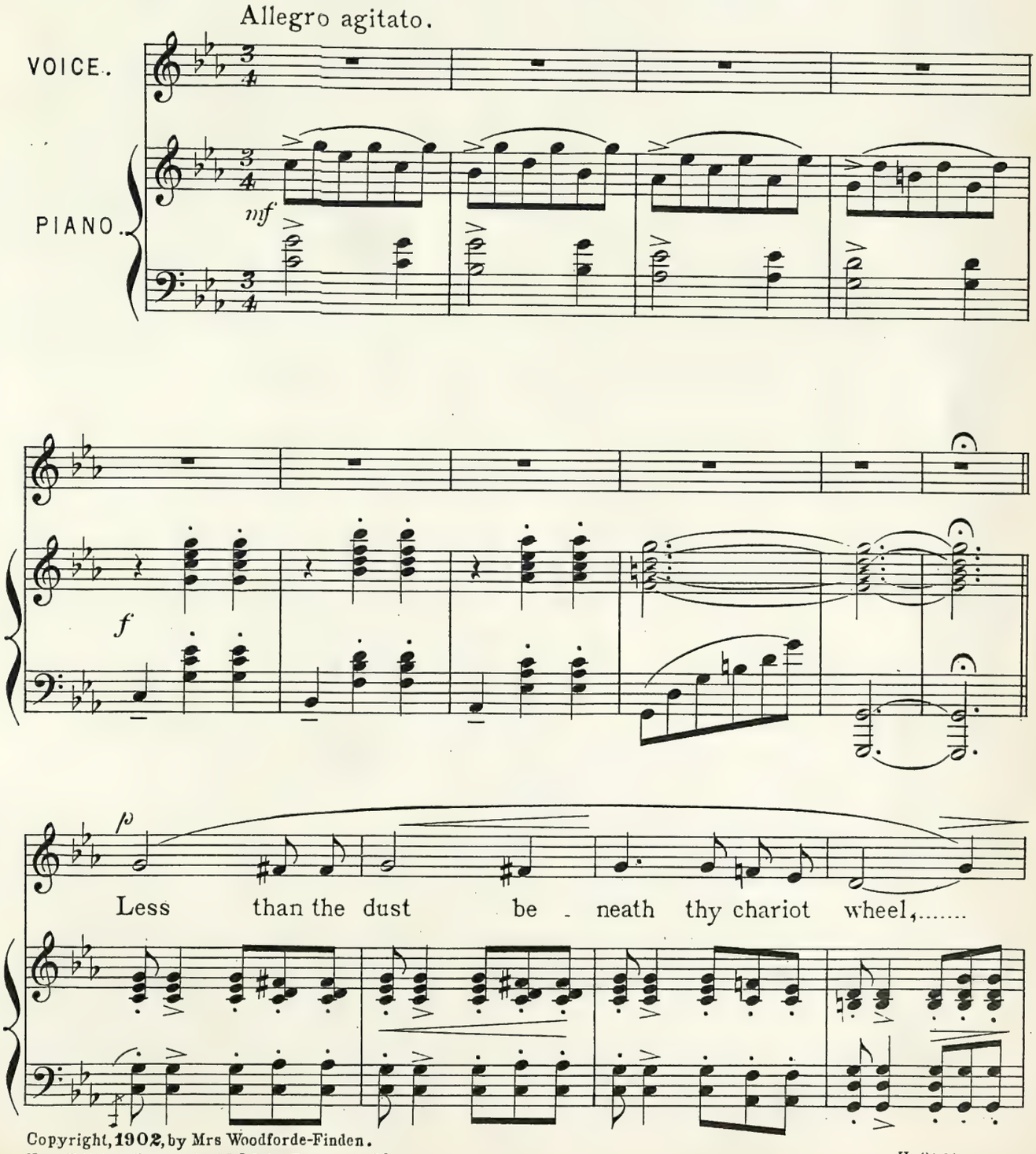
LAURENCE HOPE.

* A Mohammedan's name, meaning "Faith."

Less than the dust.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



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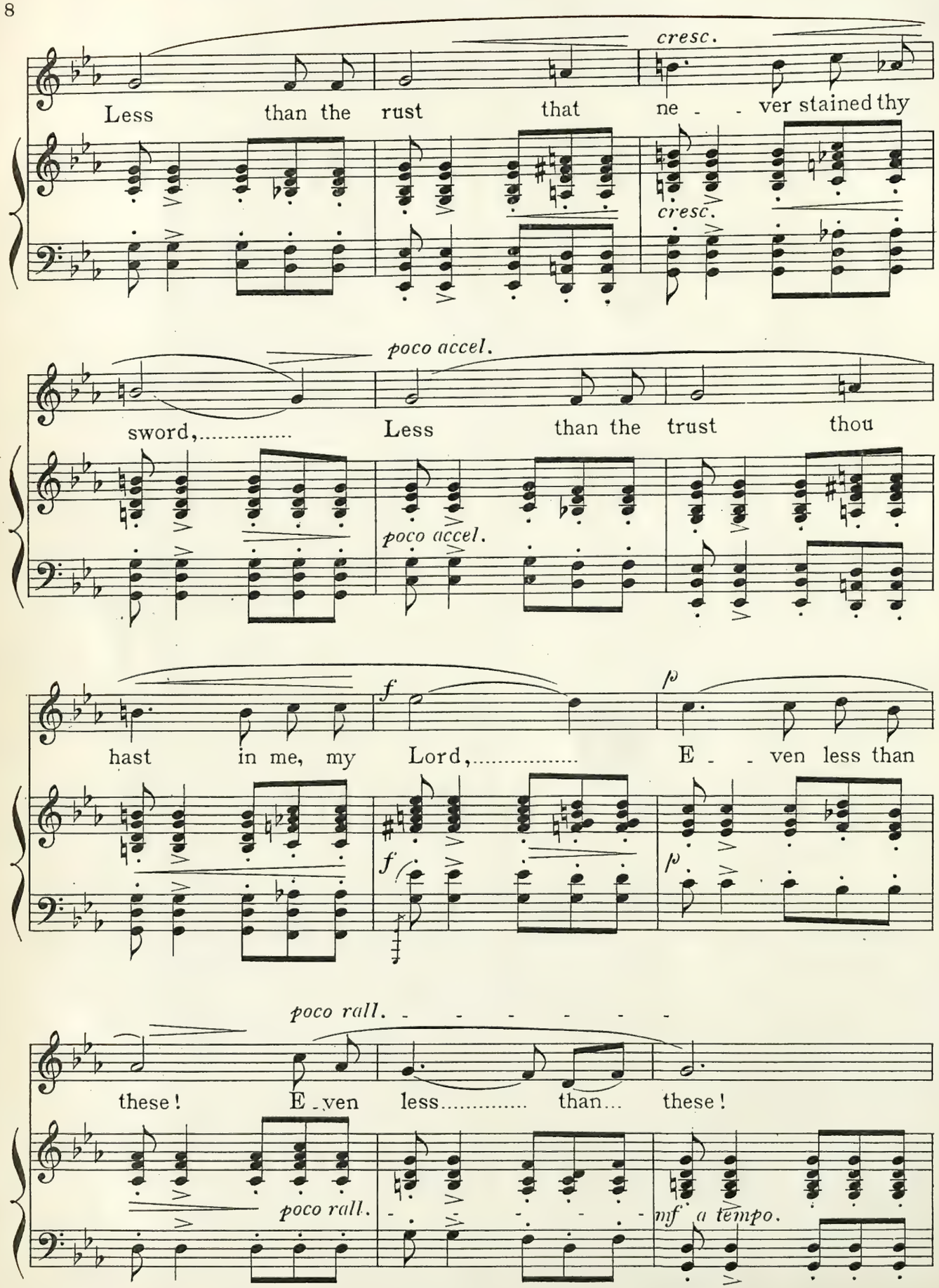
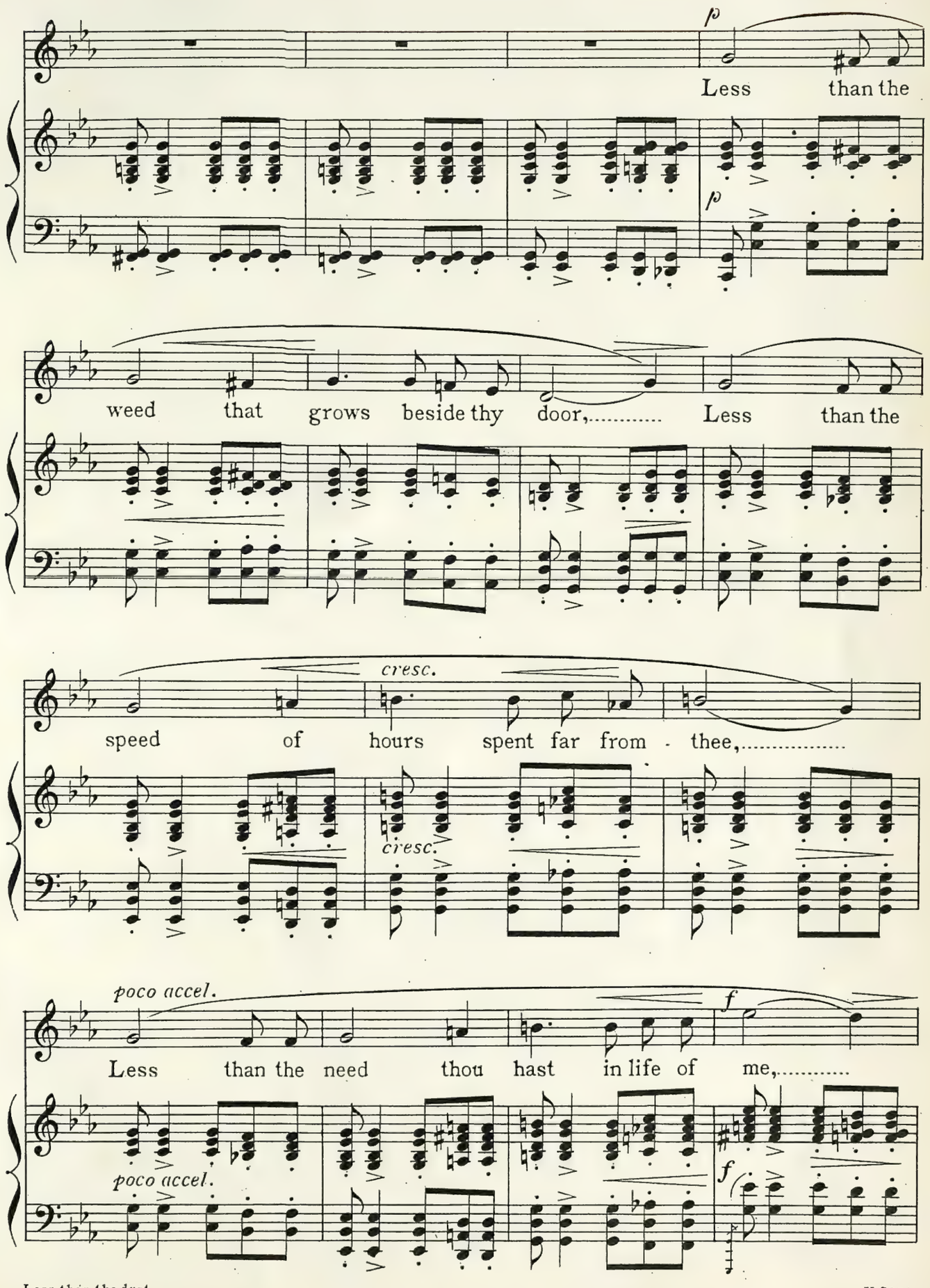
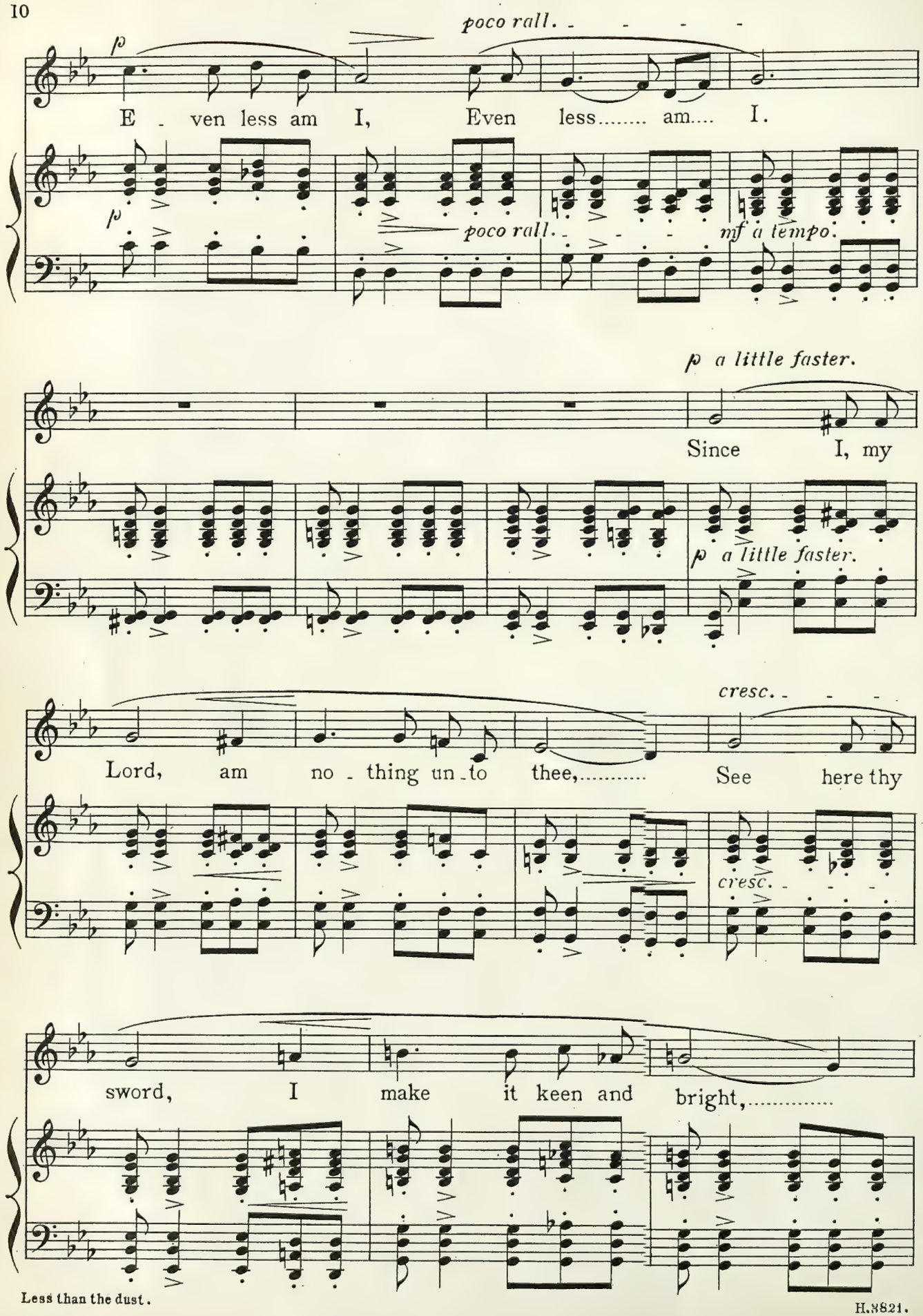
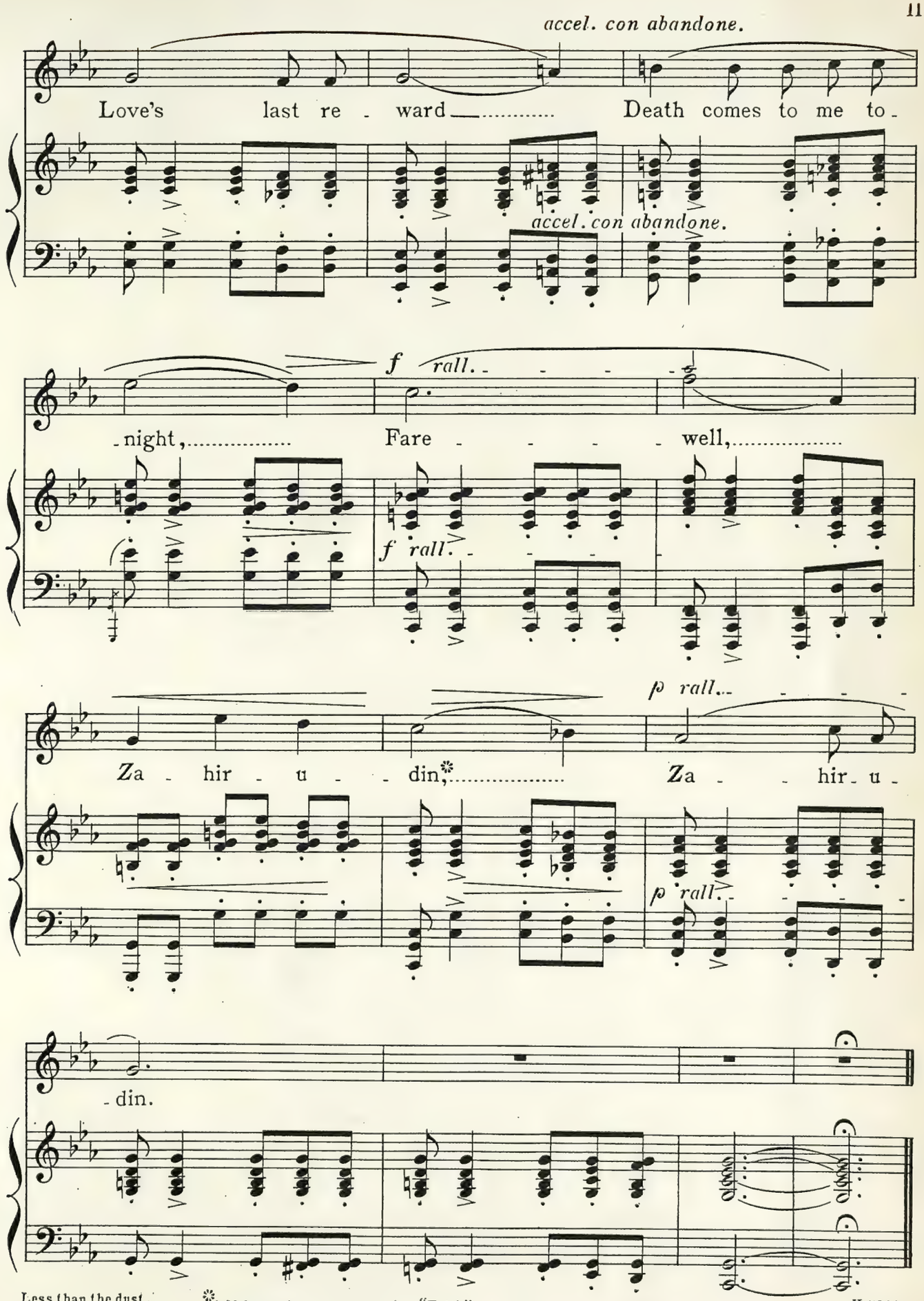

cresc.
Less than the rust that ne - - ver stained thy
cresc.
poco accel.
sword,..... Less than the trust thou
poco accel.
f
p
hast in me, my Lord,..... E - - ven less than
f
p
poco rall. - - - - - - -
these! E - ven less..... than... these!
poco rall.
mf a tempo.


p
Less than the
p
weed that grows beside thy door,..... Less than the
cresc.
speed of hours spent far from - thee,.....
cresc.
poco accel.
f
Less than the need thou hast in life of me,.....
poco accel.
f


p
poco rall.
E - ven less am I, Even less..... am.... I.
p
poco rall.
mf a tempo.
p a little faster.
Since I, my
p a little faster.
cresc.
Lord, am no - thing un - to thee,..... See here thy
cresc.
sword, I make it keen and bright,.....



Less than the dust.

*A Mohammedan name, meaning "Faith."

KASHMIRI SONG.

PALE hands I loved beside the Shalimar,*
  Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
  Before you agonise them in farewell?
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
  Where are you now? Where are you now?

Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lotus buds that float
  On those cool waters where we used to dwell,
I would have rather felt you round my throat
  Crushing out life, than waving me farewell!
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
  Where are you now? Where lies your spell?

LAURENCE HOPE.

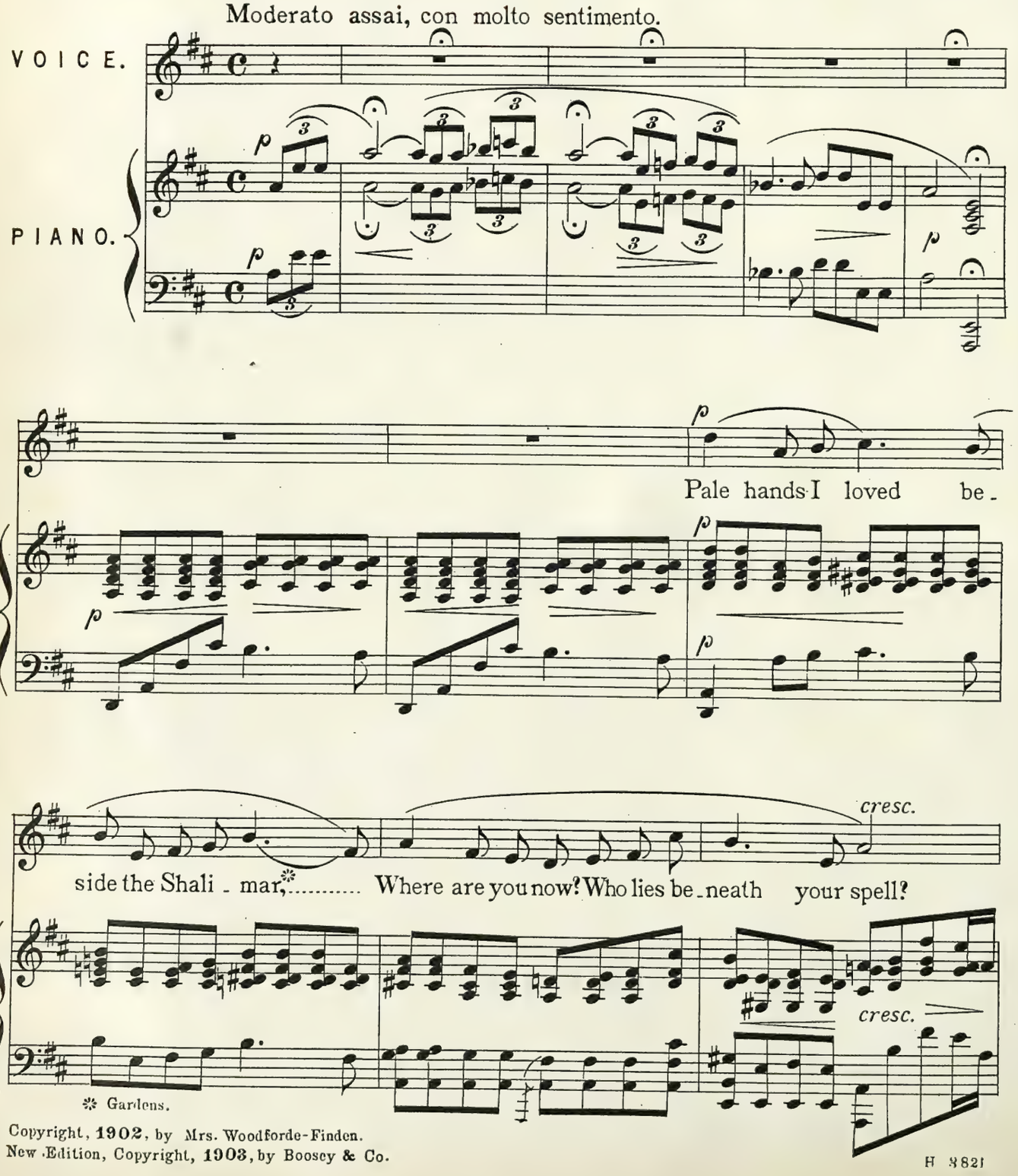
* Gardens.

Kashmiri Song.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN

Moderato assai, con molto sentimento.



* Gardens.

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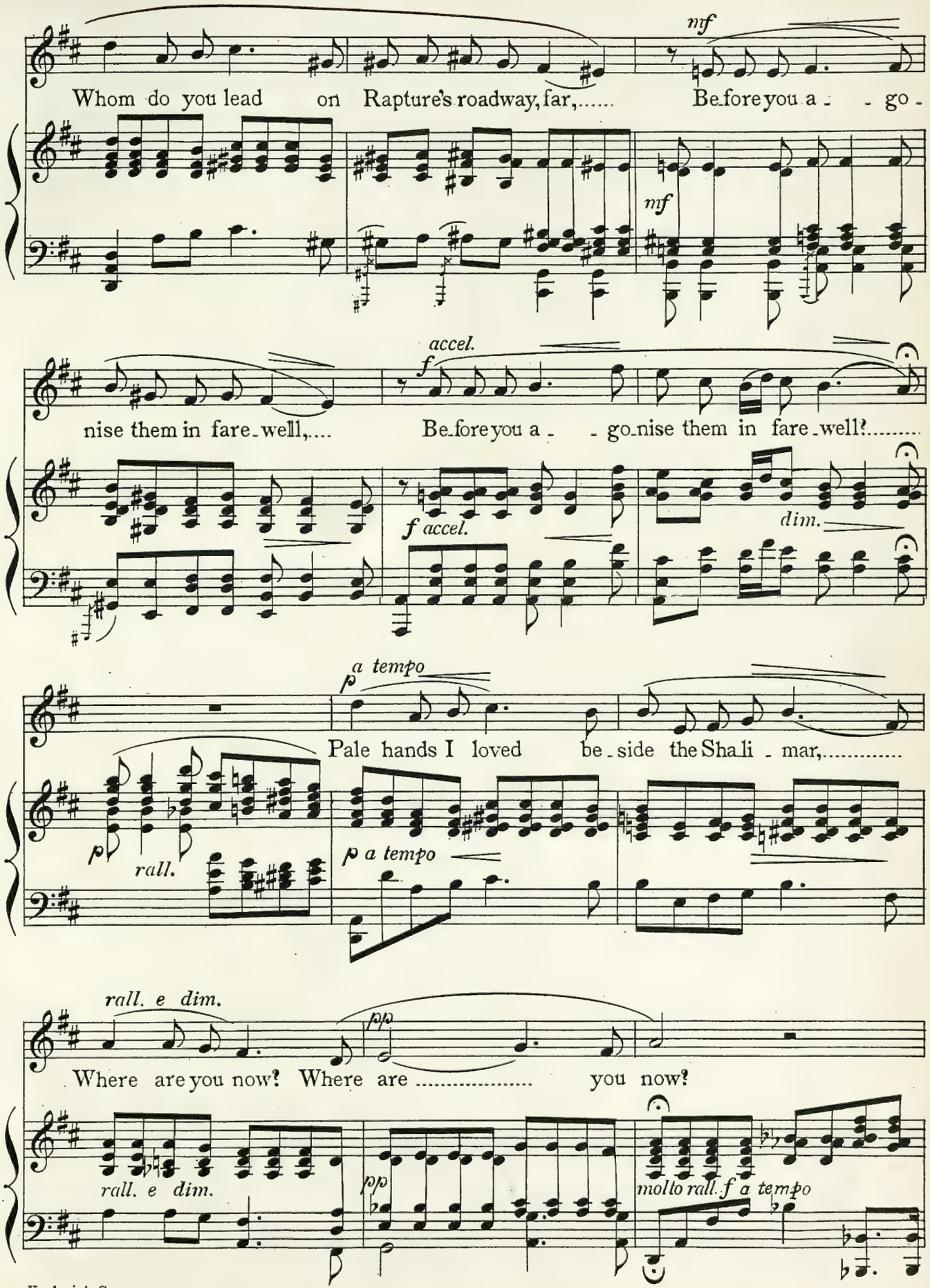
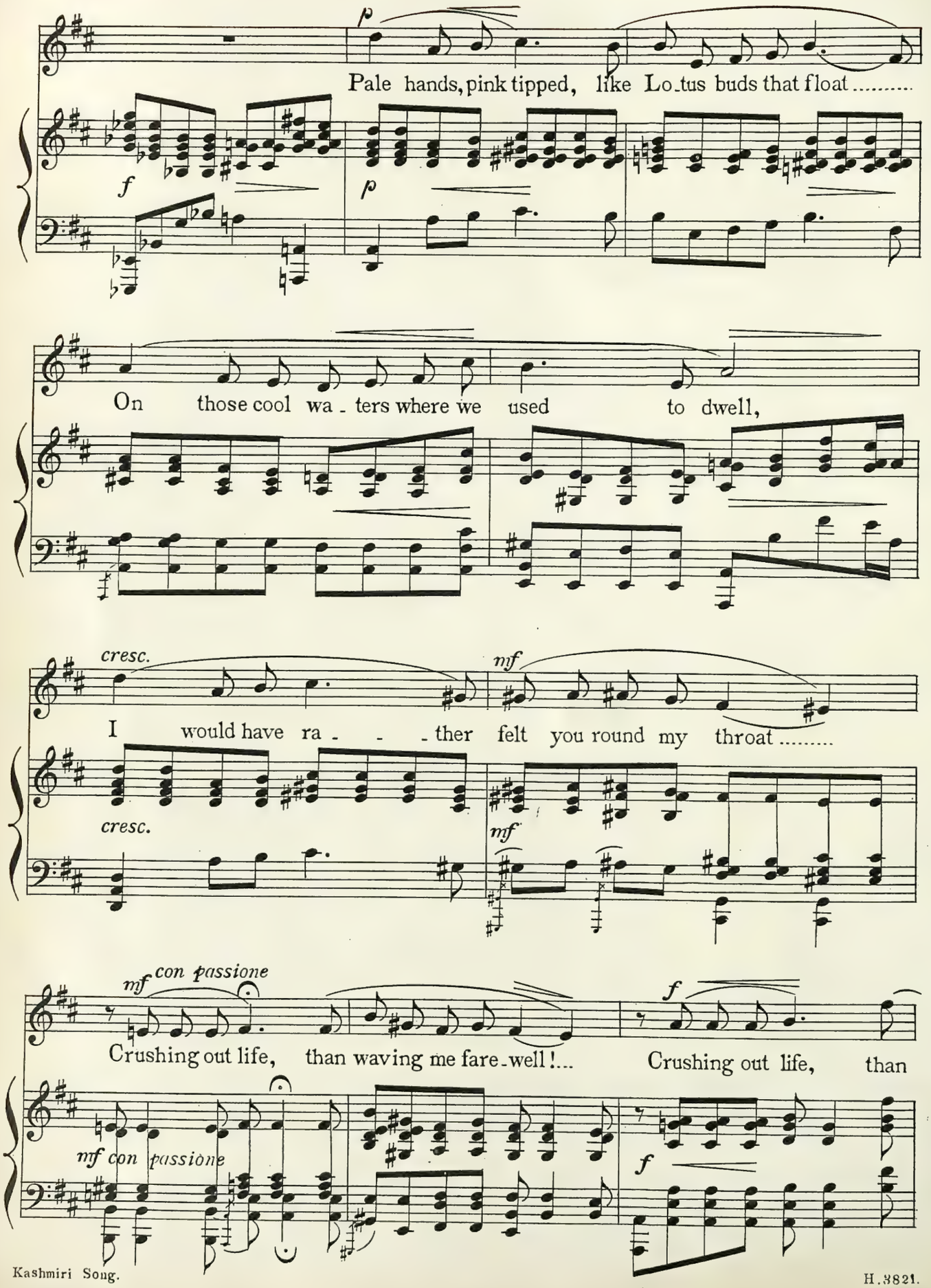
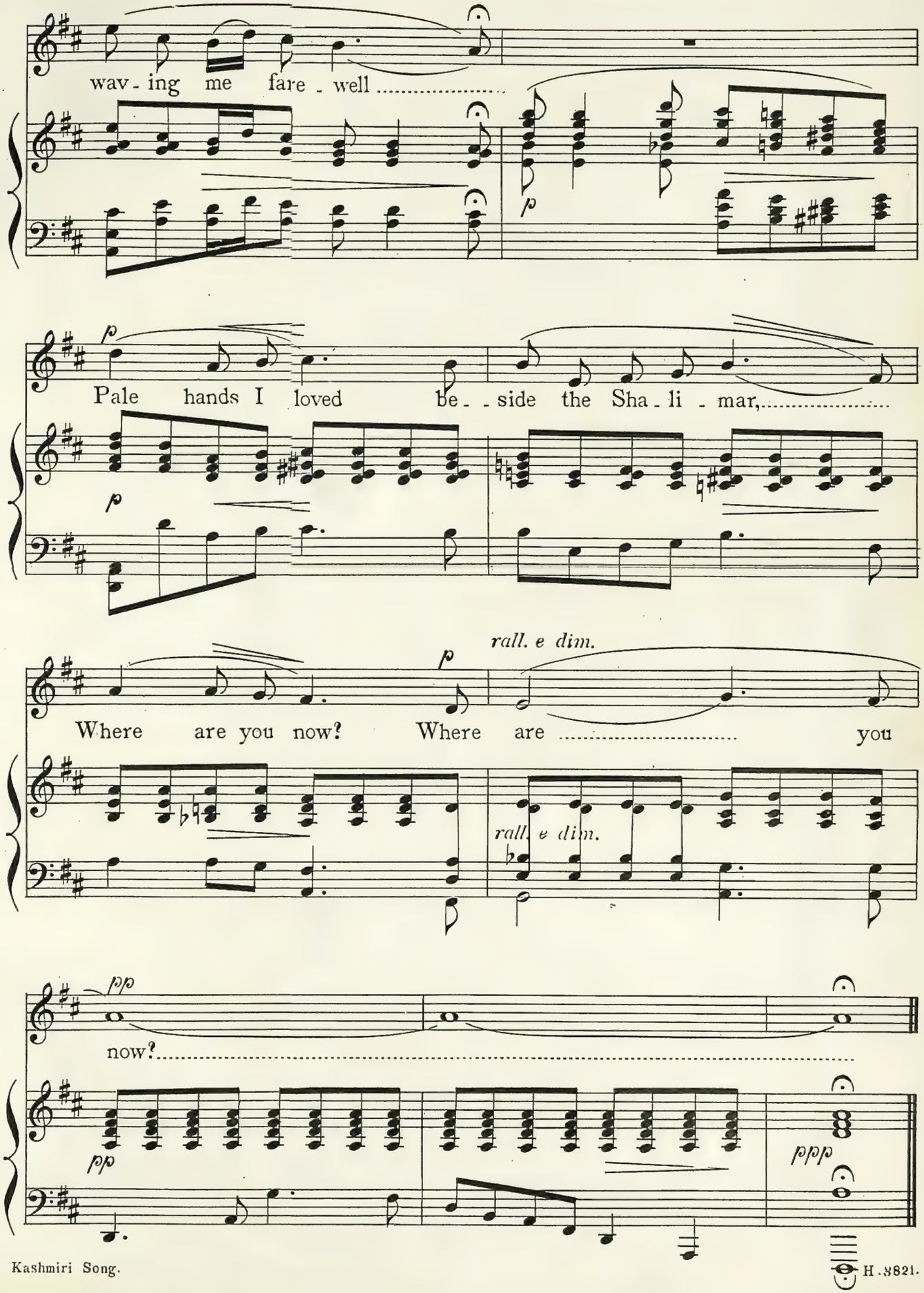

mf
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,..... Be-fore you a - - go -
mf
accel.
f
nise them in fare-well,.... Be-fore you a - - go-nise them in fare-well?.....
f accel.
dim.
a tempo
p
Pale hands I loved be-side the Sha-li - mar,.....
p
rall.
p a tempo
rall. e dim.
pp
Where are you now? Where are ..... you now?
rall. e dim.
pp
molto rall. f a tempo


p
Pale hands, pink tipped, like Lo-tus buds that float .....
f
p
On those cool wa - ters where we used to dwell,
cresc.
mf
I would have ra - - - ther felt you round my throat .....
cresc.
mf
mf con passione
Crushing out life, than waving me fare-well!... Crushing out life, than
f
mf con passione
f


wav - ing me fare - well .....
p
Pale hands I loved be - - side the Sha - li - mar,.....
p
rall. e dim.
p
Where are you now? Where are ..... you
rall. e dim.
pp
now?.....
pp
ppp

TILL I WAKE.

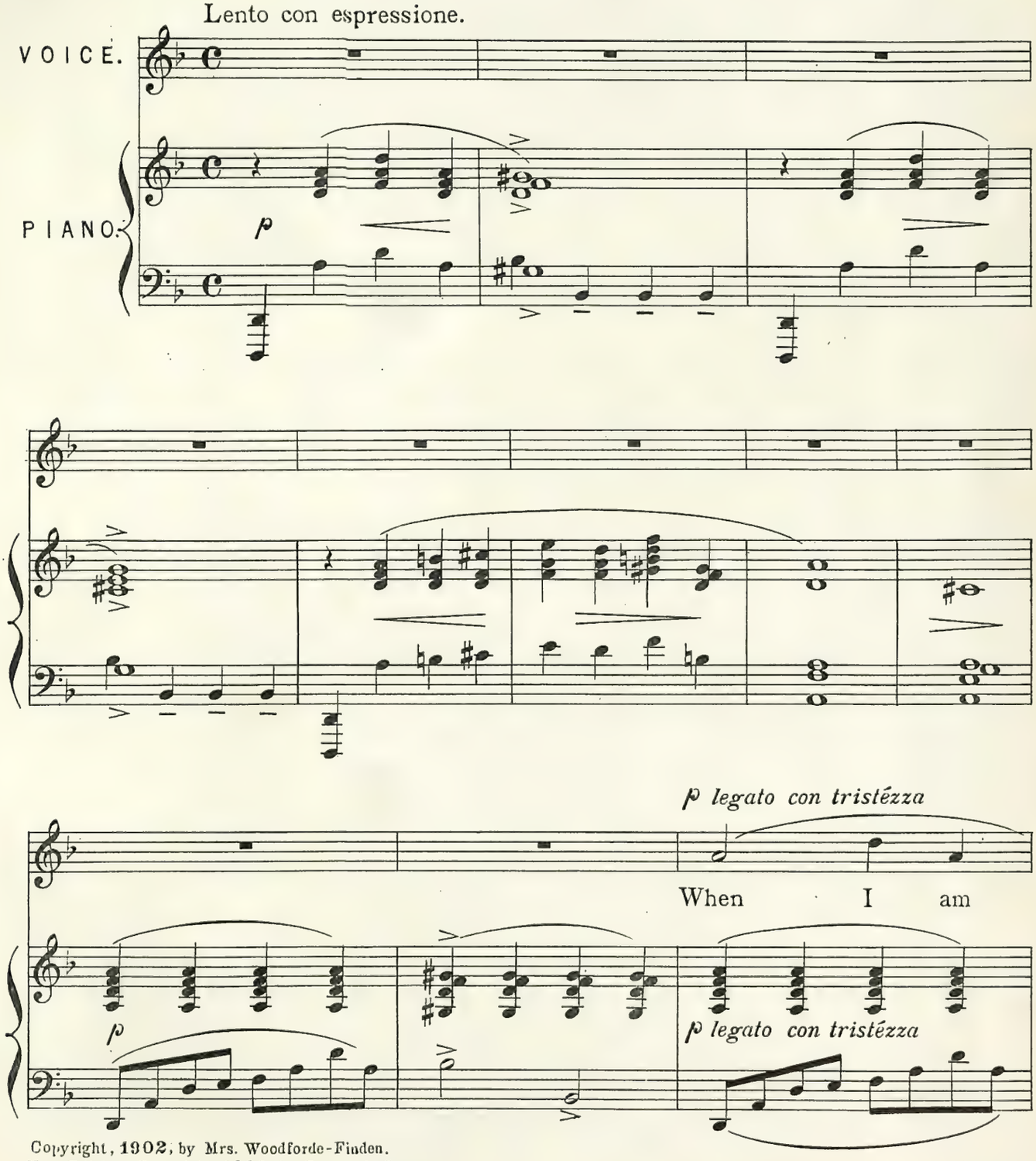
When I am dying, lean over me tenderly, softly,—
Stoop, as the yellow roses droop
  In the wind from the South ;
So I may when I wake, if there be an awakening,
Keep, what lulled me to sleep,
  The touch of your lips on my mouth.

Laurence Hope.

Till I wake.

Words by
LAURENCE HOPE.

Music by
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



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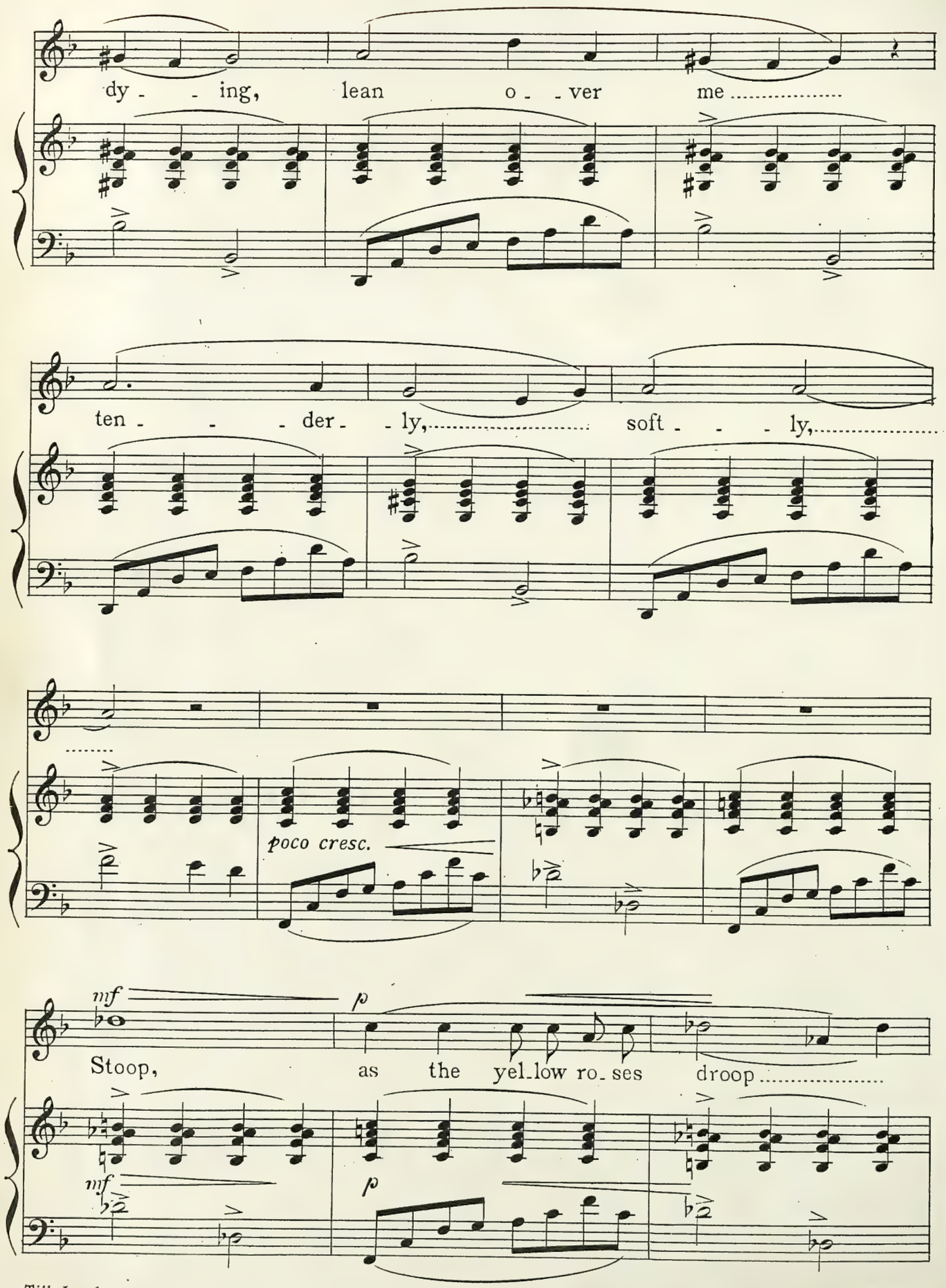
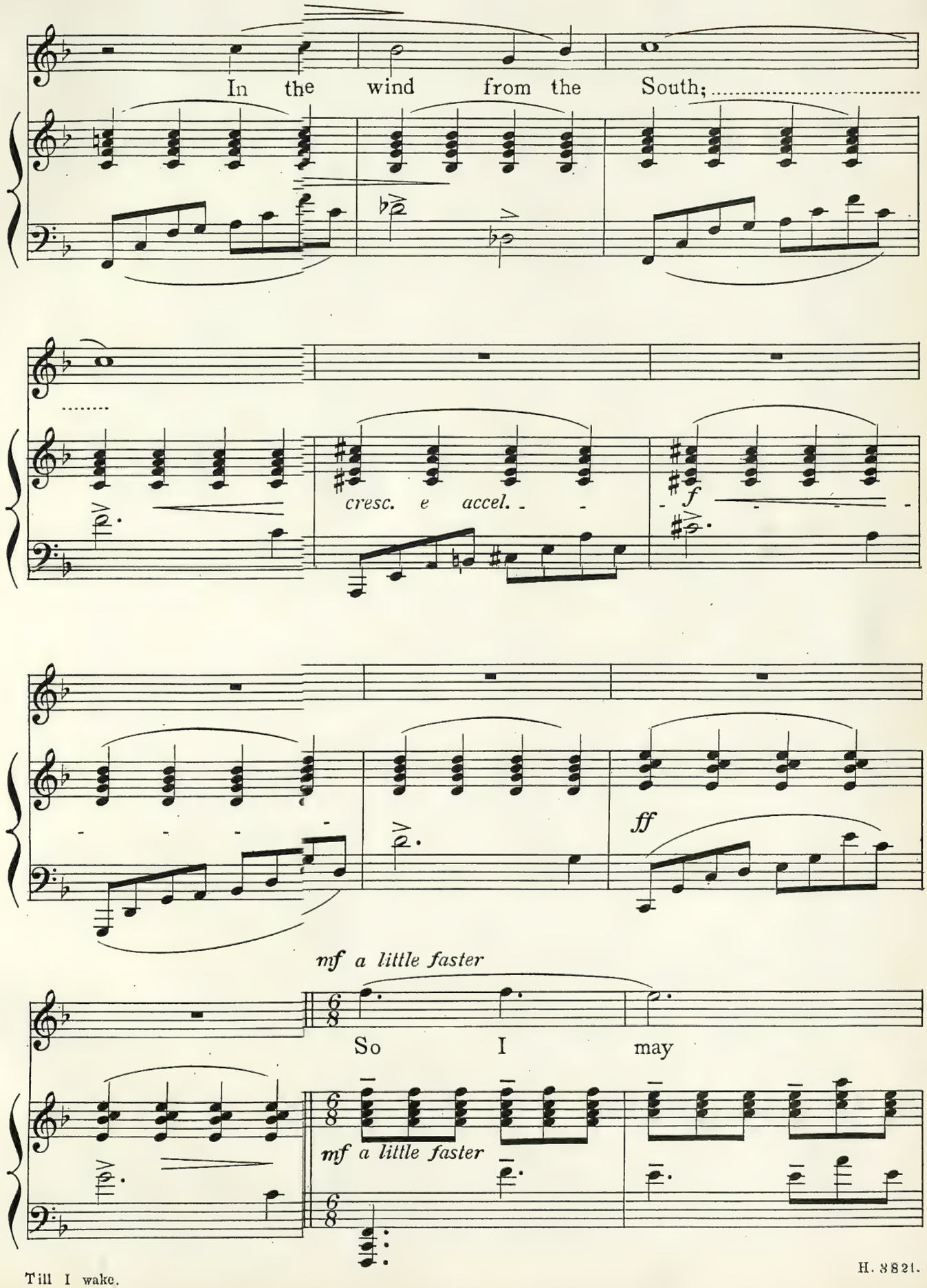
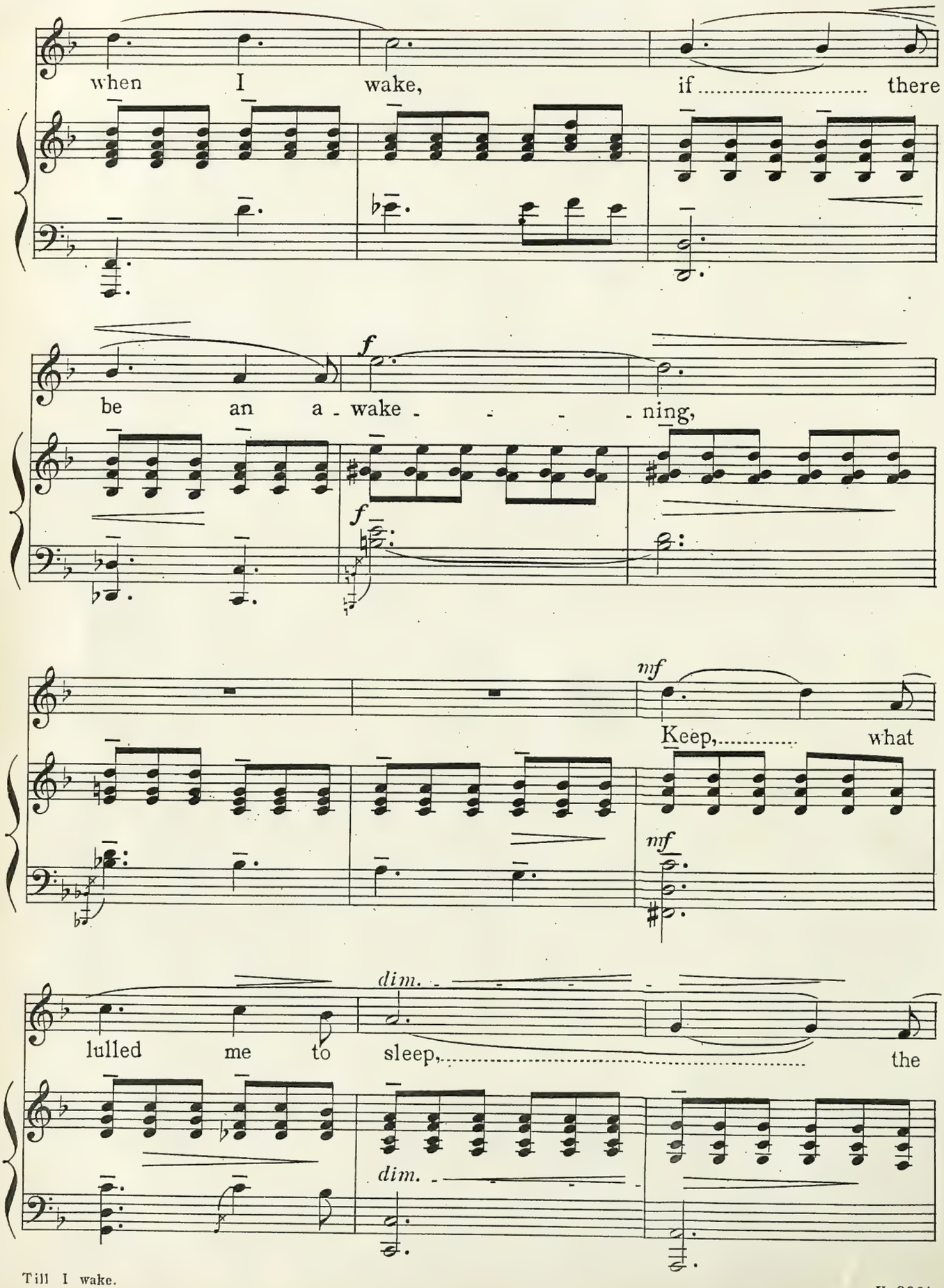
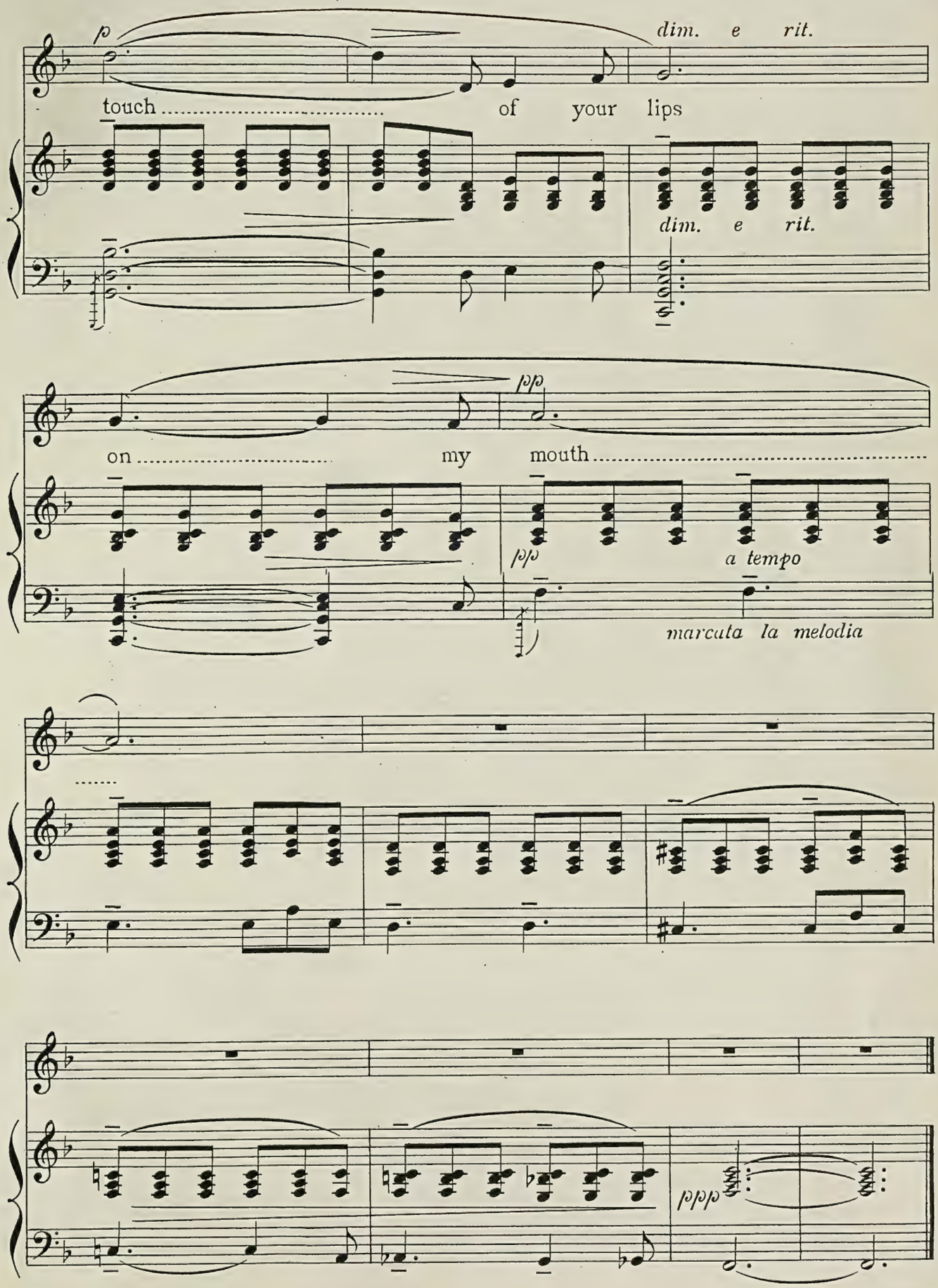

dy - - ing, lean o - - ver me
ten - - - der - - ly, soft - - - ly,
poco cresc.
mf
p
Stoop, as the yel-low ro-ses droop
mf
p

Till I wake.


In the wind from the South;
cresc. e accel.
f
ff
mf a little faster
So I may
mf a little faster

Till I wake.


when I wake, if there
f
be an a - wake - - - - ning,
f
mf
Keep, what
mf
dim.
lulled me to sleep, the
dim.


p
dim. e rit.
touch of your lips
dim. e rit.
pp
on my mouth
pp
a tempo
marcata la melodia
ppp

ALBUM
of 4
Russian Songs.

MUSIC
adapted & arranged to
English words written
by

FRED WHISHAW.

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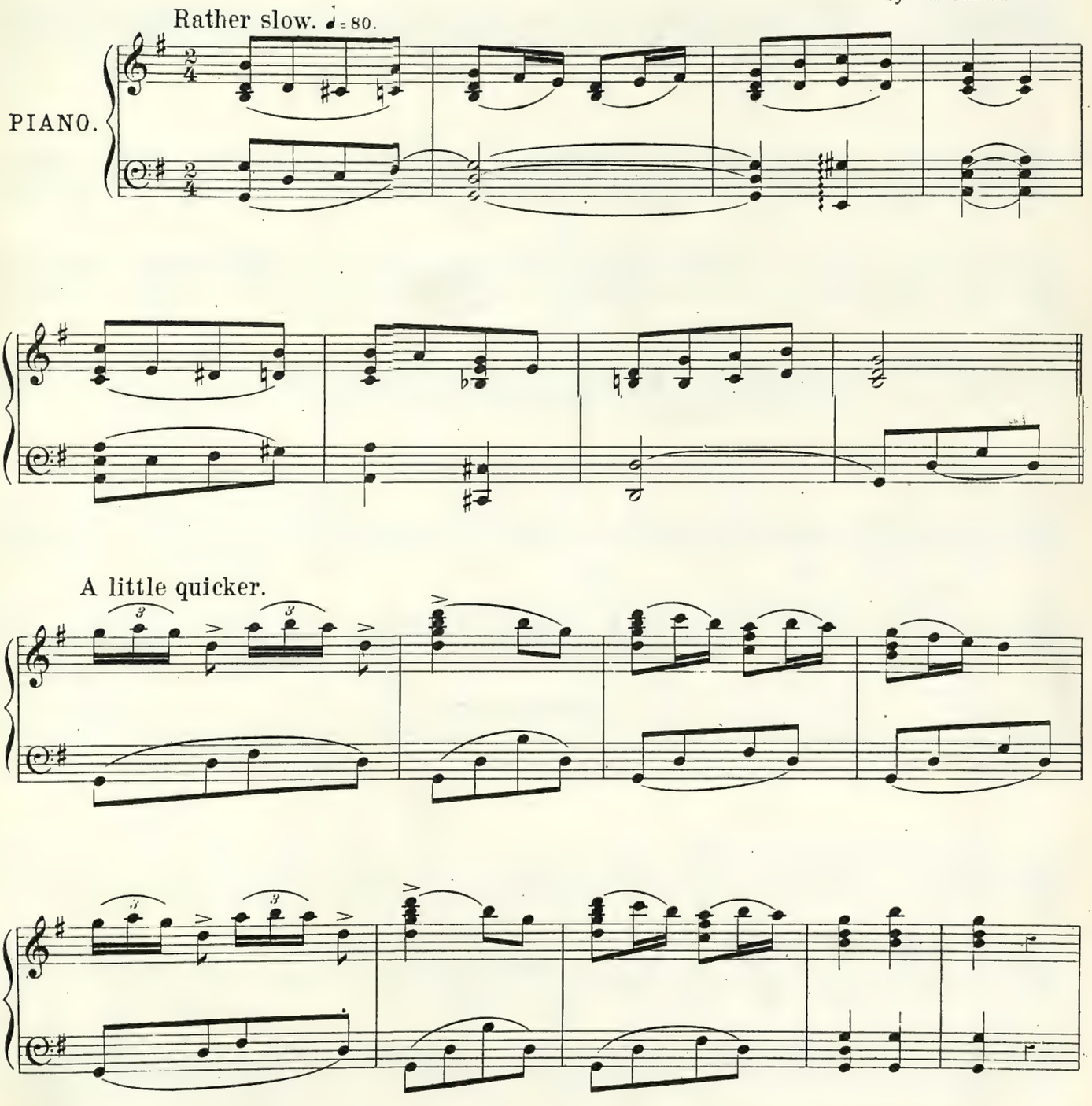
THE RED SARAFAN.*)

Adapted from an air
by VARLAMOFF.



*) Sarafan = a gala dress.

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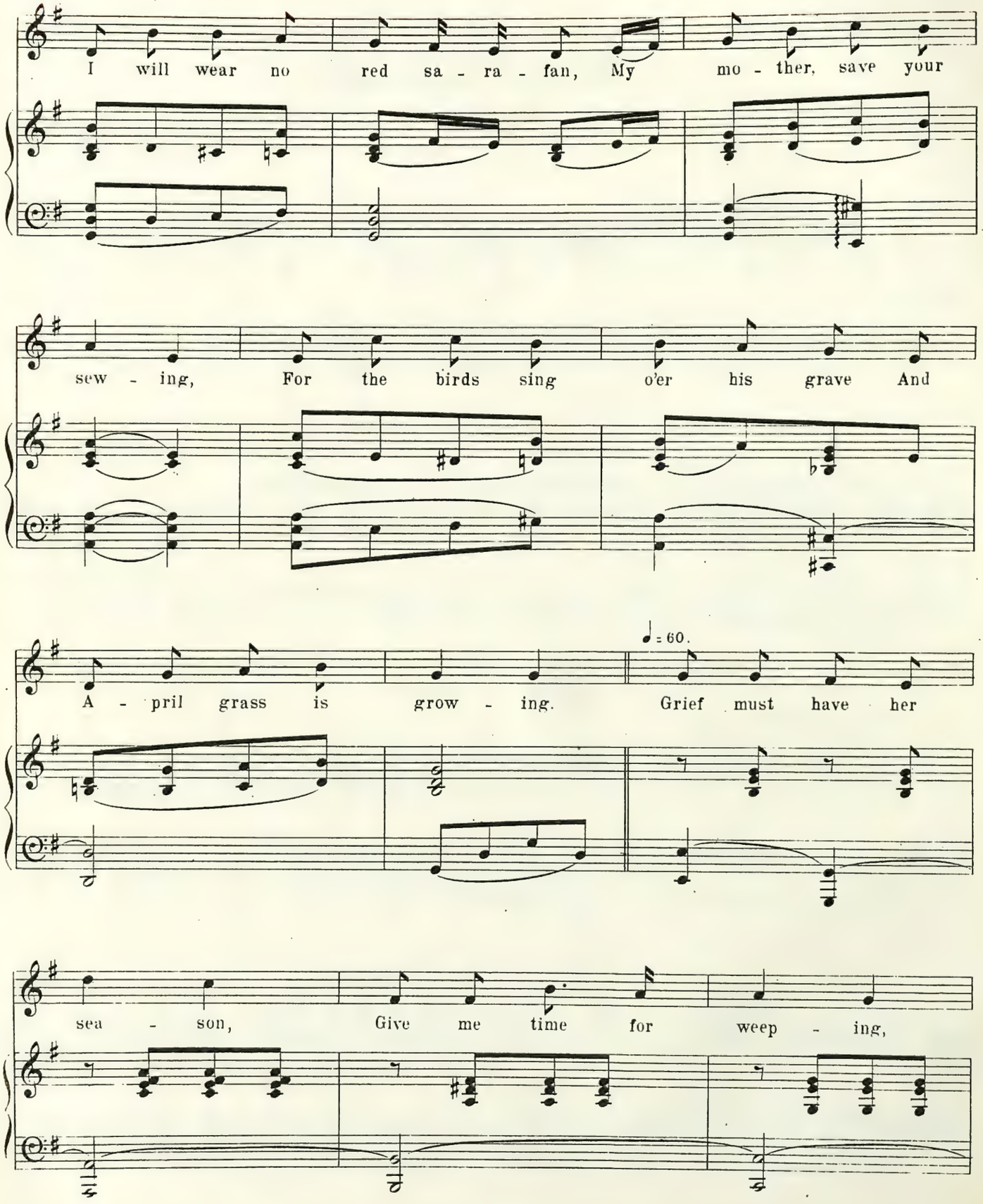
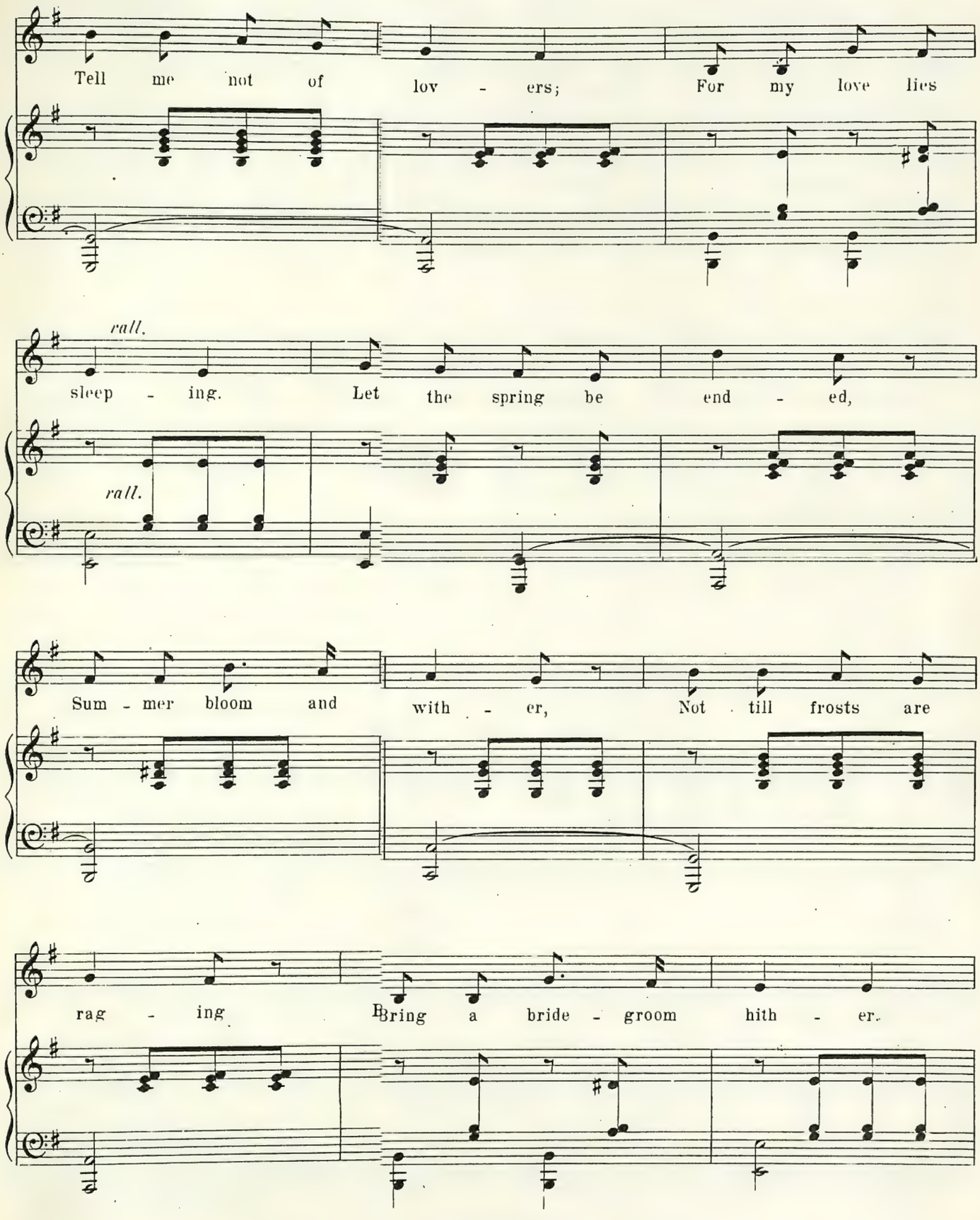
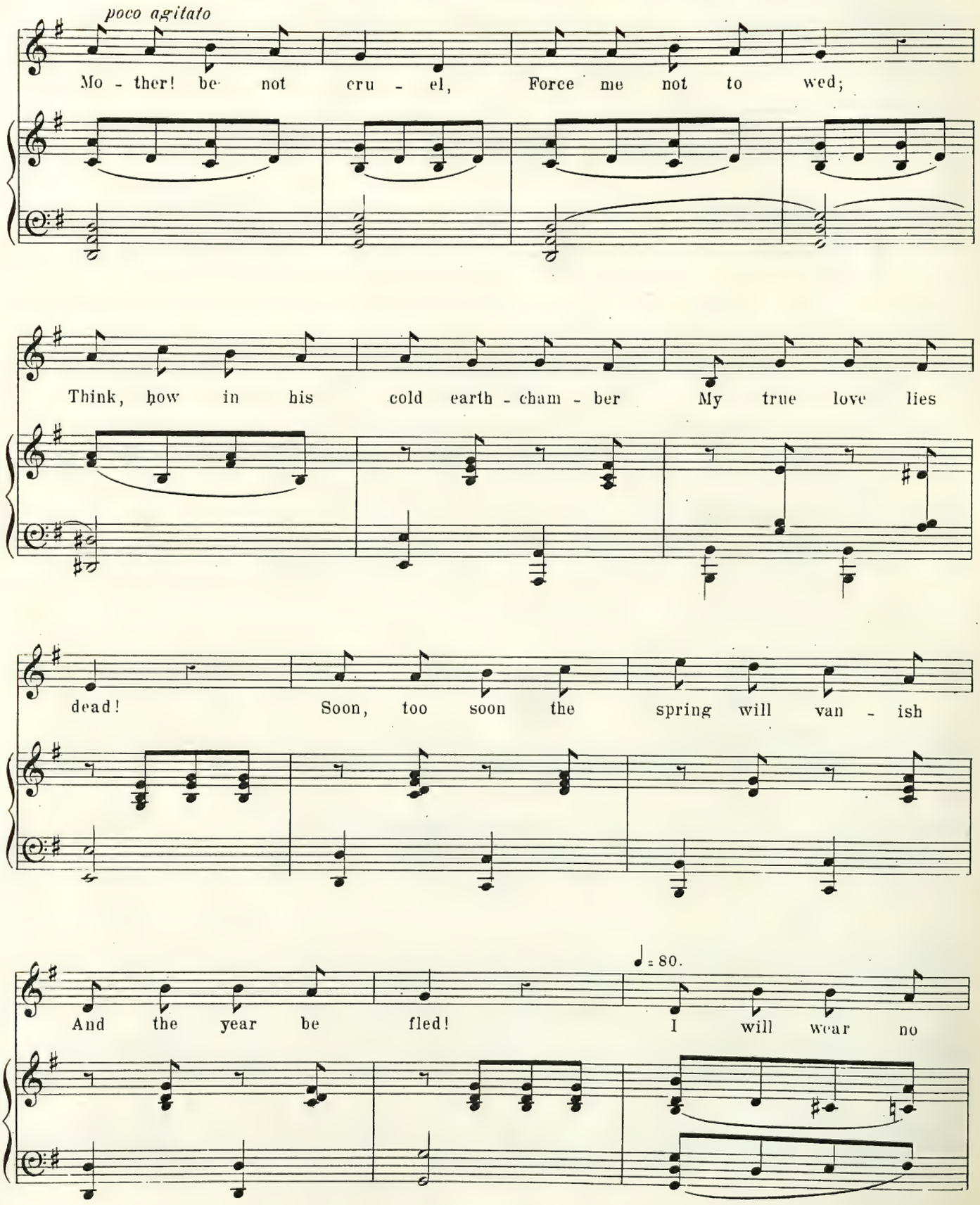
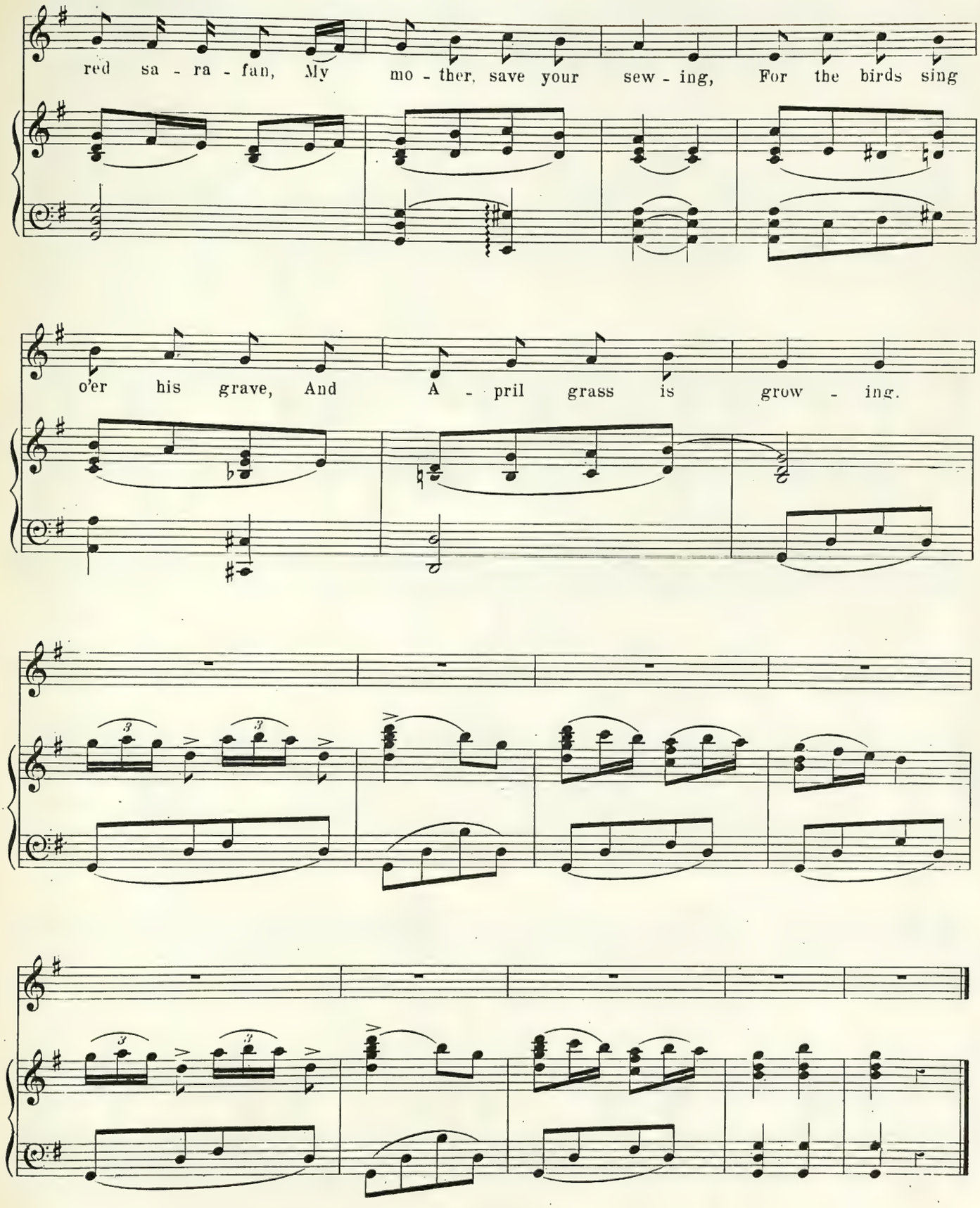

I will wear no red sa - ra - fan, My mo - ther, save your
sew - ing, For the birds sing o'er his grave And
♩ = 60.
A - pril grass is grow - ing. Grief must have her
sea - son, Give me time for weep - ing,

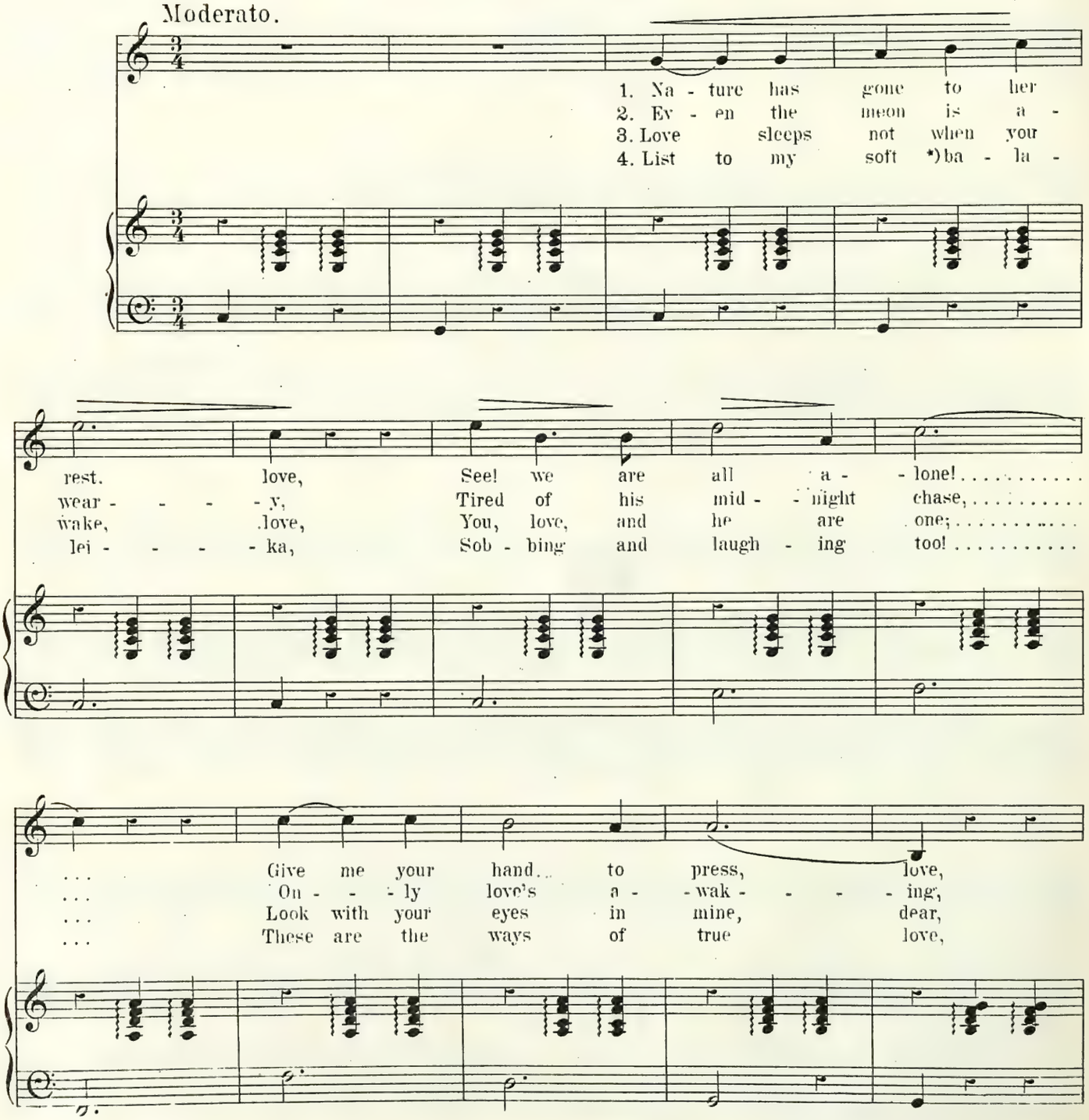

Tell me not of lov - ers; For my love lies
rall.
sleep - ing. Let the spring be end - ed,
rall.
Sum - mer bloom and with - er, Not till frosts are
rag - ing Bring a bride - groom hith - er.


poco agitato
Mo - ther! be not cru - el, Force me not to wed;
Think, how in his cold earth - cham - ber My true love lies
dead! Soon, too soon the spring will van - ish
♩ = 80.
And the year be fled! I will wear no


red sa - ra - fan, My mo - ther, save your sew - ing, For the birds sing
o'er his grave, And A - pril grass is grow - ing.

NATURE HAS GONE TO HER REST, LOVE.

From a gipsy song.



*) balalaika: a Russian peasant's lute.

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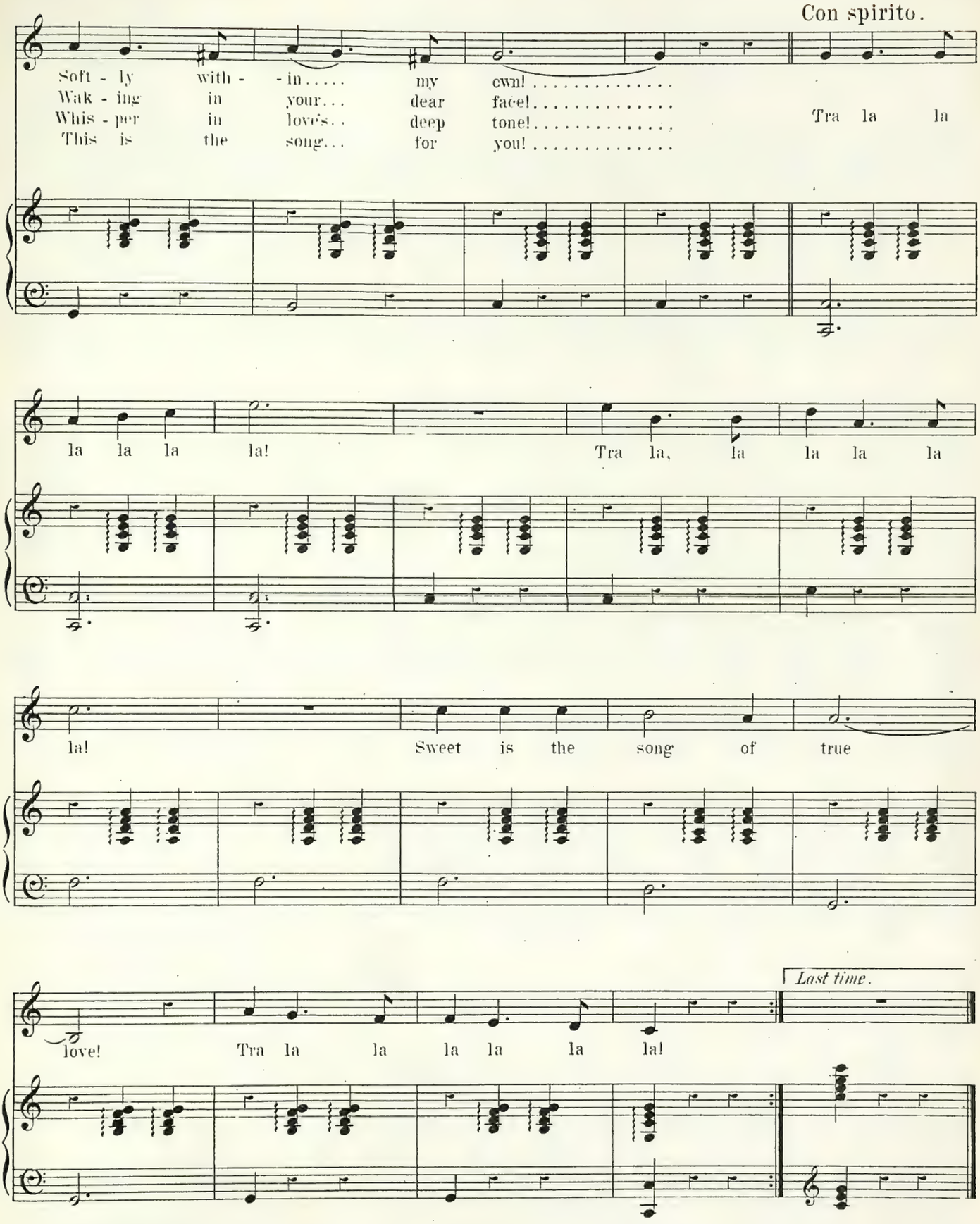
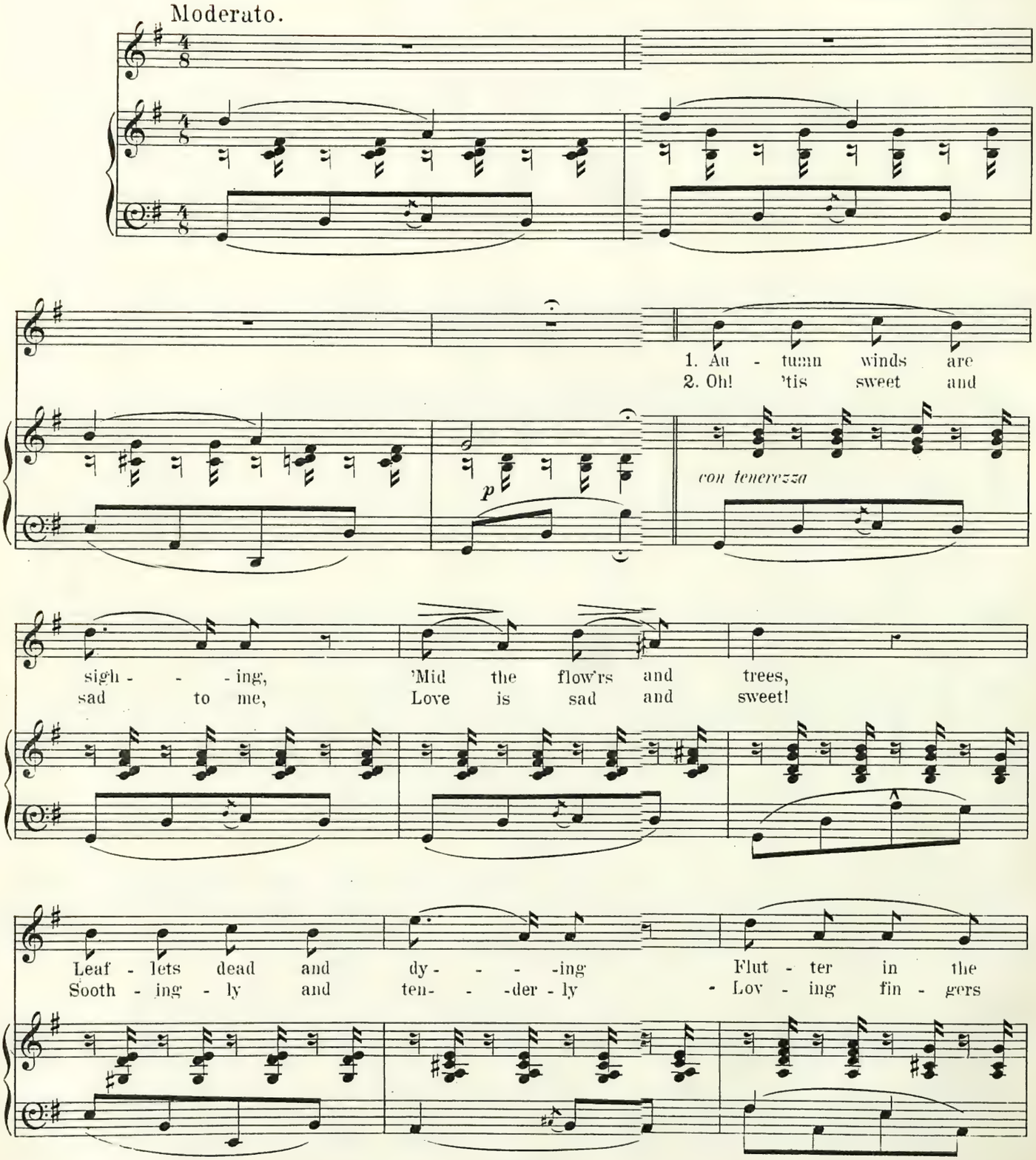

Con spirito.
Soft - ly with - - in..... my own!.....
Wak - ing in your... dear face!.....
Whis - per in love's.. deep tone!.....
This is the song... for you!.....
Tra la la
la la la la!
Tra la, la la la la
la!
Sweet is the song of true
love!
Tra la la la la la la!
Last time.

AUTUMN WINDS ARE SIGHING.

Music by O. KLEM.



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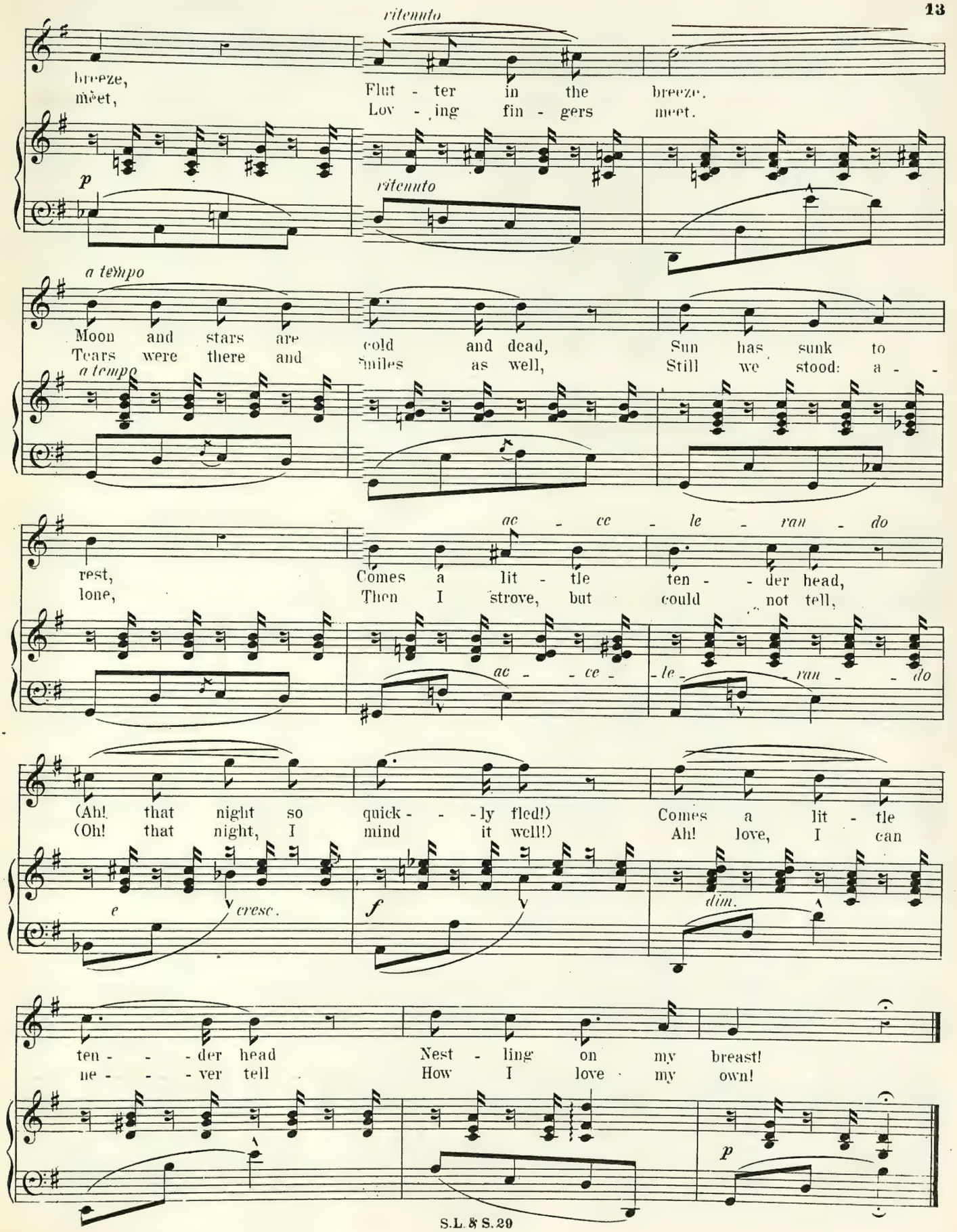
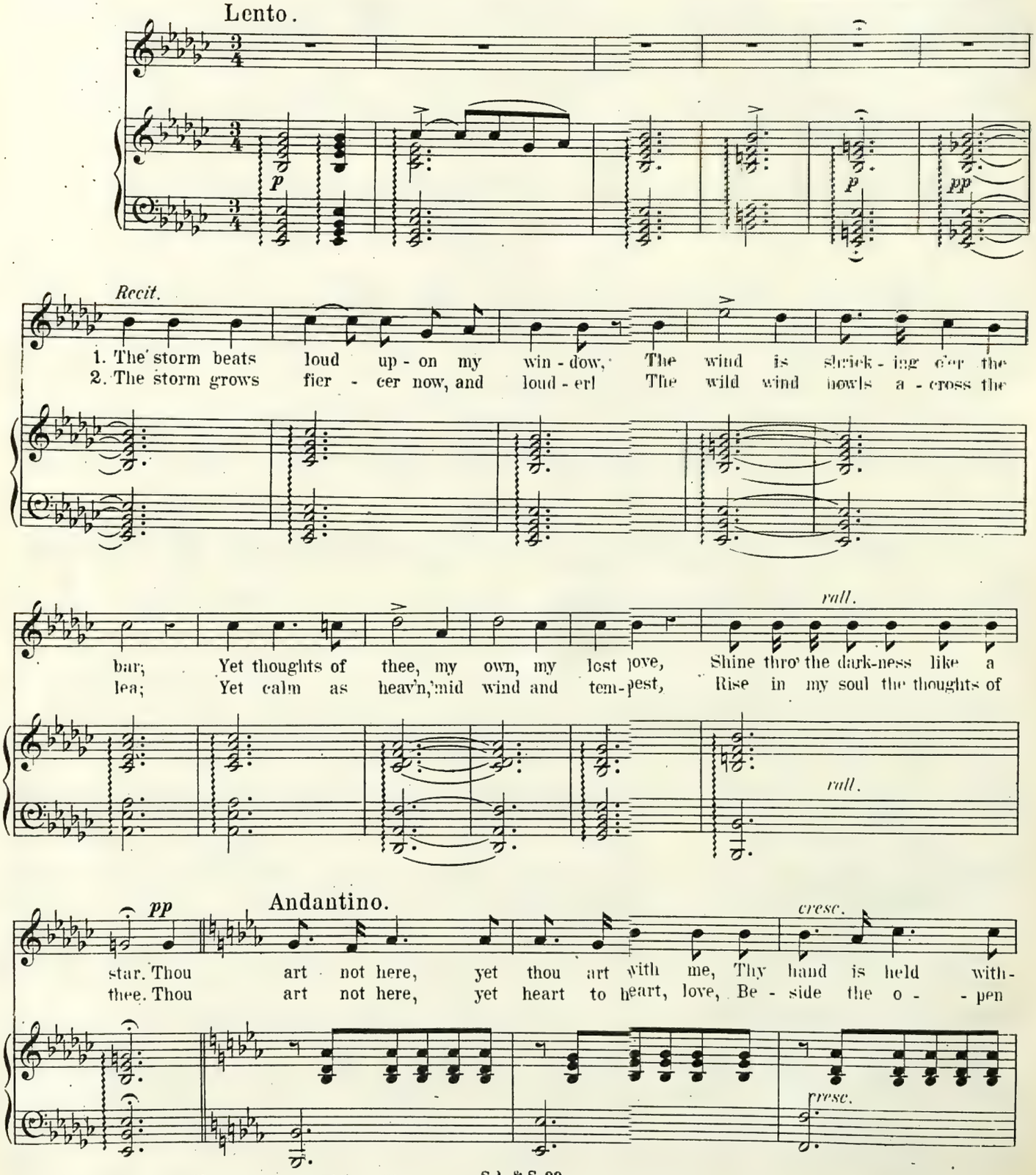

ritenuto
breeze,
meet,
Flut - ter in the breeze.
Lov - ing fin - gers meet.
p
ritenuto
a tempo
Moon and stars are cold and dead,
Tears were there and smiles as well,
Sun has sunk to
Still we stood: a - -
a tempo
ac - ce - le - ran - do
rest,
lone,
Comes a lit - tle ten - - der head,
Then I strove, but could not tell,
ac - - ce -
le - - ran - - do
(Ah! that night so quick - - - ly fled!)
(Oh! that night, I mind it well!)
Comes a lit - tle
Ah! love, I can
e
cresc.
f
dim.
ten - - - der head
ne - - - ver tell
Nest - ling on my breast!
How I love my own!
p

THOU ART NOT HERE, YET THOU ART WITH ME!

Music by BEZBORODKO.



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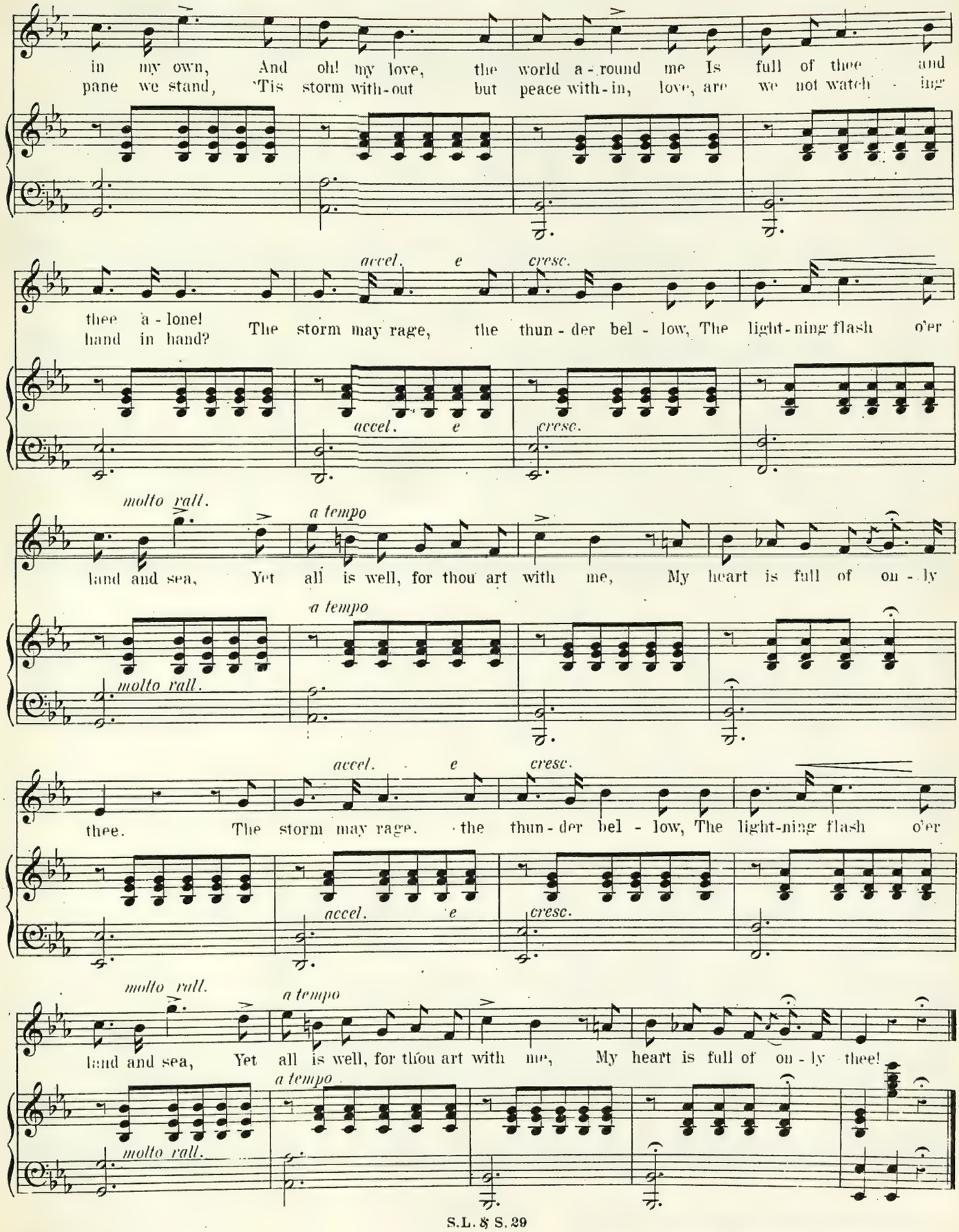
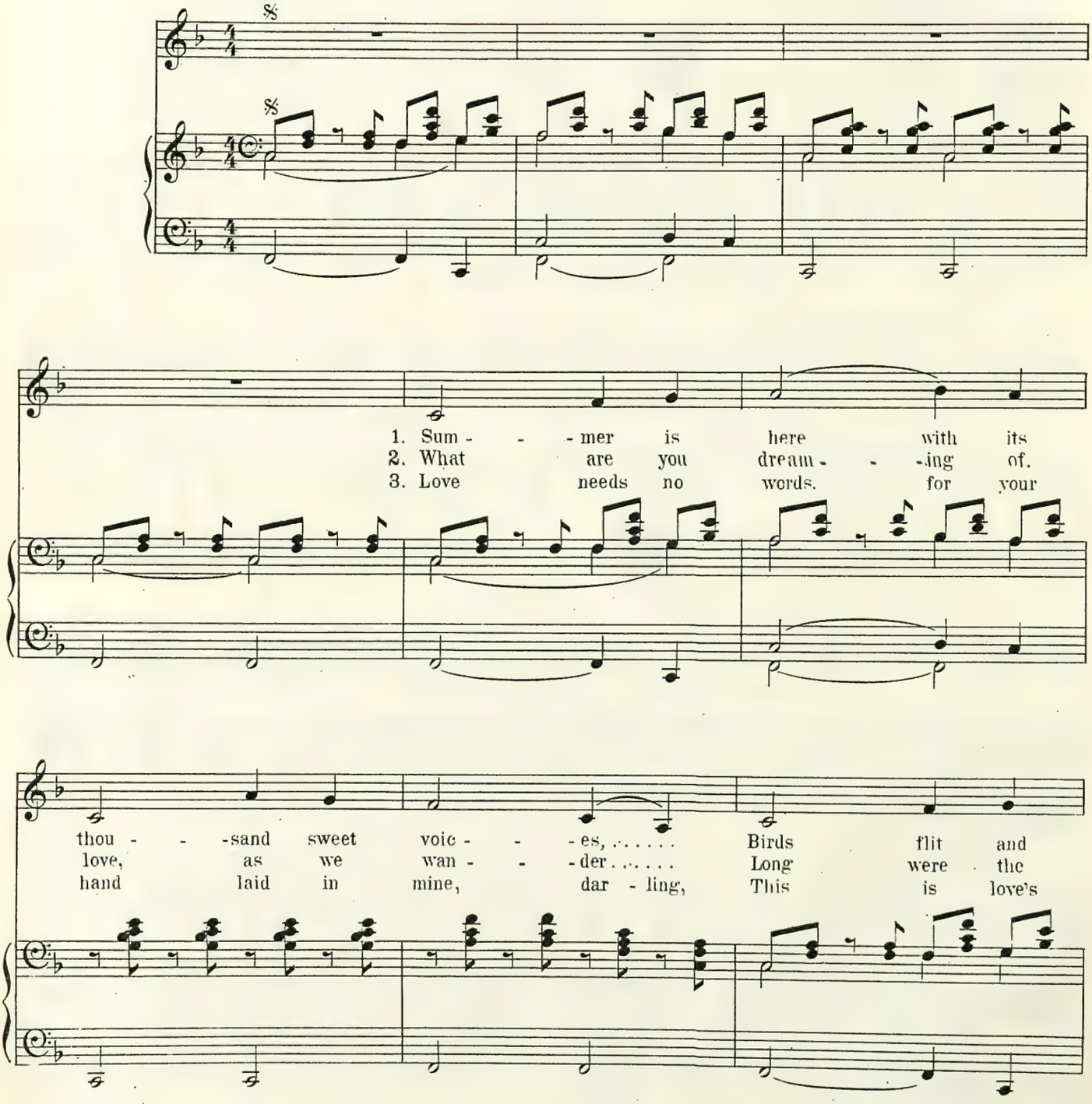

in my own, And oh! my love, the world a - round me Is full of thee and
pane we stand, 'Tis storm with-out but peace with - in, love, are we not watch - ing
accel. e cresc.
thee a - lone!
hand in hand? The storm may rage, the thun - der bel - low, The light - ning flash o'er
accel. e cresc.
molto rall. a tempo
land and sea, Yet all is well, for thou art with me, My heart is full of on - ly
a tempo
molto rall.
accel. e cresc.
thee. The storm may rage, the thun - der bel - low, The light-ning flash o'er
accel. e cresc.
molto rall. a tempo
land and sea, Yet all is well, for thou art with me, My heart is full of on - ly thee!
a tempo
molto rall.

SUMMER IS HERE.

From a gipsy melody.

Moderato.



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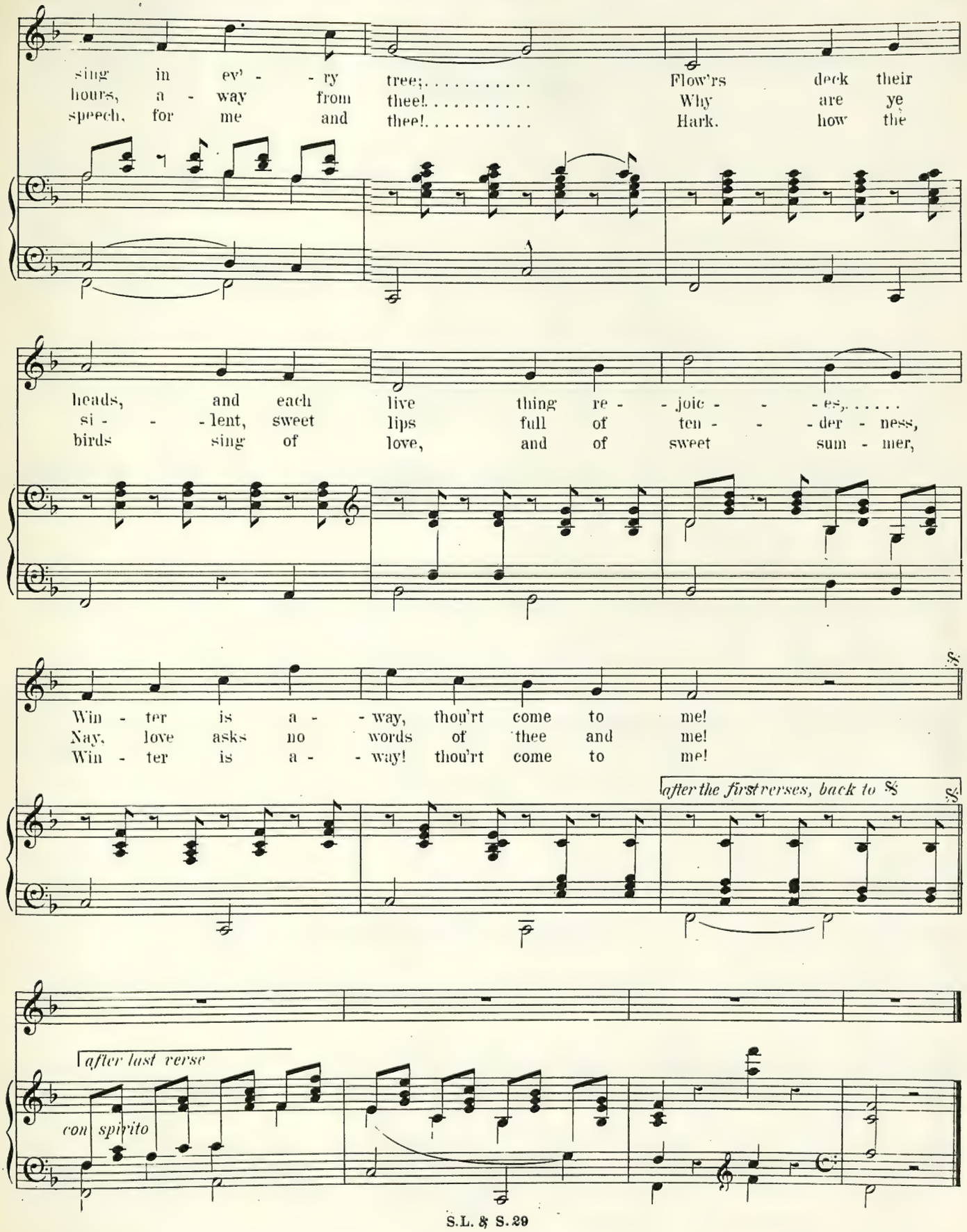
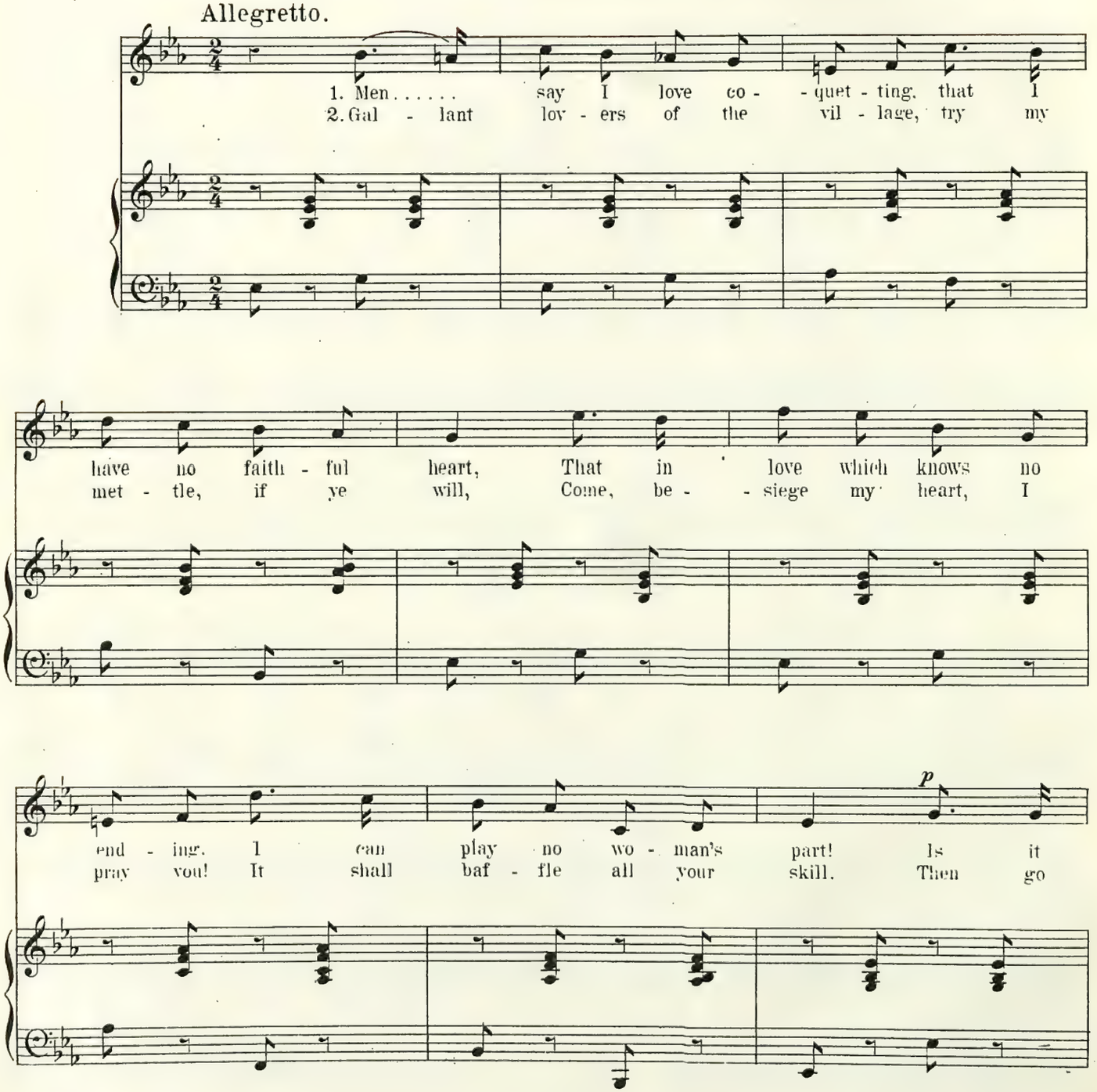

sing in ev' - - ry tree;.....
hours, a - way from thee!.....
speech, for me and thee!.....
Flow'rs deck their
Why are ye
Hark. how the
heads, and each live thing re - joic - - - es,.....
si - - - lent, sweet lips full of ten - - - der - ness,
birds sing of love, and of sweet sum - mer,
Win - ter is a - - way, thou'rt come to me!
Nay, love asks no words of thee and me!
Win - ter is a - - way! thou'rt come to me!
after the first verses, back to 𝄋
after last verse
con spirito

THE COQUETTE.



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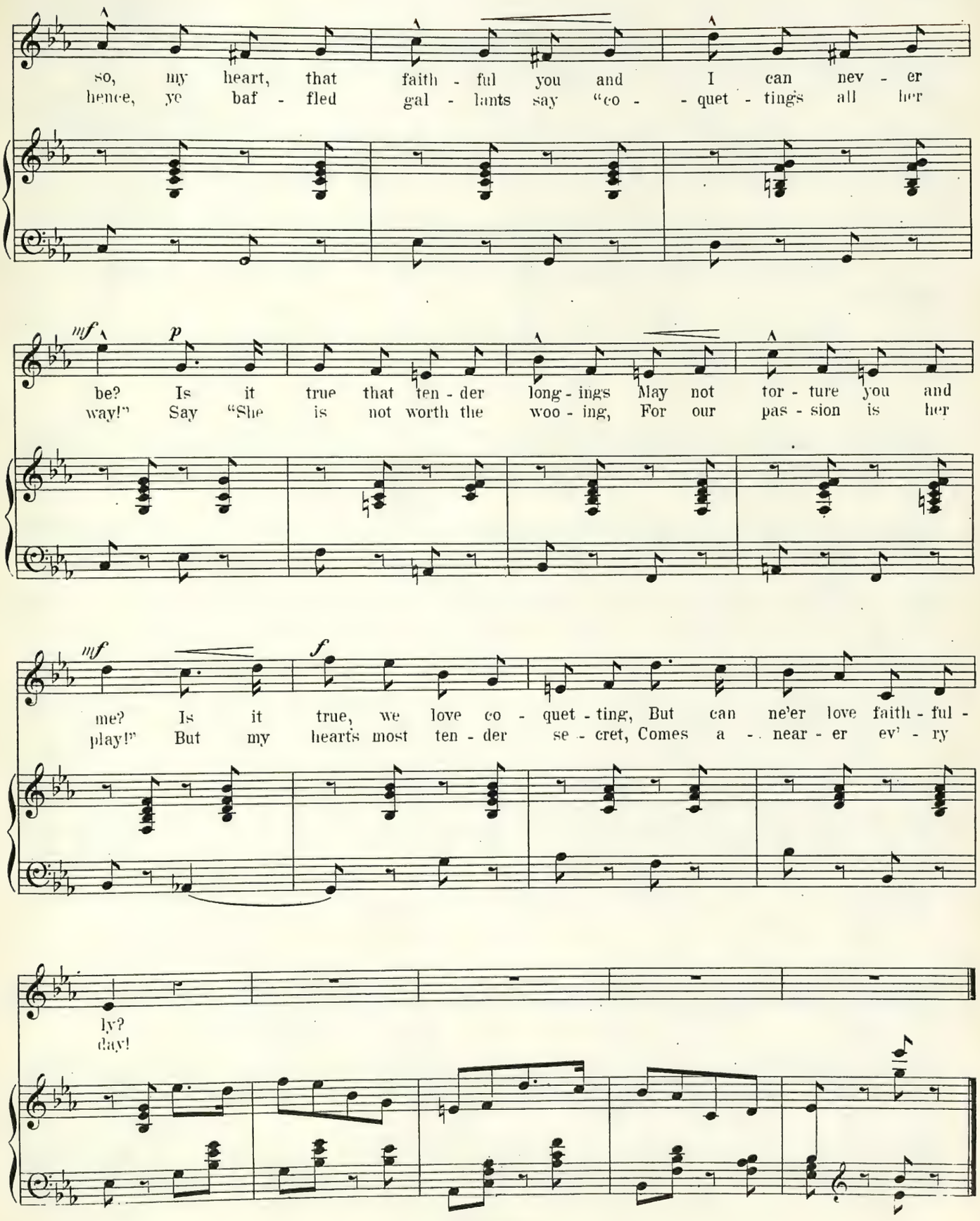
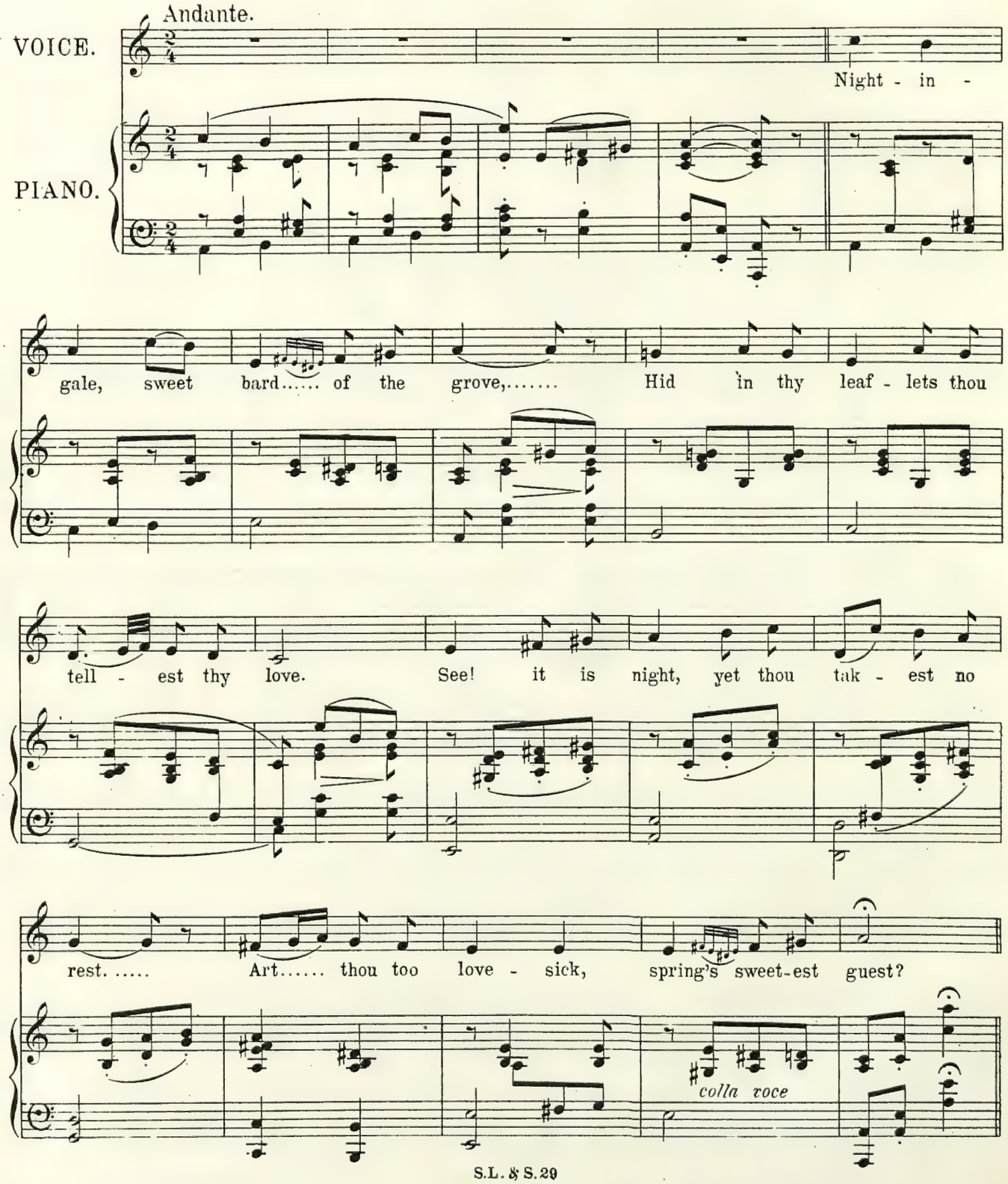
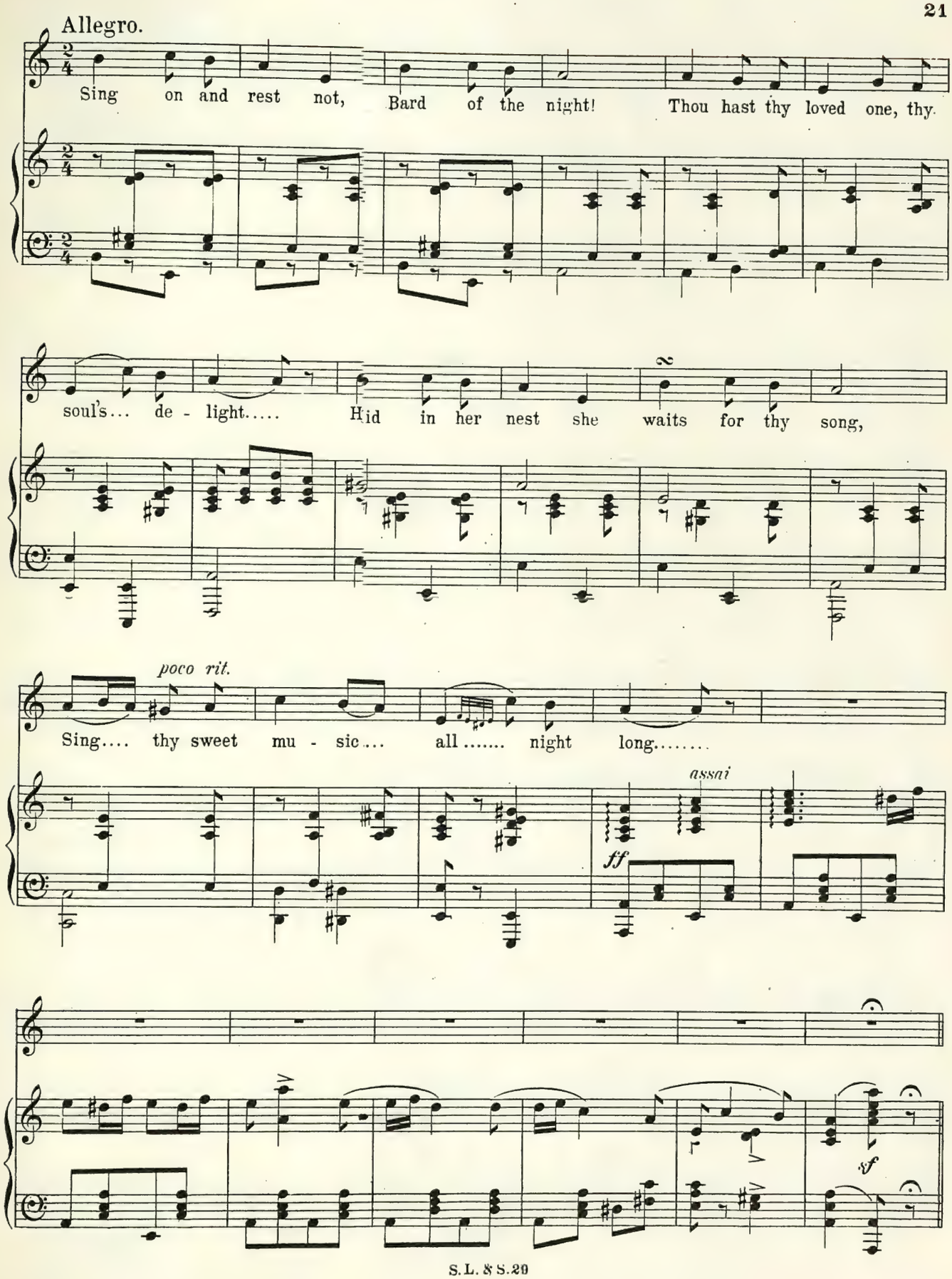
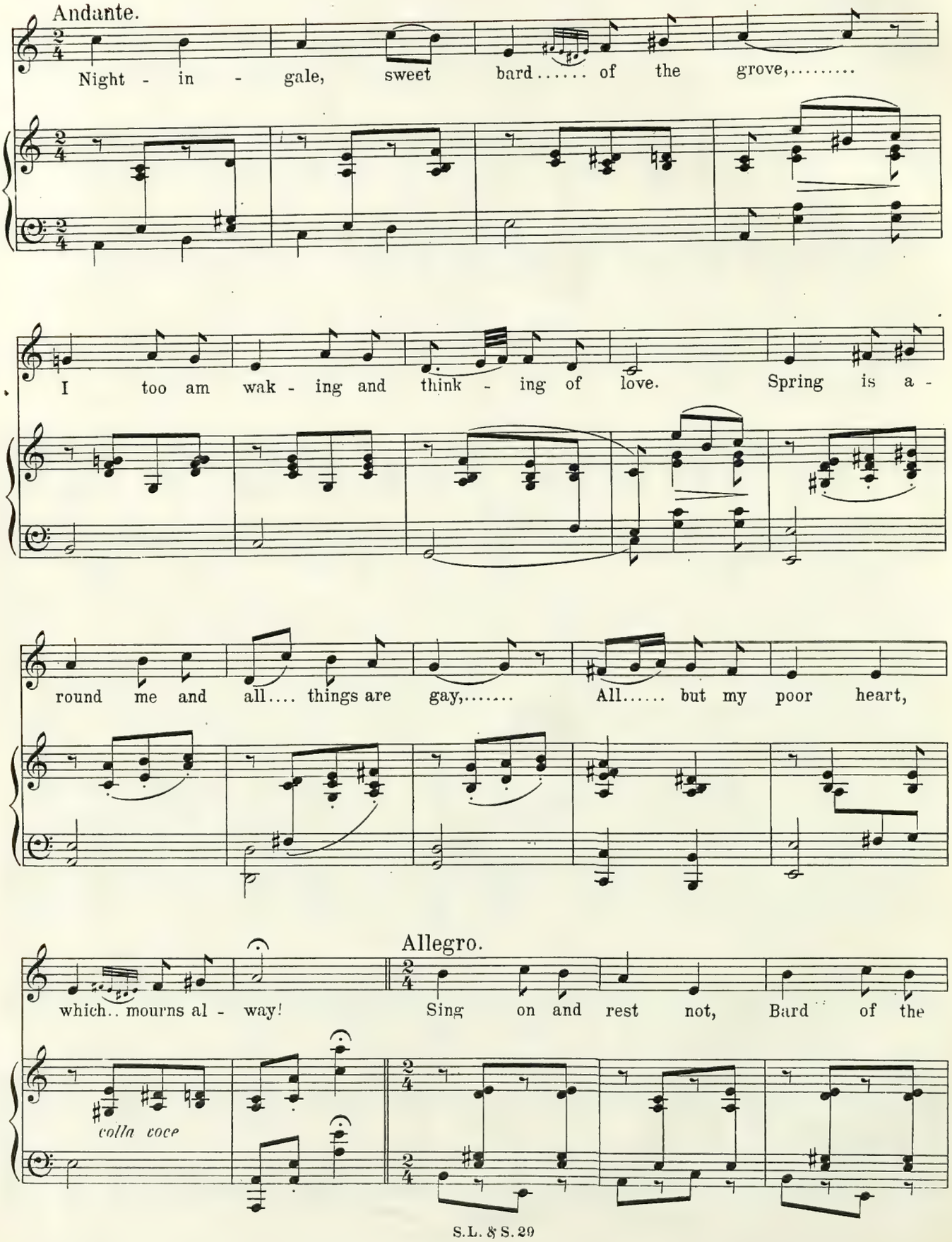

so, my heart, that faith - ful you and I can nev - er
hence, ye baf - fled gal - lants say "co - - quet - tings all her
mf p
be? Is it true that ten - der long - ings May not tor - ture you and
way!" Say "She is not worth the woo - ing, For our pas - sion is her
mf f
me? Is it true, we love co - quet - ting, But can ne'er love faith - ful -
play!" But my hearts most ten - der se - cret, Comes a - near - er ev' - ry
ly?
day!

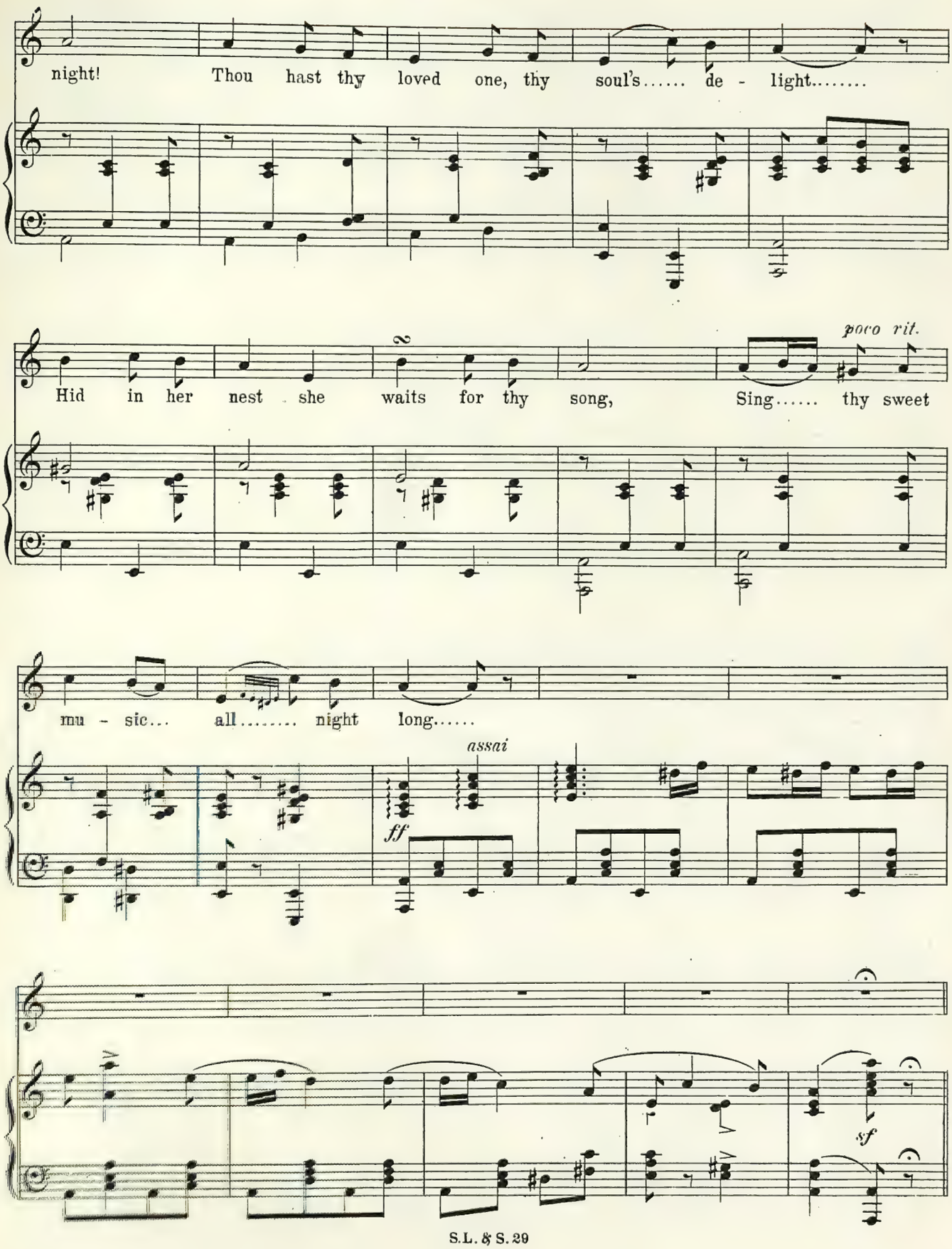
THE NIGHTINGALE.

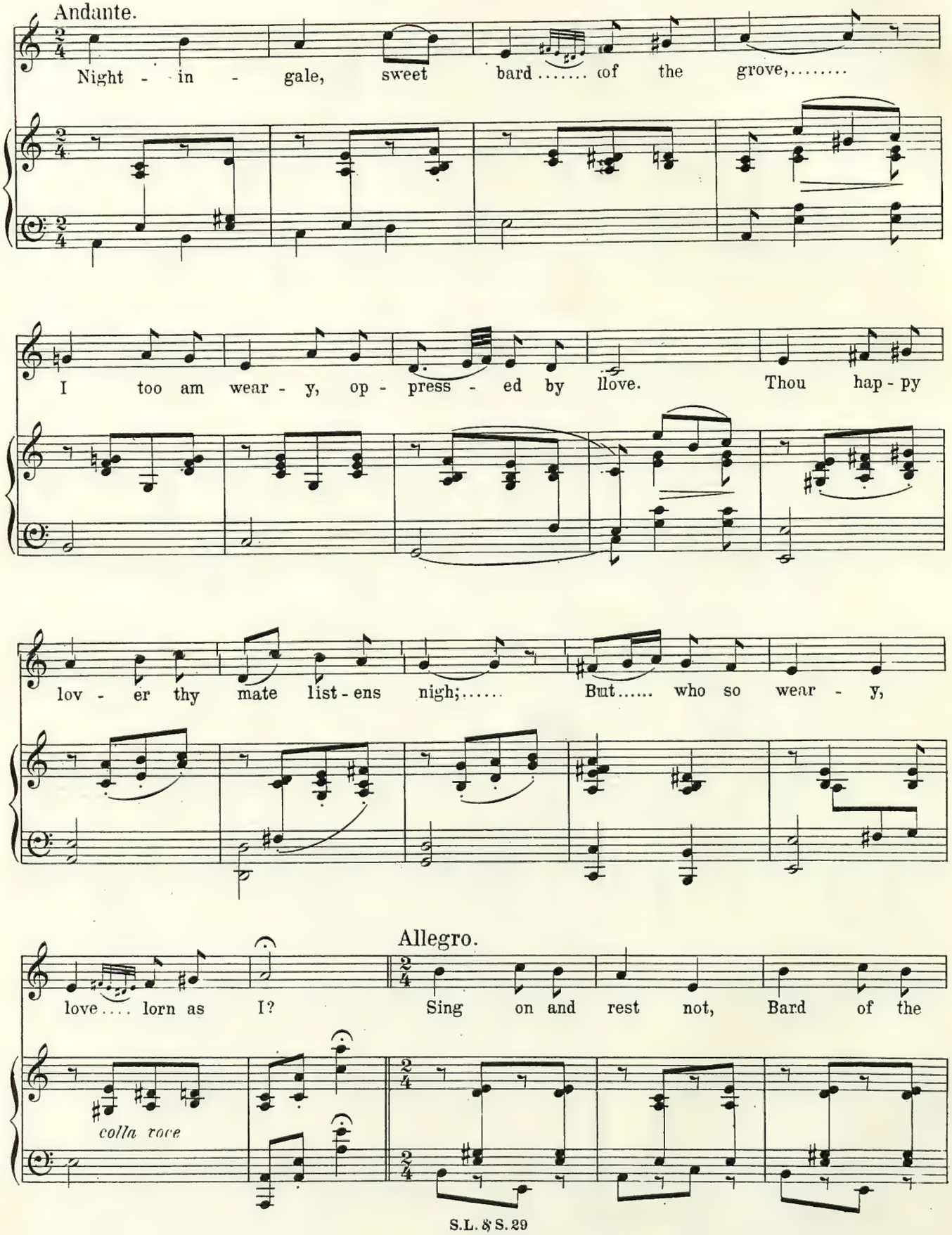
Music by ALABIEFF.

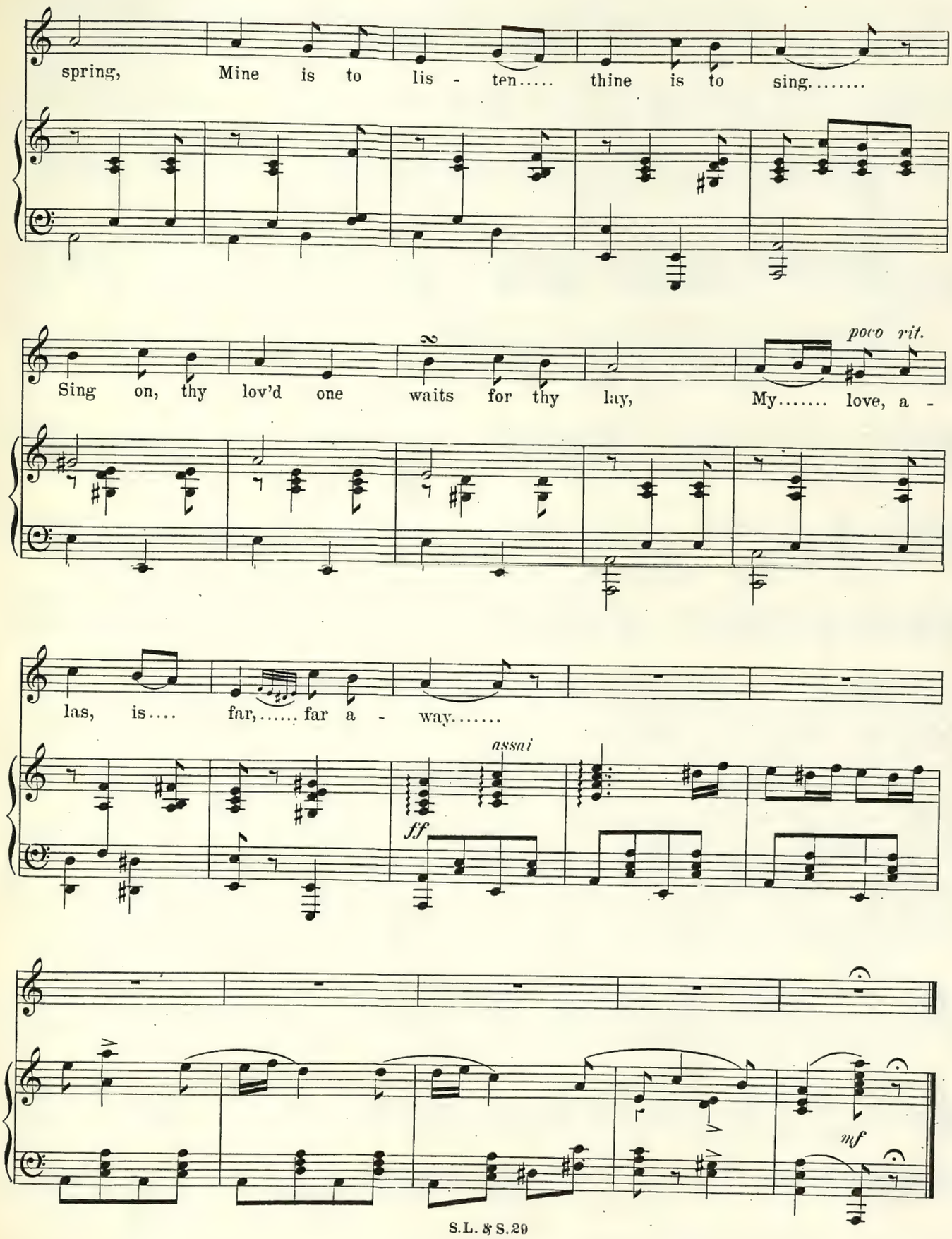



Allegro.
Sing on and rest not, Bard of the night! Thou hast thy loved one, thy
soul's... de - light..... Hid in her nest she waits for thy song,
poco rit.
Sing.... thy sweet mu - sic... all..... night long.....
assai
ff
sf


Andante.
Night - in - gale, sweet bard..... of the grove,.....
I too am wak - ing and think - ing of love. Spring is a -
round me and all.... things are gay,..... All..... but my poor heart,
Allegro.
which.. mourns al - way! Sing on and rest not, Bard of the
colla voce

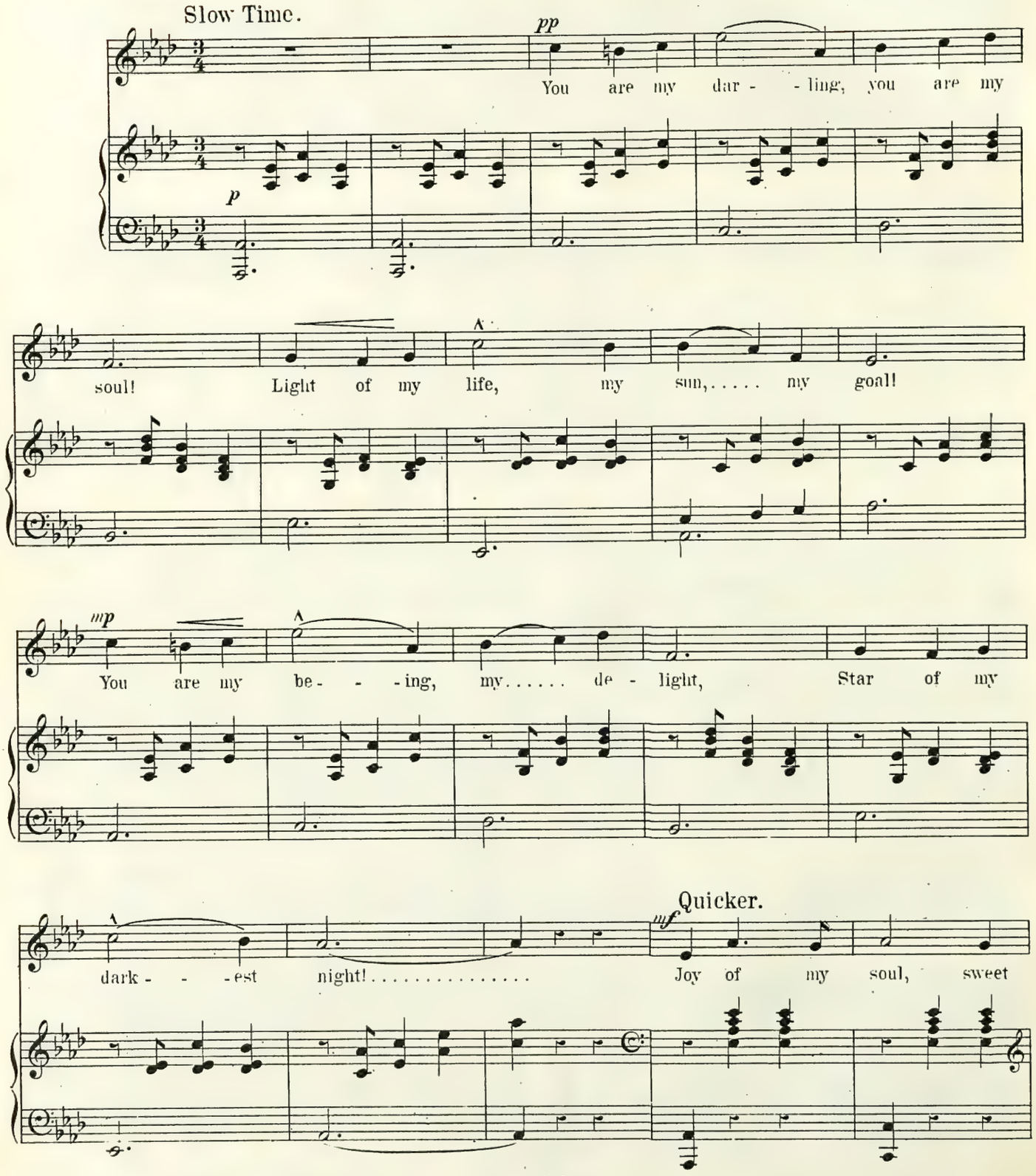

night! Thou hast thy loved one, thy soul's..... de - light.....
poco rit.
Hid in her nest she waits for thy song, Sing..... thy sweet
mu - sic... all..... night long.....
assai
ff
sf


Andante.
Night - in - gale, sweet bard ..... of the grove,.....
I too am wear - y, op - press - ed by love. Thou hap - py
lov - er thy mate list - ens nigh;..... But..... who so wear - y,
Allegro.
love.... lorn as I? Sing on and rest not, Bard of the
colla voce


spring, Mine is to lis - ten..... thine is to sing.....
Sing on, thy lov'd one waits for thy lay, My..... love, a -
poco rit.
las, is.... far,..... far a - way.....
assai
ff
mf

YOU ARE MY DARLING.

From a gipsy melody.



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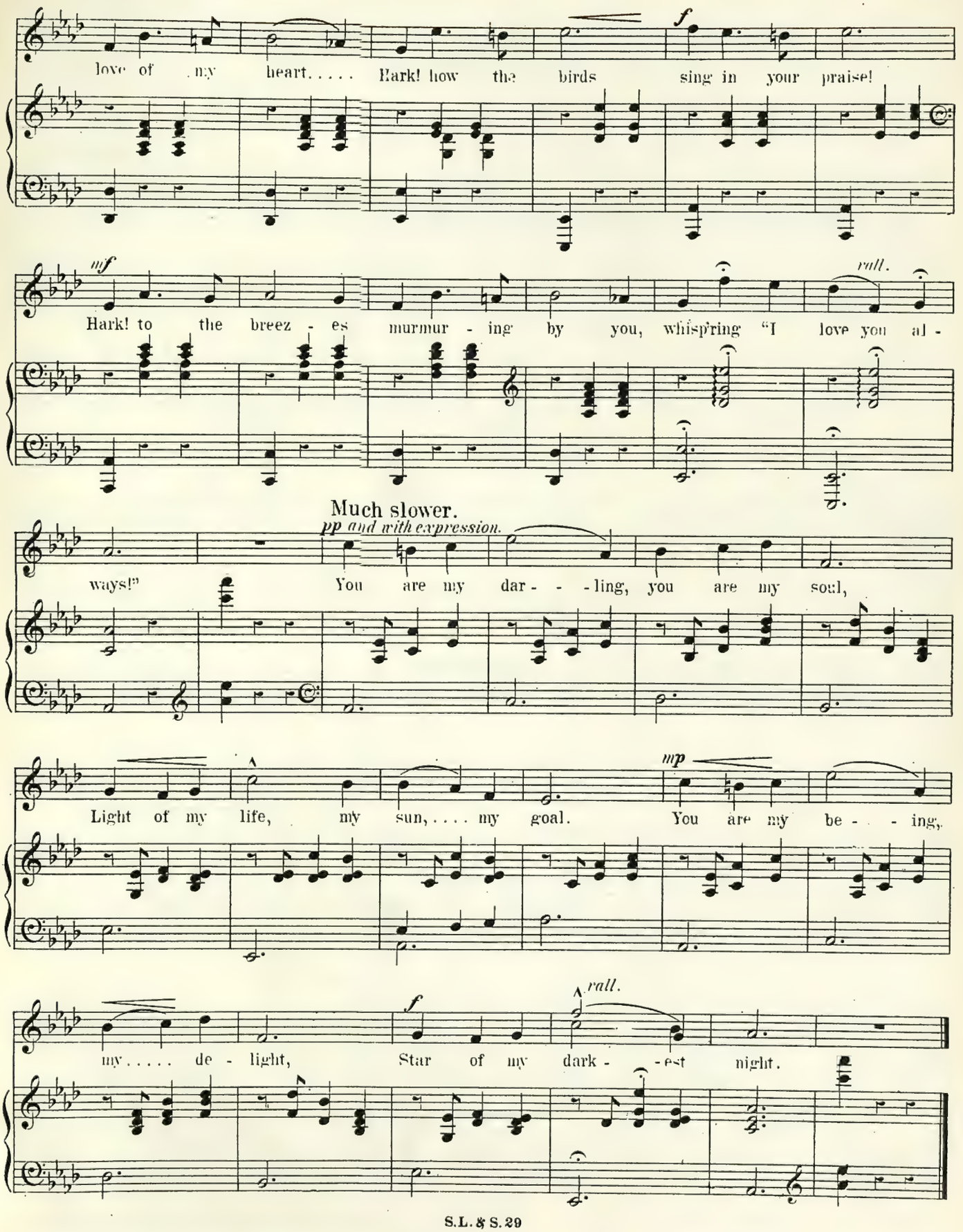
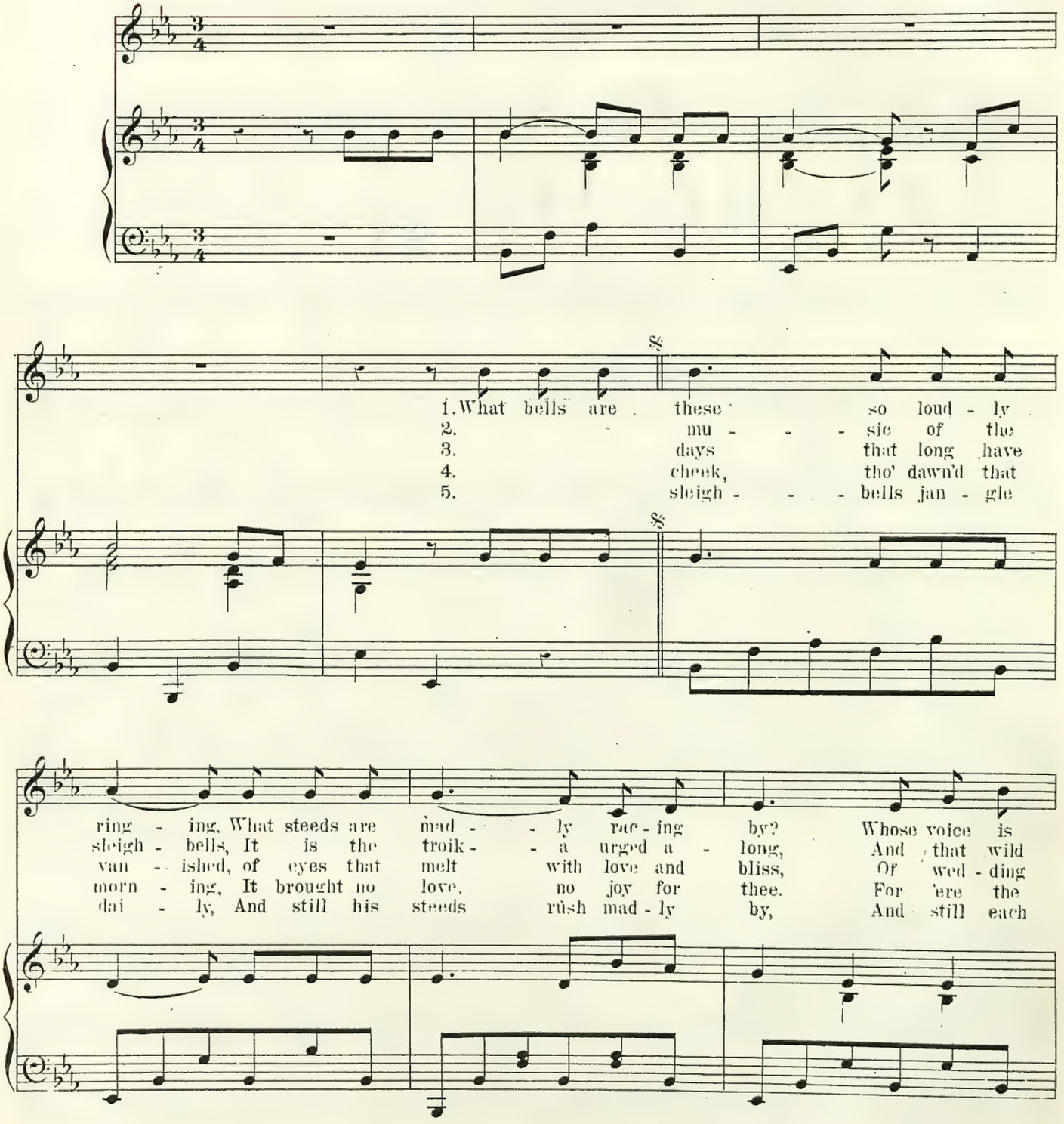

love of my heart..... Hark! how the birds sing in your praise!
f
mf
Hark! to the breez - es murmur - ing by you, whisp'ring "I love you al -
rall.
Much slower.
pp and with expression.
ways!" You are my dar - - - ling, you are my soul,
Light of my life, my sun, ... my goal. You are my be - - - ing,
mp
my..... de - light, Star of my dark - - est night.
f
rall.

THE TROIKA.*)

Old Russian Tune.



*) Troika = three horses harnessed abreast.

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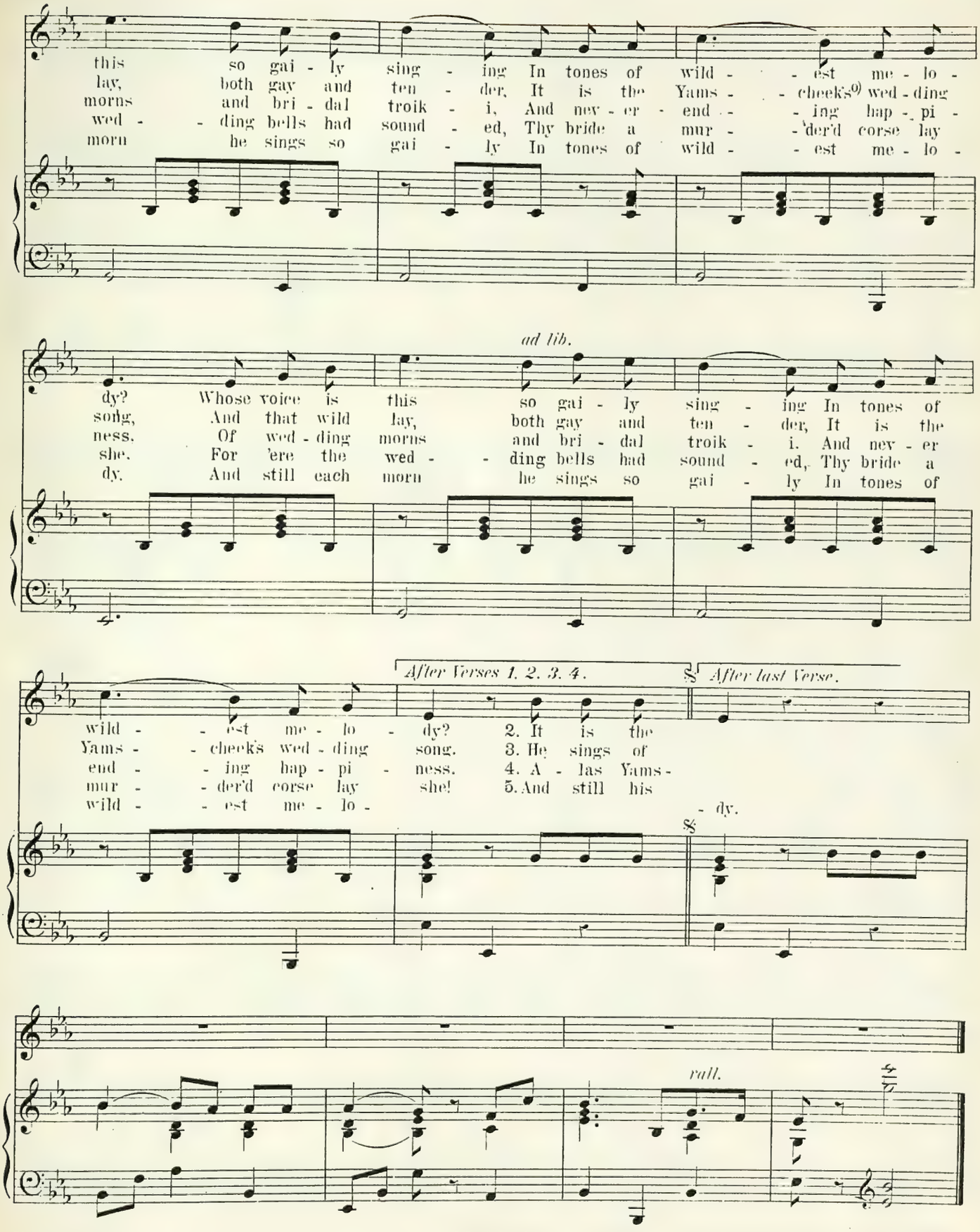
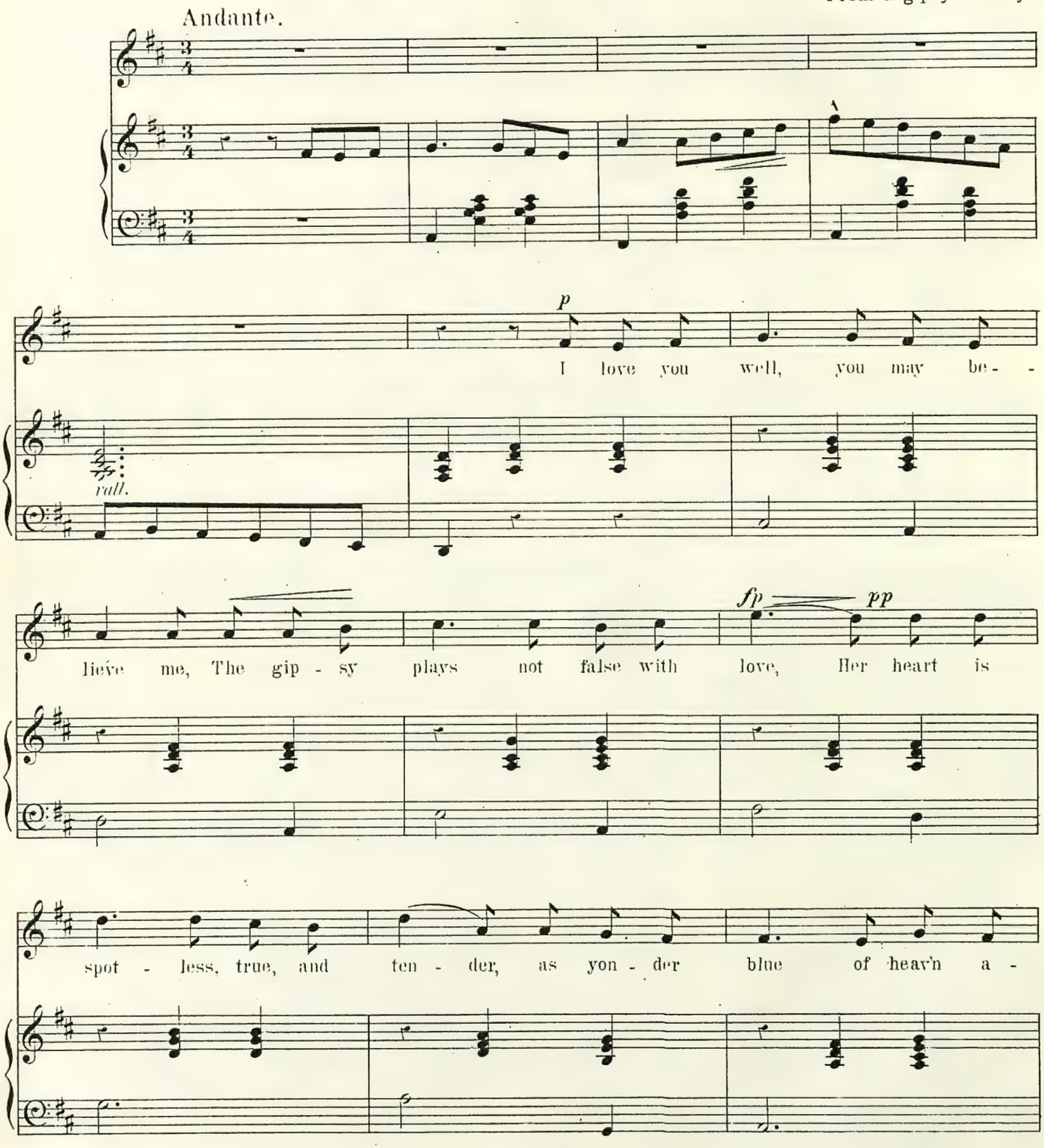


0) Yamscheck = driver.

I LOVE YOU WELL.

From a gipsy melody.



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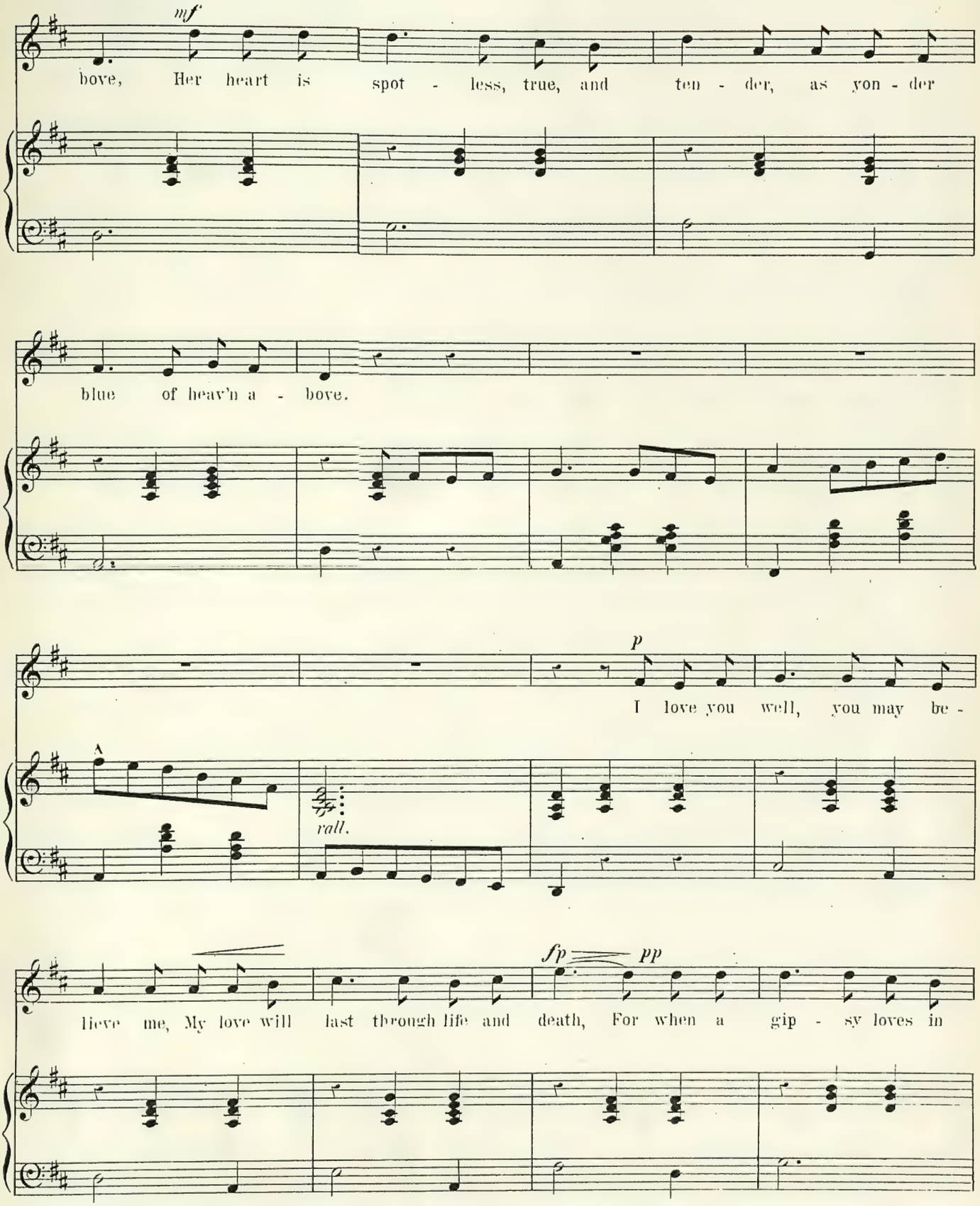
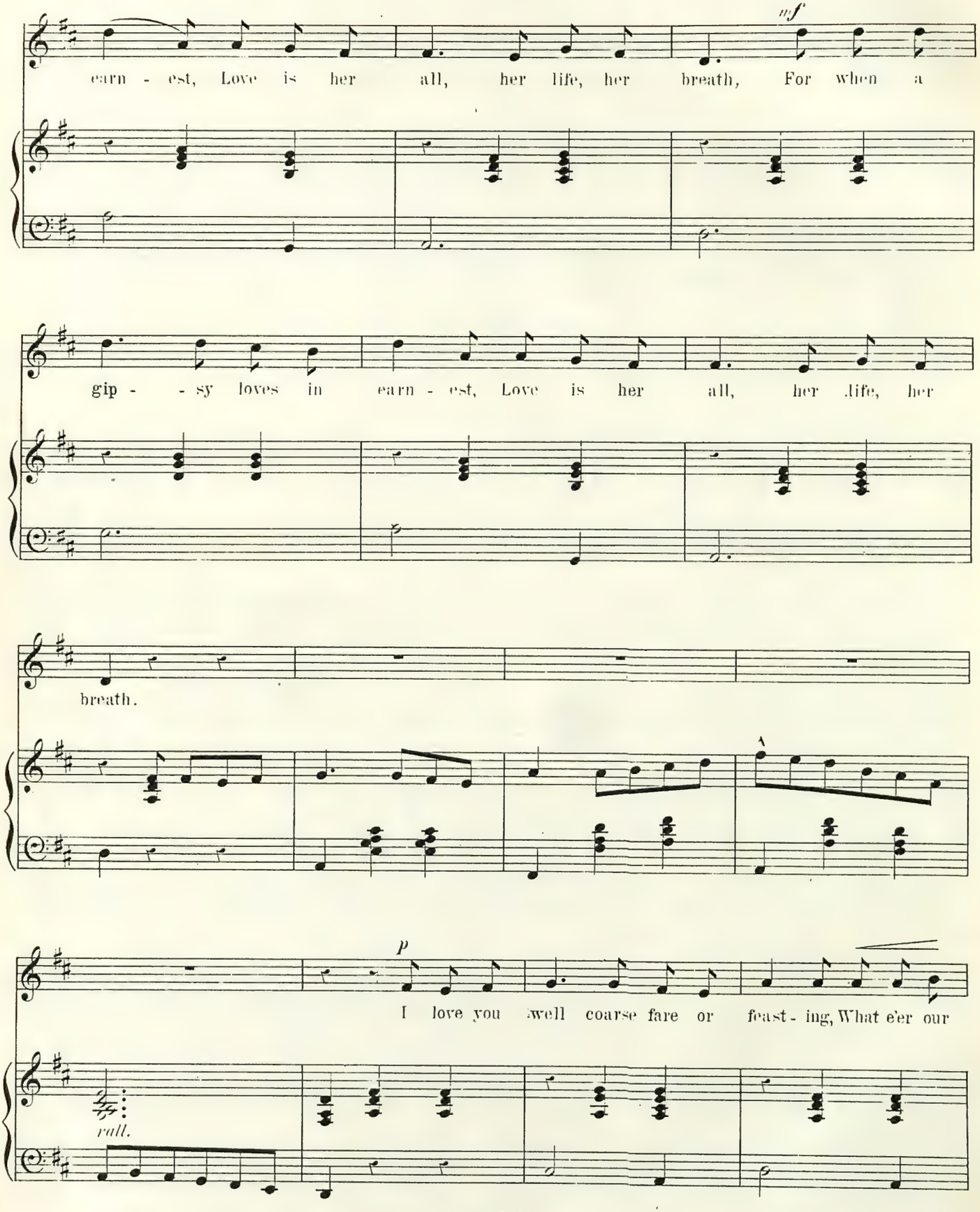
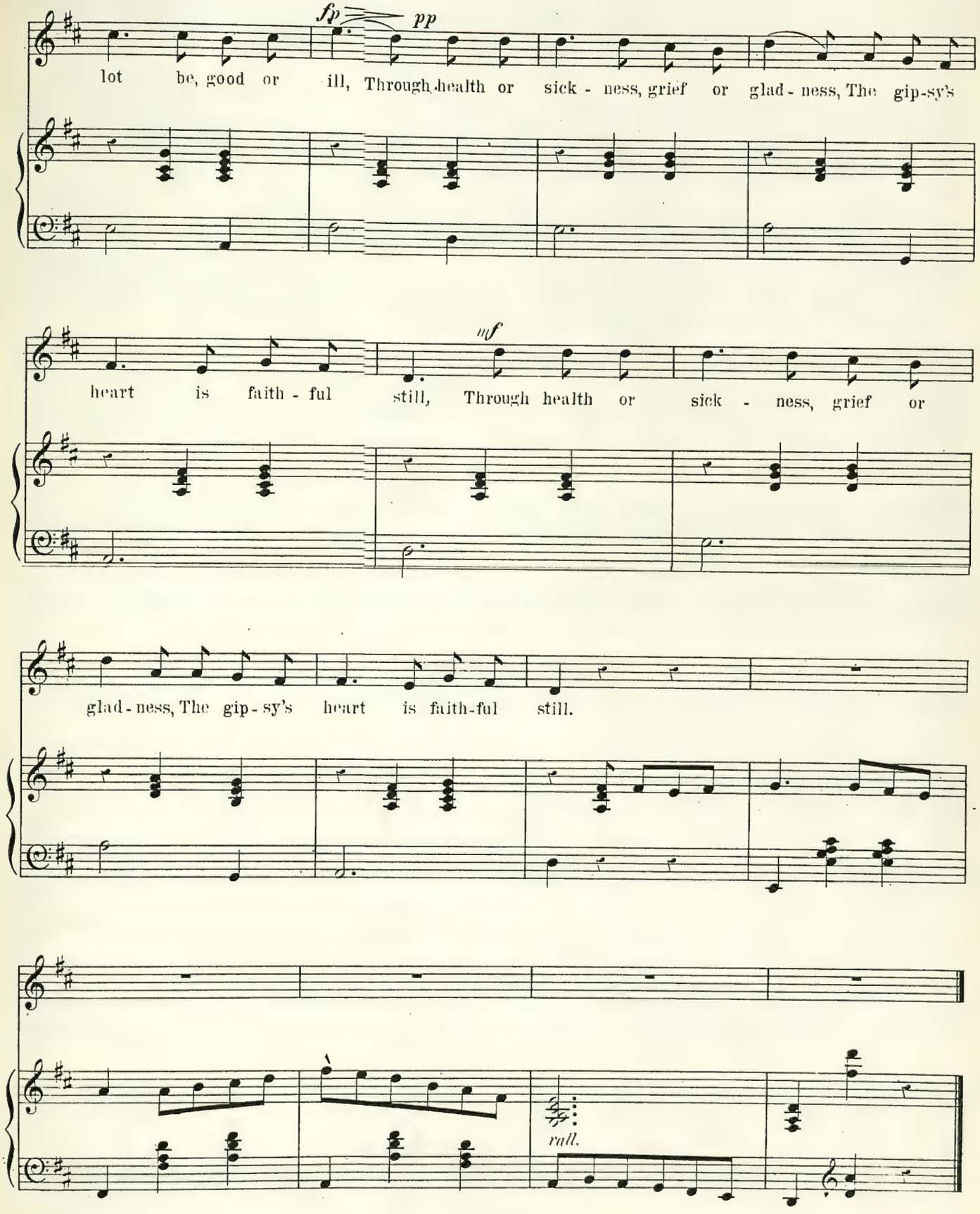

mf
bove, Her heart is spot - less, true, and ten - der, as yon - der
blue of heav'n a - bove.
p
I love you well, you may be -
A
rall.
lieve me, My love will last through life and death, For when a gip - sy loves in
fp
pp

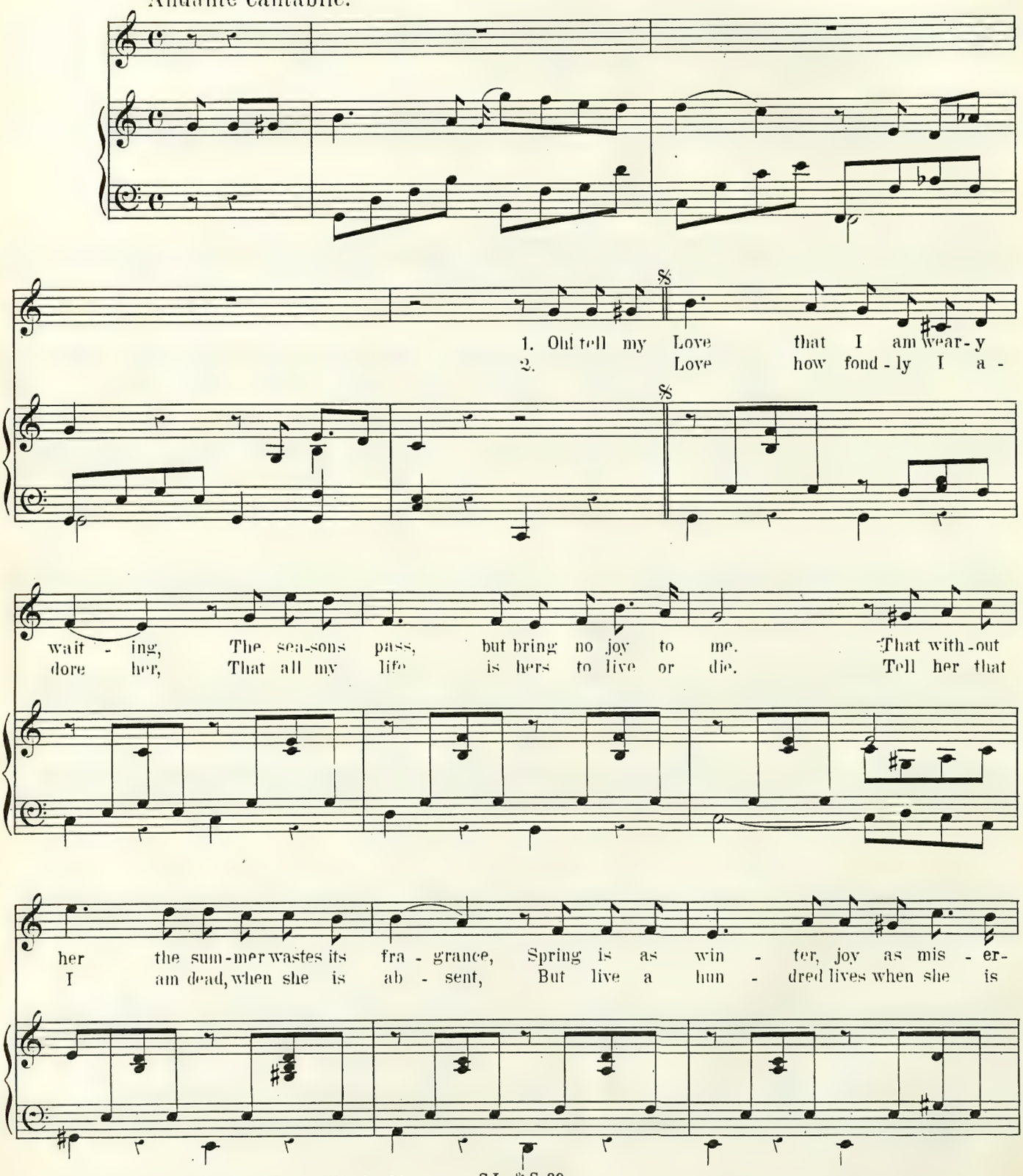

mf
earn - est, Love is her all, her life, her breath, For when a
gip - - sy loves in earn - est, Love is her all, her life, her
breath.
A
p
I love you well coarse fare or feast - ing, What e'er our
rall.


fp
pp
lot be, good or ill, Through health or sick - ness, grief or glad - ness, The gip-sy's
mf
heart is faith - ful still, Through health or sick - ness, grief or
glad - ness, The gip - sy's heart is faith-ful still.
rall.

OH! TELL MY LOVE.

Music by Princess E. V. KOTCHUBEY.

Andante cantabile.



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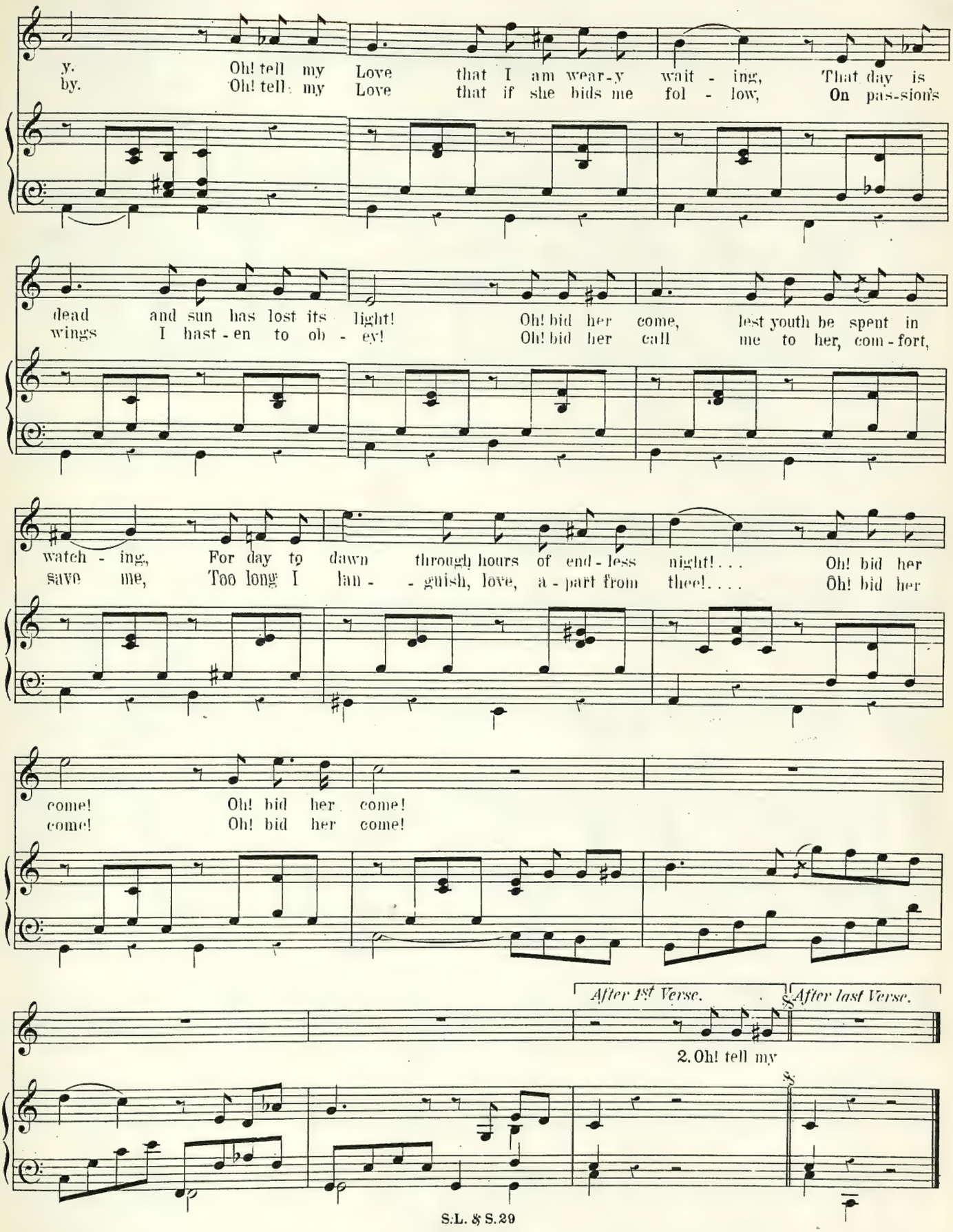
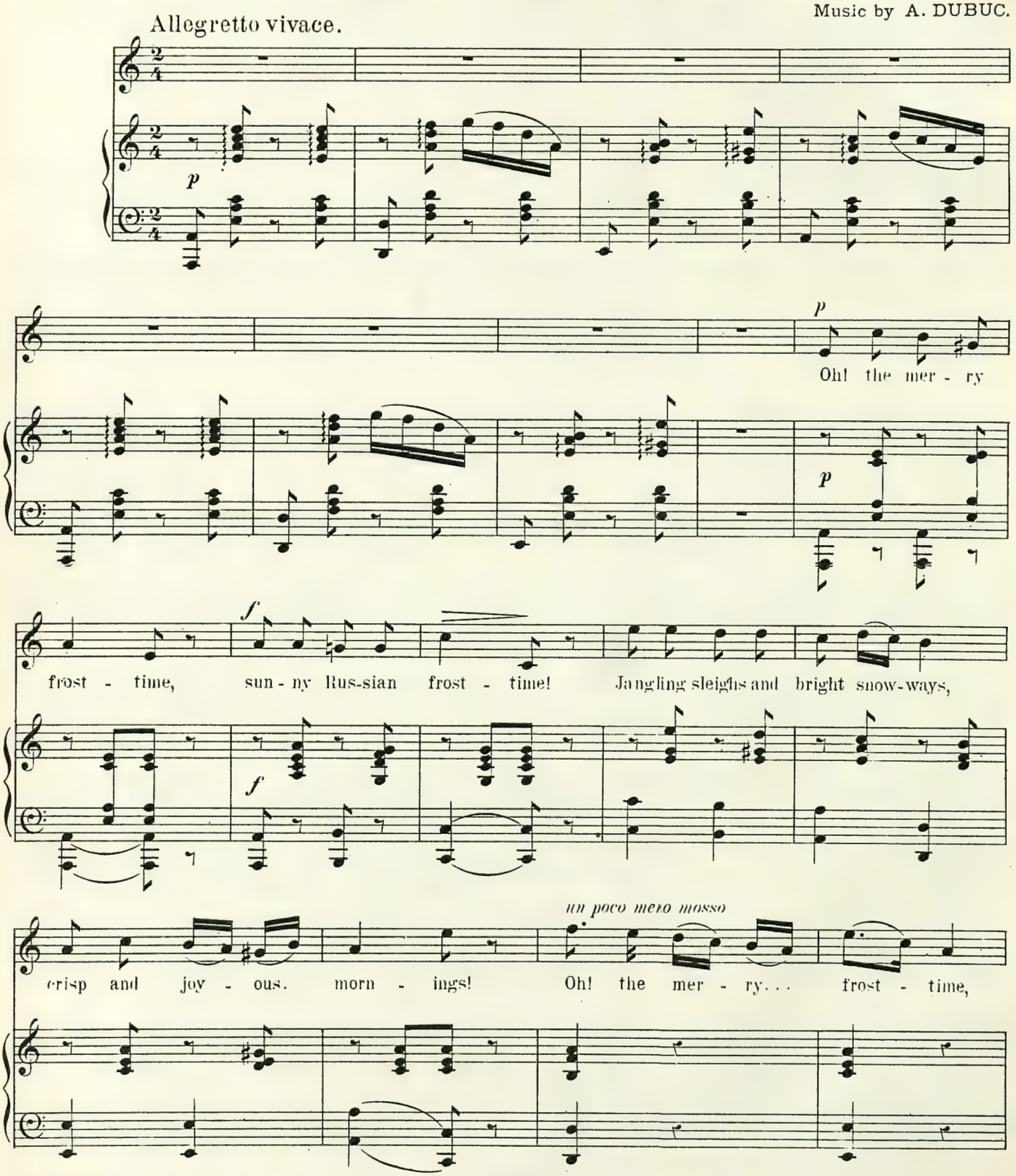

y. Oh! tell my Love that I am wear-y wait - ing, That day is
by. Oh! tell my Love that if she bids me fol - low, On pas-sion's
dead and sun has lost its light! Oh! bid her come, lest youth be spent in
wings I hast-en to ob - ey! Oh! bid her call me to her, com-fort,
watch - ing, For day to dawn through hours of end-less night!... Oh! bid her
save me, Too long I lan- - guish, love, a-part from thee!.... Oh! bid her
come! Oh! bid her come!
come! Oh! bid her come!
After 1st Verse.
After last Verse.
2. Oh! tell my

OH! THE MERRY FROST-TIME.

Music by A. DUBUC.



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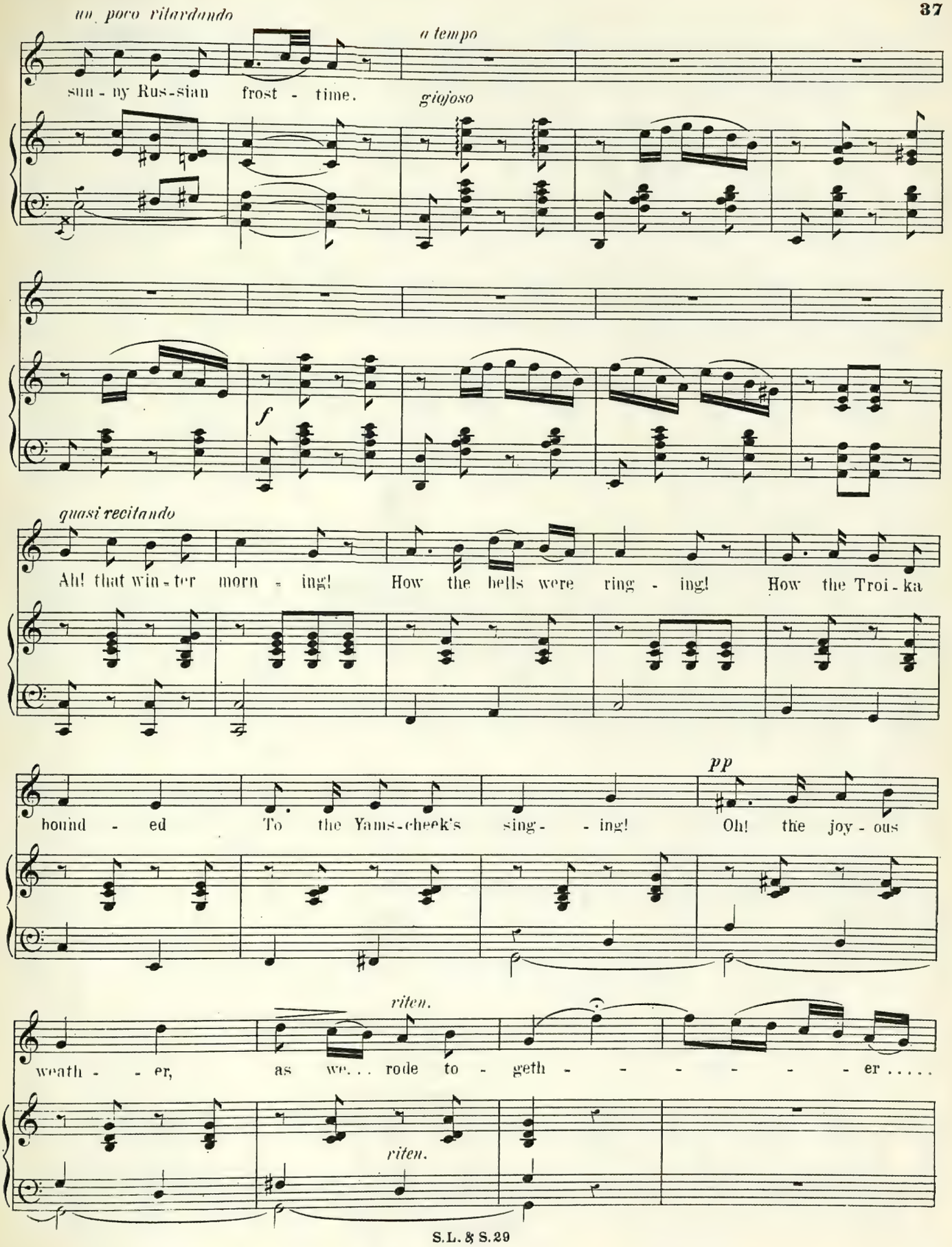
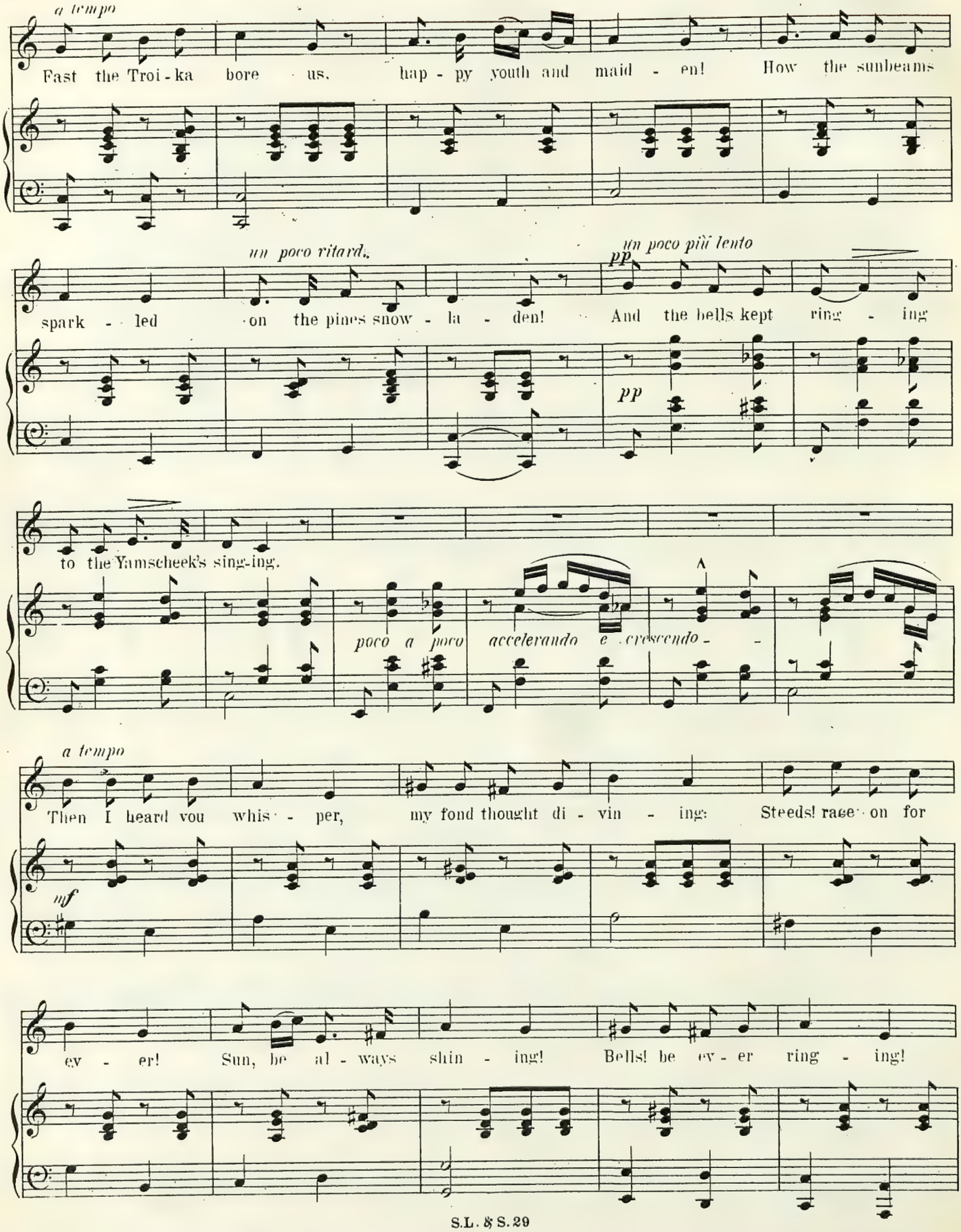
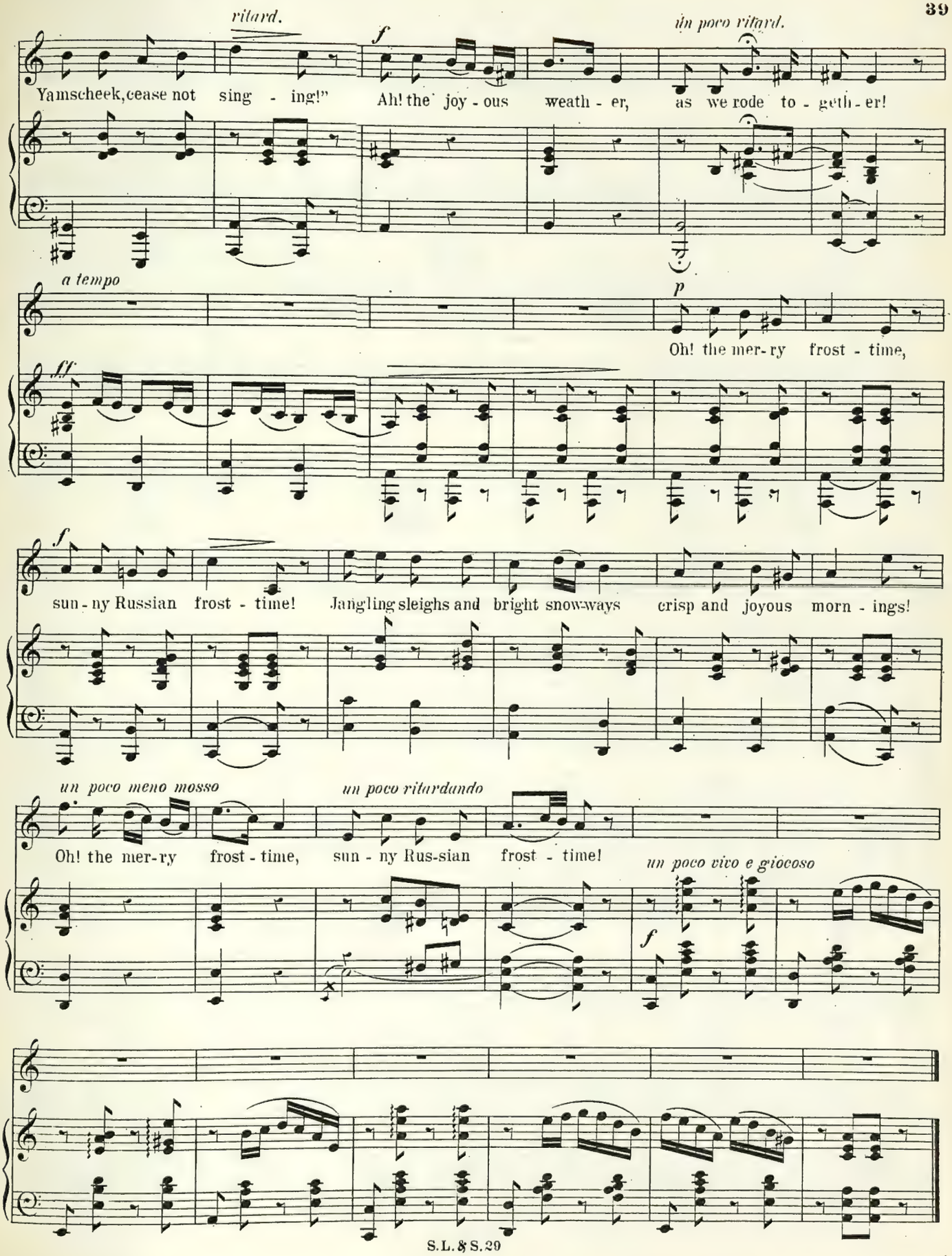
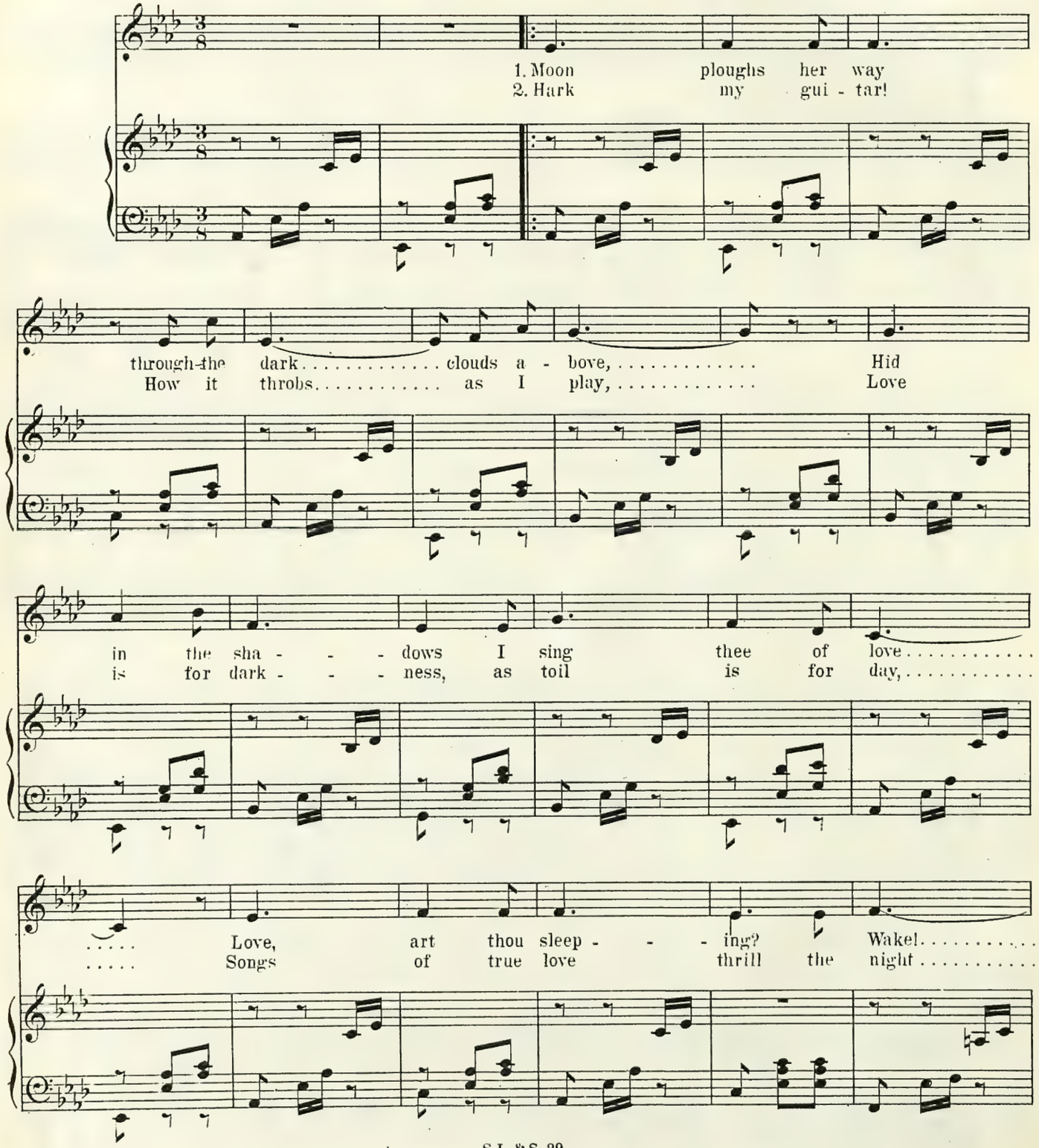

un poco ritardando
a tempo
sun - ny Rus-sian frost - time.
giojoso
f
quasi recitando
Ah! that win - ter morn - ing! How the bells were ring - ing! How the Troi - ka
pp
hound - ed To the Yams-cheek's sing - - ing! Oh! the joy - ous
riten.
weath - - er, as we. . . rode to - geth - - - - - - - er . . . . .
riten.


a tempo
Fast the Troi - ka bore us, hap - py youth and maid - en! How the sunbeams
un poco ritard.
un poco più lento
pp
spark - led on the pines snow - la - den! And the bells kept ring - ing
pp
to the Yamscheek's sing-ing.
poco a poco accelerando e crescendo
a tempo
Then I heard you whis - per, my fond thought di - vin - ing: Steeds! race on for
mf
ev - er! Sun, be al - ways shin - ing! Bells! be ev - er ring - ing!


ritard.
f
un poco ritard.
Yamscheek, cease not sing - ing!" Ah! the joy - ous weath - er, as we rode to - geth - er!
a tempo
p
Oh! the mer - ry frost - time,
ff
f
sun - ny Russian frost - time! Jangling sleighs and bright snow-ways crisp and joyous morn - ings!
un poco meno mosso
un poco ritardando
Oh! the mer - ry frost - time, sun - ny Rus - sian frost - time!
un poco vivo e giocoso
f

MOONLIGHT SERENADE.

Music adapted from Sheelofky's song:
"Little Tiger."



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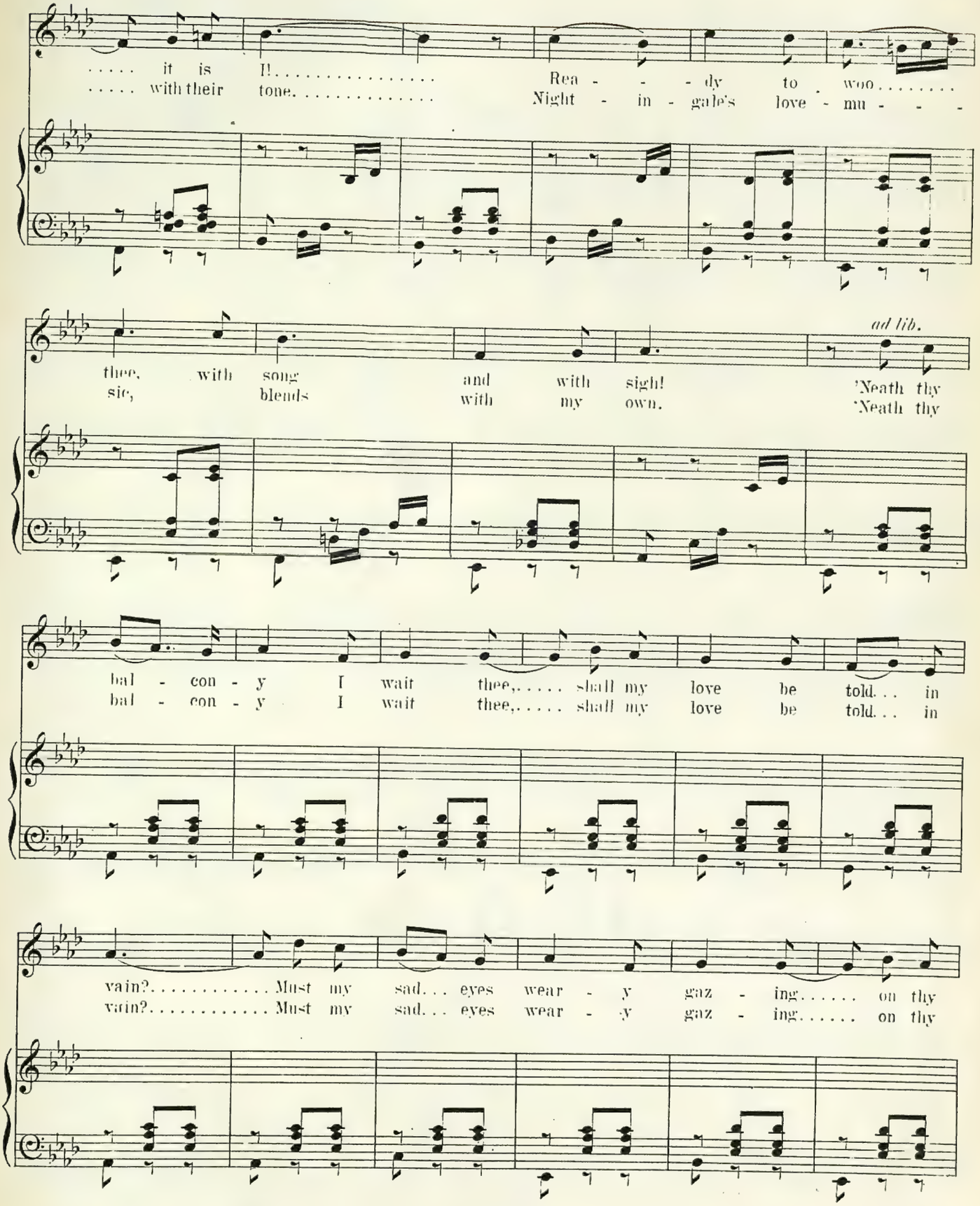
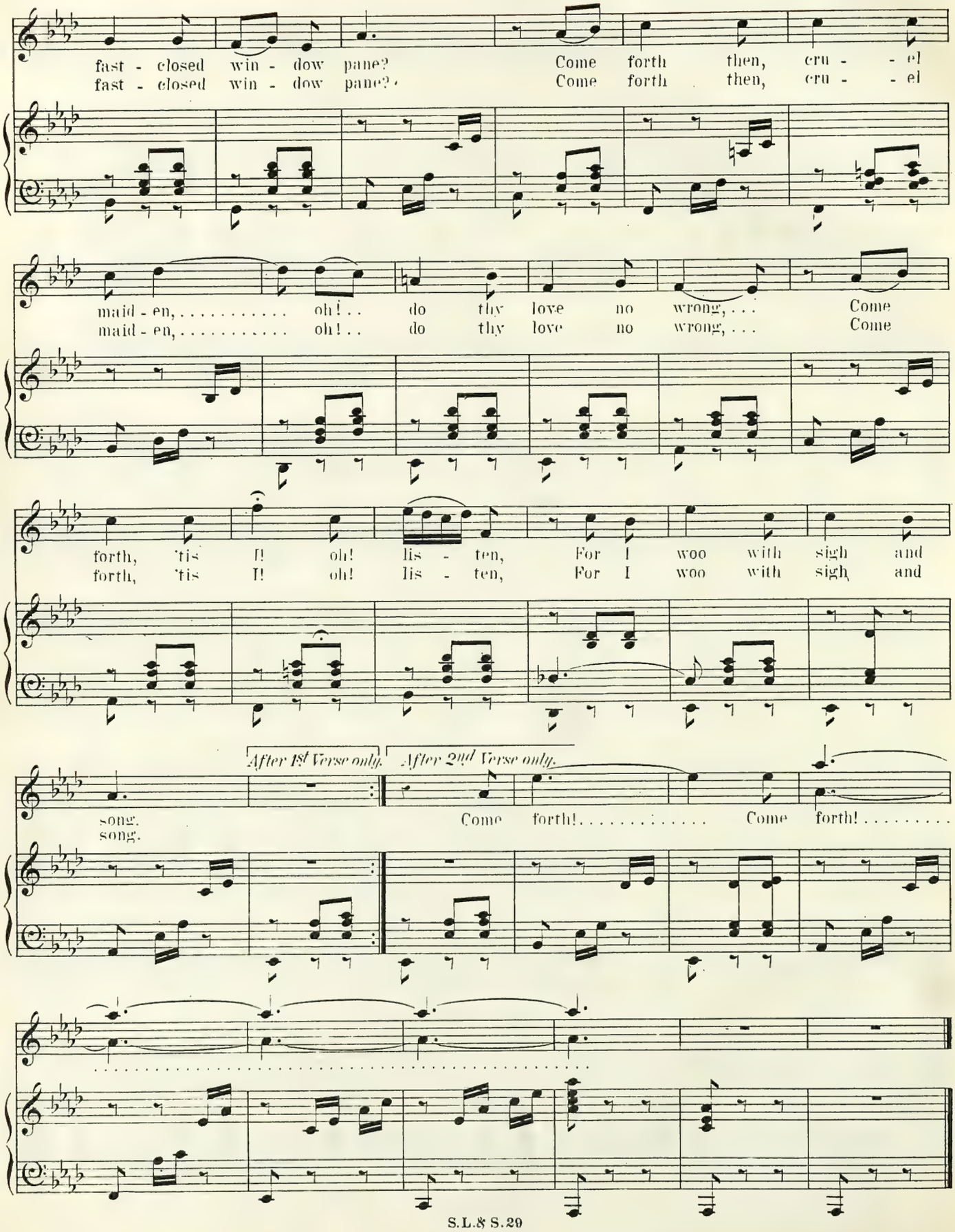

..... it is I!..... Rea - - - dy to woo.....
..... with their tone..... Night - in - gale's love - mu - - -
thee, with song and with sigh!
sic, blends with my own.
ad lib.
'Neath thy
'Neath thy
bal - con - y I wait thee,..... shall my love be told... in
bal - con - y I wait thee,..... shall my love be told... in
vain?..... Must my sad... eyes wear - y gaz - ing..... on thy
vain?..... Must my sad... eyes wear - y gaz - ing..... on thy


fast - closed win - dow pane? Come forth then, cru - - el
fast - closed win - dow pane? Come forth then, cru - - el
maid - en, ... oh! . . do thy love no wrong, . . . Come
maid - en, ... oh! . . do thy love no wrong, . . . Come
forth, 'tis I! oh! lis - ten, For I woo with sigh and
forth, 'tis I! oh! lis - ten, For I woo with sigh and
After 1st Verse only.
After 2nd Verse only.
song.
song.
Come forth! . . . . . Come forth! . . . . .